

HOUSEHOLD NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.
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"Ready for House-Cleaning and Renovating"

COMFORT

The Key to
Happiness and Success in over
A Million and a Quarter Homes

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CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
THE SCOFFER Short Story Hapsburg Liebe	2 & 44
MONTHLY LESSON IN HISTORY C. B. Irvine	2
EDITORIAL	3
HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES THAT MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE AND COMFORTABLE	5
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER 6, 11, 12, 24 & 37	
SO DEAR A FOE Short Story Laura Vignette Beale	7 & 27
HOME COOKING	7
THE UNREST OF THE AGE—In Some of Its More Familiar Aspects Adele Steiner Burleson	8 & 15
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie	10, 30, 34, 35, 39 & 40
DECORATIVE FURNISHINGS USEFUL AND EASY TO MAKE	11
BULL NETTLES Short Story Alice Terry Hayward	12
TOUCHEY: Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch (continued) Adele Steiner Burleson	13
HEALTHFUL CLEANING Anne Emerson	13
A THORN AMONG ROSES (continued) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon	14 & 29
KITCHEN KINKS THAT SAVE STEPS AND LIGHTEN WORK	15
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur	16 & 34
MODERN FARMER	17 & 37
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	18 & 19
KEEP BEES—A FEW AT LEAST C. B. Irvine	19
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	20
EDNA'S SECRET MARRIAGE (continued) Charles Garvie	21, 31 & 37
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	22 & 23
STOCKING THE HOME MEDICINE CHEST AND HOW TO USE IT Dr. C. F. Reade	24
HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS	25
BABY'S COLD—What to Do for It Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg	25
MANNERS AND LOOKS	26
THE ATHLETIC CORSET Short Article Esther A. Cosse	26
VETERINARY INFORMATION	27
A CORNER FOR BOYS Uncle John	28
JANUARY PRIZE-WINNERS	31
BUNNY RABBIT DOLLY	32
STORY ABOUT BUNNY RABBIT	32
CUBBY BEAR AND THE BABY BUNNIES Lexa B. Ellinwood	32
FAMILY DOCTOR	33
TALKS WITH GIRLS	35
INFORMATION BUREAU	36
THE ALLIGATOR PEAR Short Article C. B. Irvine	36
FOUR WHEEL CHAIRS IN FEBRUARY	38
HOME LAWYER	38

Crumbs of Comfort

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.
Patience is the key to the contented mind.
Man punishes the action, but God the intention.
A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.
A fire of straw makes much smoke, but little warmth.
Beauty without virtue is a rose without fragrance.
That is real loss which is gained by sacrifice of character.
Every person is occasionally what he should be perpetually.
Anger is often much more hurtful than the injury which caused it.
How seldom it is that the soul is so quiet that it can hear when God speaks to it.
The world may pity you for what you lose, but never for what you have never had.
When you speak, speak well, speak easily, speak justly and speak at the right moment.
The man, who loves no woman at all, is more in the wrong than he who loves all women too much.
The greatest satisfaction a woman can feel is to know that a man, whom many other women love, loves her alone.

THE SCOFFER

By Hapsburg Liebe

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Now and then one may find them, these mountaineer wanderers, these derelicts, who go from one community to another and rarely or never enter the great outer world. They invariably possess some trait that wins them more or less of a welcome; otherwise the more stolid mountain-folk would not tolerate them for a moment. As for Saul Barber, he was a fiddler and a good one in his way; also he had an odd, dry sense of humor that had kept more than one man from killing him. Barber's very appearance was usually sufficient to bring forth a smile. He was exceptionally tall and exceptionally thin; his eyes were small and pale blue, and his beard was sparse, short and ragged; he wore a frayed Prince Albert coat of doubtful history.

Preacher Norris Primrose, too, was something of a wanderer; but, unlike Saul Barber, he had a distinct and set purpose in life; he went from one community to another, sometimes spending as much as a year in one place, and carried the Gospel to his people the mountain-folk. He was an old man, heavily bearded, gentle of manner yet a person of much firmness. He lived alone in an old cabin on the western side of Little Rainy Valley, almost square across from the tumbledown hut in which Saul Barber and his fiddle had taken up their abode for the time being. And Saul Barber was the one man whom Norris Primrose had failed to persuade to come to his log church, the one man of all those who dwelled in the Little Rainy section.

Saul Barber, scoffer, bitterly hated all that pertained to religion; therefore he bitterly hated Preacher Primrose. Saul Barber wanted badly to be an atheist, and didn't know how.

"I wouldn't go to yore blamed old meetin' house," he had told the old minister in reply to the latter's latest invitation, "if it was to save yore life. I've never been inside of a meetin' house since I was a little bisty kid and didn't know no better; and I never will set foot inside of one ag'in as long as I live. You're jest religious

because you're a skeered not to be a fanatic, that's what—and so smoke that in yore pipe! You can't prove that none o' yore preachin's about another life is true; it's all wind!"

"Tekker! Tekker!" Primrose had exclaimed. "A pore little worm o' the dust hadn't ought to talk like that!"

Whereupon Barber had seized his fiddle and ended the conversation by playing the most awful tune he knew, an old and diabolical air named "The Devil's Dream." Primrose had shook his head sadly, and had gone away with his hands clasped tightly before him.

Then Barber began to occupy his time with planning for some way of belittling the minister in the eyes of the people. There was scarcely a motive; it was but the natural product of a small, mean, narrow mind. He was cunning enough to know that anything he did would have to be both strong and subtle for Primrose had been in the Little Rainy Valley six months, and he had made an impression. Barber was sitting under a pine that grew near the chimney of his tumbledown hut when the great idea came to him. His pale blue eyes lighted wickedly, and his thin lips curled into a smile that was not pleasant.

"It'll work!" he told the silence about him. That night he went over to an isolated place known as Gum Flats, and there fiddled an old moonshiner into the notion of giving him a gallon jug filled with new whiskey. This he watered half and half and placed in two jugs. The two jugs he took, at an hour long past midnight, and hid under the floor of Primrose's cabin. This was to be in the nature of main evidence; that which he did next was more in the way of subtle suggestion.

Early the next morning, he tucked his fiddle under his frayed Prince Albert coat, and went to the home of an influential, fire-and-tow, strangely good and strangely bad mountaineer named Bill Lindsey, a lanky, bearded giant. After he had played his host into a merry humor, he called him to the cabin yard and there button-

holed him in a manner most confidential. "Bill," he whispered, "don't you say nothin' about this—Bill, did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me?"

"A—jug o' licker!" Bill Lindsey exclaimed, astounded. "Saul Barber, afore goodness, do you know what you're talkin' about?"

"Shore, shore!" smiled Barber. "Don't say nothin' about it, Bill. Come to think of it, now, maybe it wasn't you he was to leave it with. Maybe it was Sam Dorsett—yes, I believe it was. How pestified forgetful I am a gittin' to be! Don't say nothin' about it, Bill. So long, Jim Potts ketchin' a thunderin' big possum last night."

He went swaggering down the marigold-bordered path, leaving Lindsey staring with terrible eyes toward a small, lone cabin on the western mountain. He went to the house of Sam Dorsett, another influential, fire-and-tow citizen of Little Rainy Valley. Here also he fiddled his host into a splendid humor, and then called him aside.

"Sam," he whispered, "did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me, or not?"

"What'n the name o' Jack Robinson are you a talkin' about, Saul Barber?" demanded Dorsett, amazed.

"Well—did he?" whispered Barber. "If he did, say so, Sam—because I'm as dry as a powder-horn."

"No," said Dorsett, "he didn't."

"Then don't you go and blab it, Sam," requested Barber. "A still tongue makes a wise head. Jim Potts ketchin' a big possum last night. So long."

And another man turned terrible eyes toward a lone cabin on the side of the western mountain. Now there lived near the head of the valley a big, thickest fellow who was noted for two qualities—his fighting ability, and his joking ability. His name was Berry Lippins. To this man's house went the mischief maker, well pleased with the work he had done. He found Lippins hoeing corn in the little plot back of his cabin.

"Berry," he said slyly, "did Primrose leave a jug o' licker here for me?"

The thickest mountaineer, no doubt, suspected his visitor of having a prank up his sleeve. For a moment he eyed Barber queerly; then he hastened into the house and brought forth a brown jug four fifths full of a concoction consisting of equal parts of new whiskey, buckeye juice, and water that had had tobacco leaves steeped in it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 44.)

"Geneva's Easter Bonnet"

a beautiful Easter love story by Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil will be one of the many interesting features of April COMFORT which will be a bright, cheery, entertaining and instructive number.

"The World Needs Faith"

a practical Easter Sermon, by Uncle Charlie, not doctrinal, not

sectarian, but teaches a lesson that we all need to learn and apply in daily life to sustain us in these troublous times when the great nations engaged in the most cruel war seem to have forsaken God and forgotten Christ. It is an up-lifting and inspiring message of hope based on God's promise through Jesus, which Christians of every denomination will find acceptable and strengthening to their faith. Read it in April COMFORT.

"The Calamity Breeders"

by no means so doleful as its name suggests, is a bright and really funny story appropriate to April Fool's Day, and tells in amusing style the ludicrous misadventures that befel a young married couple on a fortnight's tour visiting their relations. There's a laugh in every line for those who read it.

In April COMFORT

Only two more months of our Grand Prize Contest. Enter now for March cash prizes. Get your friends and neighbors to subscribe or renew their subscriptions and help you earn a nice premium and win a good cash prize, too,—perhaps two cash prizes. Read Grand Prize offer elsewhere in this paper. Enter now and win your share of the cash prizes. But LOOK OUT for YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION so not to miss April COMFORT.

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Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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MARCH, the month of Mars, was the first month of the old Roman calendar. Until 1752 it was considered the first month of the year in England. Everywhere it is recognized as the stormy or rugged month, and Spenser in the early days well expressed weather conditions when he spoke of it as "sturdy March," and from that day to this the poets have made breezy, uncertain March the target for their arrows. Three of its days were borrowed from April and perhaps it is on that account it is said that if the month comes in like a lion it will go out as a lamb. Having taken its name from the god of war the month never fails to live up to its reputation. The gem stones symbolic of the month are jasper and bloodstone, which stand for courage and wisdom. Quite in contrast the violet is the March flower, and it is the representative of love, faithfulness, modesty and candor. Warlike in name and nature, it is only natural that the month should have played an important part in the lives of some of the world's greatest warriors. For instance, the letter "M" played an important part throughout the life of Napoleon, many of his greatest victories and defeats having occurred on the day, during a month or at a place beginning with that letter. He was married to Josephine in March and his son, the King of Rome, was born in March. Girls born during this month, according to an old superstition, are supposed to be fickle, stormy, quarrelsome chatterboxes.

Notable events of the month have been as follows:

- 1st.—Anne, Queen of England, died 1679. The first number of the London Spectator appeared, 1711.
- 2nd.—John Wesley, founder of Methodism, died 1791. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, died 1797. Blanchard made his first balloon ascension at Paris, 1784. Louis Philippe, King of the French, left France and sought shelter in England, 1848. Texas Independence day.
- 3rd.—Nicholas Carraw, beheaded 1539.
- 4th.—Inauguration day. The first session of the U. S. Congress opened, 1789. President George Washington entered upon his second term March 4, 1797, his first term starting with April 30, 1793. March 4 has been inaugural day ever since 1797, except when the 4th fell on Sunday, as it did in 1877, when President Hayes took the oath on the 5th.
- 5th.—James Duke of Hamilton, Arthur Lord Capell and Henry Earl of Holland, beheaded 1649.
- 6th.—Battle of the Alamo, 1836. Michael Angelo, born 1474. Battle of Pea Ridge, 1862. Blanchard, the pioneer aeronaut, died 1809.
- 8th.—King William III of England, died 1702. President Millard Fillmore, born 1800. Arbor day in New Mexico.
- 9th.—Joseph Gall, founder of phrenology, born 1757. Napoleon married to Josephine.
- 10th.—John VI. King of Portugal, died 1826. End of the Mukden battle, 1905.
- 11th.—Tasso, Italian poet, born 1544. The first British daily journal, the Courant, published in 1702, consisting of a single page of two columns devoted exclusively to foreign news.
- 12th.—Cesar Borgia, killed 1508.
- 13th.—Planet of Uranus discovered by Herschel 1781. President Benjamin Harrison, died 1901.
- 14th.—Admiral John Byng, shot 1757.
- 15th.—General Andrew Jackson, born 1767. Julius Caesar, assassinated, 44 B. C. Arbor day in Oklahoma.
- 16th.—Nero died, 37 A. D. President James Madison, born 1751.
- 17th.—St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, born 372. Early English calendars have it that Noah entered the ark on this day. Siege of Acre, 1799.
- 18th.—Robert Walpole, died 1745. President Grover Cleveland, born 1837. John C. Calhoun, born 1782. This was also the month of his death.
- 19th.—Wm. J. Bryan, born 1860.
- 20th.—Henry IV, King of England, died 1413. Sir Isaac Newton, died 1727.
- 21st.—Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, born 1274. Bach, music composer, born 1685. Robert Southey, poet, died 1843.
- 22nd.—Henry de Beauchamp, Earl and last Duke of Warwick, born 1424. Vandyck, painter, born 1599. Rosa Bonheur, artist, born 1822. Goethe, German poet, died 1832.
- 23rd.—Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III, died 1813.
- 24th.—Elizabeth, Queen of England, died 1603. Thorvaldsen, Danish sculptor, died 1844. Longfellow, poet, died 1882.
- 25th.—Henry, fourth son of Cromwell the Protector, died 1674.
- 26th.—John Seaward, engineer, died 1858.
- 27th.—James I. King of England, died 1625. Battle of Vera Cruz, 1847.
- 28th.—General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, killed in the Battle of Alexandria, 1801.
- 29th.—Emanuel Swedenborg, died 1772. President John Tyler, born 1790.
- 30th.—The center one of the three days which, according to the popular notion, were borrowed by March from April.
- 31st.—Francis Joseph Hadyn, composer, born 1732. Ludwig Beethoven, composer, died 1827. John C. Calhoun, secretary of war under President Monroe, and vice-president for six years, died 1850. This was also his birth month. Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Nicol), died 1855.



The Snare that Lurks in Our Peace and Arbitration Treaties.

OUR government has been very active in making peace and arbitration treaties, so that we now have such conventions with many of the civilized nations. This course has been pursued for the purpose and in the hope of preventing war by this means.

The most prominent feature these treaties, the one chiefly relied on, is an agreement that in case of a dispute, disagreement or difficulty of such serious nature as to be a possible cause for war between the United States and the other nation which is party to such treaty, neither nation shall begin war until the end of a year's notice in order to give time to settle, cool down or resort to arbitration.

This is beautiful in theory, but what is it likely to amount to when put to the practical test?

Which, if any, of the great military powers would be deterred by such a "scrap of paper" for a single hour from beginning hostilities, if desirous of fighting us?

We are not prepared for war while certain other nations are, and the danger is that, relying on these peace and arbitration treaties to give us a year's time to get ready after war is threatened, we shall continue our present neglect of our national defenses; that we shall wake from our fool's paradise of fancied security to find ourselves caught defenseless by the tempest of war hurled upon us, not after a year's notice, but suddenly and with no notice at all.

If Germany did not hesitate to violate her neutrality treaty by the invasion of Belgium and justified it on the ground, as she then stated, that it was necessary to her military success, do you think she would feel bound by any treaty to give us a year's notice to arm and prepare in case she deemed war inevitable or desirable? Would any other nation that was better prepared than we sacrifice its advantage by giving us a year's notice of its intention to fight us?

Under the "Tripple Alliance" treaty Germany and Austria relied confidently on having Italy come in and fight on their side, but Italy found it advantageous to turn down the treaty and keep out of the war—wisely, no doubt.

One great lesson of the present war, which we should learn and profit by, is that treaties are kept or broken according as it best serves the interests of the nations when it comes to the pinch of war; that while endeavoring to cultivate peaceful and friendly relations with all nations we should be always prepared to defend our country from attack.

The suspicion and distrust with which the nations of Europe regard each other is sufficiently attested by the innumerable forts which for many years have formed a complete network on both sides of their respective boundaries.

Now look on this side of the Atlantic and view a different spectacle, the result of mutual confidence and trust. Stretching from ocean to ocean four thousand miles across the American continent is the boundary between the United States and Canada without a fort on either side of the line. That is because both parties know that war between Great Britain and the United States, in view of their mutual interests on this continent, is impossible.

Peace and arbitration treaties are needless with such nations as would not make war on us, while they are useless and likely to prove delusive snares if contracted with those that might on occasion wish to smite us with the "mailed fist."

The necessity of strengthening our coast defenses and our army and navy has been the subject of heated discussion in the session of Congress now drawing to a close, and should have the careful attention of our people also.

The Pestilential Fly

IT may seem like forcing the season to begin, thus early, to urge our readers to fight flies—the house-fly and the horse-fly—but it is none too soon to lay out the campaign and commence active operations, offensive and defensive, against these filthy carriers of disease.

Careful and thorough scientific investigation has proved that the fly is one of the most pernicious causes of the spreading of disease. Typhoid fever,

dysentery and many other malignant diseases result from the disease germs which the house-fly brings in and deposits on food, dishes and everything on which it lights. The dreaded infantile paralysis is caused by inoculation through the bite of the horse-fly. The prevalence of many of the diseases peculiar to summer and fall is largely due to the fact that flies are numerous at those seasons.

So much has been published—and COMFORT has done its share to enlighten its readers on this subject—that people ought now to be aware of the danger and aroused to the necessity of meeting it by effective measures of prevention.

With the first mild days of early spring the big, lazy flies that have hibernated through the winter will crawl out and buzz around. They are the seed, so to speak, from which will spring the innumerable swarms of the coming summer. Each of these old flies, if permitted to survive, will become the progenitor of many generations which in one season will number millions of descendants of a single insect—so prolific are these pests.

Prepare now and kill the old ones as fast as they appear. Clean up and rid the premises of all garbage and filth before the breeding season begins; for it is in filth and decaying matter that they breed. Abolish the manure pile; it should be spread daily on the land which it is to fertilize, and not be permitted to collect, for it is the favorite breeding place of flies. The earth closet should be made tight and inaccessible to flies. Likewise keep the pig pen clean.

Screen the house and stable, too, so to keep out as many flies as possible; and within make liberal use of sticky fly paper all through the season to catch such as get inside despite window screens and screen doors. And right here is needed a word of caution against the danger of fly poison. Don't use poisonous fly paper.

The use of fly poisons causes the death of a surprisingly large number of children from one to six years old each season. The December issue of the Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society is strong in its denunciation of poisonous fly paper and other fly poisons. Among other things it says that although the reports covered only a few states, forty-five cases of poisoning of children from the use of fly poisons were reported between the first of July and the fifteenth of October. It also remarks that the symptoms are so similar to those of cholera infantum as likely to be mistaken for the latter, even by an experienced physician, and that "how many children have been poisoned from these fly poisons and the deaths ascribed to cholera infantum can never be known." Fly poison certainly "should not be used in any home where there are children or where children may visit."

"There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching and killing flies." There is no poison in the sticky fly paper, and it is safe and effective.

Labor Union Votes to Stand by the Liquor Interests

WHEN a labor union, which claims to exist for the uplift of humanity in general and the promotion of the welfare of its members in particular, as an organization pledges its active support to the liquor interests in opposing the movement to suppress the evils of intemperance it forfeits the sympathy, confidence and respect of the community.

Yet, incredible as it may seem, we have before us the sorry spectacle of the recent action of the Boston Central Labor Union in adopting a resolution which calls on organized labor to oppose the passage of the Hobson-Sheppard bill for nation-wide prohibition of the liquor traffic. This Central Labor Union, which represents the centralized authority of, and speaks for the federated labor organizations of Boston, bases its action in this matter squarely on the ground that the abolition of the distilleries, breweries and saloons would throw a large number of laborers out of employment. And that insidious argument is the bait by which the whiskey trust, the brewery combine and the grog shop interests have caught this labor organization and are trying to enlist the support of others throughout the country.

It is the most cruelly selfish appeal that was ever made, besides being absolutely fallacious, as will appear on close scrutiny.

I fear no contradiction in asserting that no man

has a moral right to make the destruction of other men his means of subsistence. Must we then, as a people, forever submit to all the poverty, misery, disease, crime and loss of life that intoxicating liquor causes in order to enrich a few men and furnish employment to some others?

As a purely economic proposition, ignoring the moral aspect, it would be far cheaper for the nation to support these men in idleness at double their present profits or wages than to have them employed in the manufacture and sale of this destructive product for which the people of this country pay one billion and seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars a year to say nothing of the incalculable millions of loss and damage they suffer by drinking it. But the abolition of the liquor business involves no problem of idle capital or unemployment of labor.

Although the aggregate sum which the people pay for the product is enormous the liquor industry employs comparatively few men. And the greater part of this stupendous sum, that goes each year for liquor, is paid by laboring men who are complaining of low wages and the high cost of living, and their wives and children have to suffer needless privation of food, clothing and other comforts in consequence of the men mis-spending their wages for drink, not to mention the detrimental effect on their earning capacity.

Banish liquor from the nation and these one thousand seven hundred and twenty-four millions of dollars wasted and worse than wasted each year for intoxicating drink would be expended for more and better food, clothing and other comforts and luxuries, including amusements and better homes. To supply this immensely increased demand for provisions and goods of all kinds would require the building of thousands of new factories and give employment to millions of laborers more than are now employed, which would easily absorb all labor and capital now in the liquor business. It would do away with the employment question, help to solve the wage question and to a large extent obviate the necessity of child labor. We should soon be the busiest, healthiest, happiest and most prosperous people on earth, and better than the world has ever seen.

A million is said to be beyond the comprehension of the human mind; a billion, which is a thousand millions, conveys no idea except a vague impression of immensity. So to transform the prodigious figures of the annual liquor bill of the American people into thinkable terms let us see what this money would buy if expended for other purposes. If applied to the national debt of the United States it would lift the government out of debt and leave a surplus of more than five hundred millions in the treasury. All the gold and silver produced by all the mines in the world in a year would fall more than a thousand million dollars short of paying our annual drink bill, which is nearly a billion dollars more than the earnings of all our railroads. Each year the money we squander on liquor would build a million comfortable cottages for homeless families, or it would decently house and provide for all our poor and aged. Wonderful are the things that could be done for the health, comfort, happiness and prosperity of the people if the money they spend for liquor could be diverted to useful, constructive purposes.

What, however, the drink bill does actually do, we alas, already know. It crowds the poorhouses, hospitals, insane asylums, prisons and graveyards. There is scarcely a home in the land that is not blighted with its curse directly or indirectly.

May we not ask you, our readers, in this year of 1915, to do your utmost to fight the liquor traffic? The Grange is very generally in favor of prohibition in the interest of temperance and morality, and organized labor should stand solidly and resolutely for nation-wide prohibition. The effect of the use of liquor is bad enough with the rich but it is destruction to the laboring man.

Such as are slaves to the drink habit should make practical application of the prayer "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil" by supporting the movement to banish intoxicating liquor from the entire country. And those who favor the liquor interests for the sake of profiting by the traffic in the vile poison that kills their brothers must expect to share the curse of Cain when, like the first murderer, they say by their acts, if not in words, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

COMFORT'S EDITOR.



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Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

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Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.

Agents wanted to sell our granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good commissions. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.

Agents—200% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Something New—Fastest Sellers & quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for \$50 to \$75 a week. Address, American Products Co., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

Make \$21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds; excels work of high-priced machines. Customers excited; agents coining money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleanest of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. Investigate. Write now. Wendell Co., 671 Oak St., Leipsic, O.

Start a Mail-Order Business at Home. I did. Took in \$124,694.93 last year. Free particulars tell how I'll start you. Address, Robinson, 209 Woodruff, Toledo, O.

Agents—Earn \$30 to \$50 Every Week selling the New Improved Monitor Self-Heating Flat Iron. Positively the least priced and fastest selling iron made. Over \$500,000 already sold. Evans, N. Car., sold two dozen on Sat. Mrs. Nixon, Vt. sold eight first day. Every housewife wants one. Every iron guaranteed. New terms. Exclusive territory. Sample free to workers. Write today. The Monitor Self Heating Co., 676 Wayne St., Big Prairie, Ohio.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention starts word agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, 1955 first 12 hours. \$1200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; \$15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for anyone at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 4017 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Wanted: Men and women to introduce our fine line of popular priced Coffees, Teas, Baking Powder, Etc. Valuable and useful premiums free. No experience or money necessary. Exclusive territory. No traveling. We pay well for your services. Employment permanent. Write for our proposition. The Gt. Eastern Coffee & Tea Co., Department 52, St. Louis, Mo.

You can sell our Raincoats. Anyone will buy. We give you one. Outfit free. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 189, Templeton, Mass.

\$6.00 to \$14 Per Day made with our ironing and darning machine. We pay \$75 a month. No experience or commission. Please Mfg. Co., Dept. L, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 453, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Local Representative Wanted: \$25 to \$35 a week permanent income to lady of good personality to represent us, locally and demonstrate our Face Creams, Toilet Waters, Powders, Perfumes and other Toilet preparations. Articles are of very highest quality and every sale brings repeat orders. No experience necessary but must have good character and good appearance. The Thompson Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents. Stop until you get our catalogue! We have a great proposition for men and women agents. Write today. T. H. Snyder Co., 12 E. Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Ladies! Remember those waists, skirts, gloves, lace, etc., you want to clean for Spring wear? Send 25c for box of Spot-Off superior cleaning material just put on market. Results will surprise and delight you. Agents wanted. Central Chemical Co., 2602 Dorcas St., Omaha, Nebraska.

Agents to sell the Original Native Herbs. \$1 box 225 tablets for 60c. For sample and terms address G. W. Bassett, Dept. 301, Columbus, O.

\$15 Week salary and commission paid one person each town selling non-alcoholic flavorings. Linton Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Agents make \$10 a day selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 3x6. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.

Billy Sunday's Message Authorized. Great Opportunity for man or woman to make \$5.00 to \$15.00 a day. Unusually liberal terms. Spare time may be used. Particulars and samples free. Universal Bible House, 436 Winstanley Bldg., Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

Man To Give Away Premiums advertising Rogers' 20-year Silverware. \$2.50 daily. A. A. Cline, 22 Copeland Bldg., Philadelphia.

Agents. Biggest line. Biggest profit. Extracts, Perfumes, Spices, Jelly Powders. Premiums for your customers. Western Laboratories, 2000 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Wanted—Agents: Complete samples of Paints and Specialties sent free. We need good live hustlers. Nothing invested by you. Sun Paint & Varnish Company, Cleveland, O.

\$10 A Day Profit. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confusion. Five cent package, cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 122 Broadway, San Francisco.

Agent Make Big Profits. Steady income. Every housewife, auto owner, storekeeper needs Easy Shine. Wonderful polish for gold, brass, silver, mirrors, etc. Send 25c for sample. Money back if wanted. Easy Shine Co., Dayton, Ky.

Steady Sure Income from easy pleasant work, all or spare time. Either sex anywhere. No money or experience required. We show you how. 30 days credit and free samples. Everybody wants our goods, cannot get them in stores and will gladly buy from you. Write us. McCormick Co., 1735 Wells St., Chicago.

Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.

Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Many making over \$300 weekly. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents are coining money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1334 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Portraits, Frames and Agents Supplies. A first class business all your own; your good direct from the manufacturer insures large profits. Catalogue and particulars on request. D. E. Abbott & Co., Huntington, W. Va.

Guaranteed Hosiery Manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route. No capital or experience needed. Liberal commissions for all part time. G. Parker Mills, 2733 N. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Do You Want Money. Sell Brandon Hosiery. Sales often \$5 an hour. Liberal commissions. Actual mill not an agency supply house. Our six-pairs-for-\$1 stockings are famous. Apply today. Particulars free. If in hurry to begin, send \$2 for large sample line, carrying case, etc.—deposit refunded, when you sell \$25 worth. Brandon Hosiery Mills, 3724 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

Agents sell "Kant Leak" Rain Coats—\$5.00 kind for \$3.98. Cooper cleared \$60 in 5 days. We deliver direct to customer. Write for terms and Free Samples. Comer Mfg. Co., 25 Broad St., Dayton, O.

Agents write quick for big Free sample case proposition. —Meximol Toilet Accessories, Resurrection Plants, Arizona Diamonds, etc. New line; exclusive territory; no competition. Big chance for hustlers. Lester Company, Box 57, Mesilla Park, N. M.

Housewives—Make money at home by selling a universal household necessity in your neighborhood. Write today for free sample and our offer to agents. Crescent Baking Powder Co., 1208 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents 100% profit. New invention; selling like wildfire. Every farmer and household needs several. Write. Logan Mfg. Co., 2310 Lyndale, Chicago.

Agents—New Mighty Money-Making marvel. World Started. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines; women astounded; wild over it, absolutely harmless; \$1,000 guarantee goes with it; make \$50 to \$100 weekly. Marshall of Pa. amazed. Tel-graphs "Rush 5,000 packages." Exclusive territory; no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business; supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. 251, 216 W. Superior, Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$9.00 to \$22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight weeks time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning \$100 to \$500 per month. Address Department B-28, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Women Make Money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 66, Trenton, N. J.

Wanted: Lady Agents in every town to sell Dress Goods on commission. Samples free. Imperial Dress Goods Co., Box 2, Hoboken, N.J.

Women—Have Your Own Bank Account by selling sanitary garments for Women, Children & Babies, in your home towns, on capital of 50c. Free catalogue tells how. Nova Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Make \$35 Weekly Selling Sanitary Aprons, Stork Pants, Bolero Shields. Sample Free. Clinax Co., 710 Walton Ave., St. Louis.

MONEY LOANED

6% Money. Loans for any purpose on acceptable Real Estate; liberal privileges. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo., 416 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

REAL ESTATE

Profitable Little Farms in Valley Of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, \$250 and up. Good fruit and farming country. Send for literature now. F. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 266 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 7 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Money-Making Farms throughout 14 states; one acre to 1,000 acres, \$500 to \$50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Big illustrated catalogue free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

Profit Making Farmlands in best districts of South. Growing greatest variety of crops, giving best home locations. Shall we give you information? M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agri. Commissioner, Room 19, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

Fertile Farms near Phila., fruit, poultry, truck, dairy, mild climate, excellent markets; catalog. W. Stevens, Perkasie, Pa.

HOME CANNERS

Home Canners—All sizes. Used by U. S. Government Schools, Girls' Club, Collaborators and Farmers everywhere. For Catalog and Special Offer, write Royal House Canner Co., Dept. Q, Albion, Illinois.

PHOTO FINISHING

Send A Roll of your film and 10 cents. We'll develop and send you prints as sample. Photomakers Shop, Bellefonte, Pa.

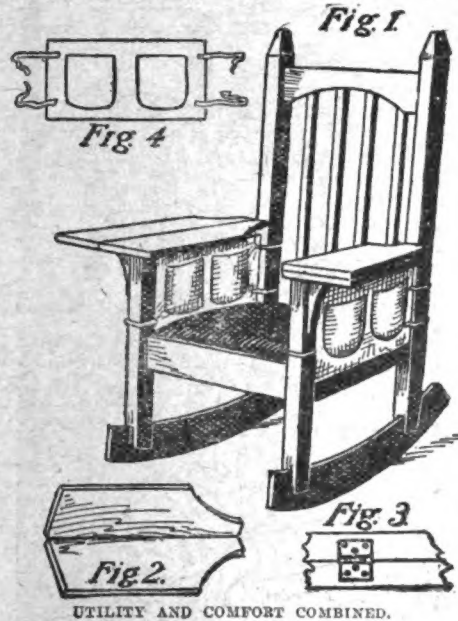
Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2x2 1/2, 3x4, 3 1/2, 4x5, 4x6, 5x7, 6x8, 8x10, 10x12, 11x14, 12x16, 16x20, 20x24, 22x28, 24x36, 30x40, 36x48, 42x54, 48x60, 54x72, 60x84, 72x96, 84x108, 96x120, 108x144, 120x160, 144x180, 160x200, 180x240, 200x280, 240x320, 280x360, 320x400, 360x480, 400x560, 480x640, 560x840, 640x1120, 840x1680, 1120x2240, 1680x4480, 2240x8960, 4480x18432, 8960x36864, 18432x73728, 36864x147456, 73728x294912, 147456x589824, 294912x1179648, 589824x2359296, 1179648x4718592, 2359296x9437184, 4718592x18874368, 9437184x37748736, 18874368x75497472, 37748736x150994944, 75497472x301989888, 150994944x603979776, 301989888x1207959552, 603979776x2415919104, 1207959552x4831838208, 2415919104x9663676416, 4831838208x19327352832, 9663676416x38654705664, 19327352832x77309411328, 38654705664x154618822656, 77309411328x309237645312, 154618822656x618475290624, 309237645312x1236950581248, 618475290624x2473901162496, 1236950581248x4947802324992, 2473901162496x9895604649984, 4947802324992x19791209299968, 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Household Conveniences that Make Home Attractive and Comfortable

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A Chair Plan

Here is a plan by means of which a chair may be made more serviceable for the use of an invalid or for grandma. The arms are made twice their usual width by hinging on a board as in

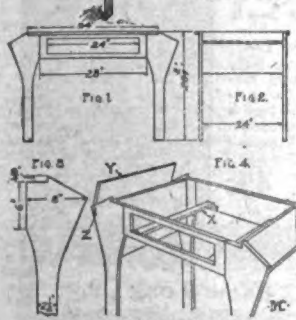


UTILITY AND COMFORT COMBINED.

Fig. 2 and Fig. 3. Upon arms nearly a foot wide a lunch may be served or cutting and sewing may be done. The cloth pockets, as in Fig. 4 should be neatly and strongly made. They are just the place for the sewing things or books, used by an invalid. If you had a chair like the picture and used it for your weekly mending I think you would value it highly.

Reading Table

Here is a table for study or reading. It is new in design and as simple as anything made of plain boards can be. The table is desirable for a small-sized library or can be used to advantage in one corner of the dining-room. The pocket on each end is for books and will hold a surprising number if they are stood upright. The plan of making the table is clearly shown in the smaller sectional sketches. A little determination is all the amateur needs and without that quality nothing can be accomplished. Keep the things in this issue that interest you on hand, for you may never have so

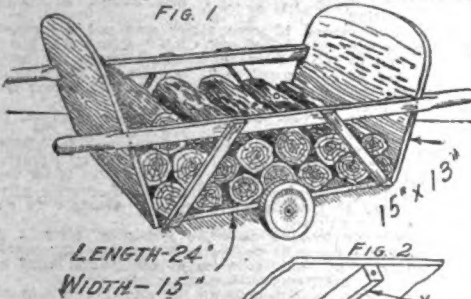


IT APPEALS TO ALL.

many good suggestions come your way again.

A Wood Box

A wood carrier made after the plan shown here is a very handy article around the country home. It can be pushed along conveniently by one person and can be carried by two. No doubt you can find a pair of wheels from some abandoned farm implement around that will do for it.



LENGTH-24" WIDTH-15"

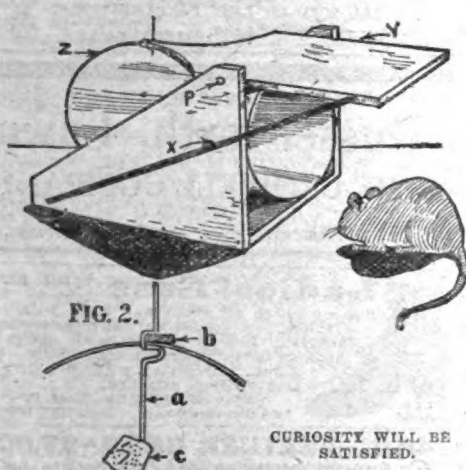
IT WILL HOLD MANY ARMFULS.

but if you cannot wooden discs with holes through the center will do. Fig. 2 shows how to fasten them on. The spike or bolt fits loosely in the center hole of the wheel but is tightly imbedded in the cleat marked "X." The body of the cart should be substantially made.

Mouse Trap

Try this trap for ridding the house of mice. A tomato can with one open end is first fitted into a wooden frame, then a shingle is whittled

FIG. 1.



CURIOSITY WILL BE SATISFIED.

to the shape shown and pivoted on. In the picture "Y" is the shingle and "P" is one of the nails driven straight in, which act as a hinge or

pivot. "X" is a rubber band which pulls the door shut, when the bait is tampered with. In Fig. 2 "b" is the small end of the shingle, the curved line is the top of the can. "a" is a wire, bent as shown, "o" is the bait. When the mouse touches the bait, the wire is moved and "b" the narrow end of the door slips out. The tension of the rubber pulls it speedily and the mouse is a captive.

Indoor Playhouse

Wherever there are children, they must be amused and not the least of the mother's work is providing this amusement. Many a fond parent has actually prayed for some means of keeping the tots indoors and at the same time rendering them happy and contented. The picture shows a playhouse, made of painted canvas, set up in the corner of the living-room. The bench inside may be specially built or two common benches or chairs may be used. Any woman can make this house out of light strips of pine framed together and covered with canvas either painted or covered with wall paper pasted over the canvas. It may be decorated to resemble a brick house or a wooden one or anything you like. The playhouse may be set up or taken down in a minute and will add peace to your life and zest to the days of the growing children.



A FINE THING FOR THE CHILDREN AND FOR MOTHER, TOO.

A Porch Table

In the good weather the porch is probably used more than any room in the house. This is essentially proper too, if the fresh air gospel is to be believed. Now since women will not sit idle why not furnish something that will meet their requirements, while on the porch. Two

FIG. 1.

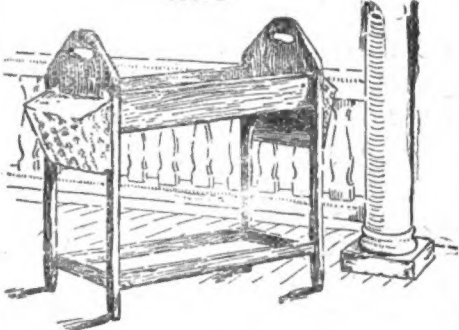
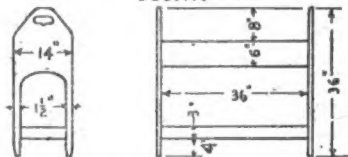


FIG. 2.

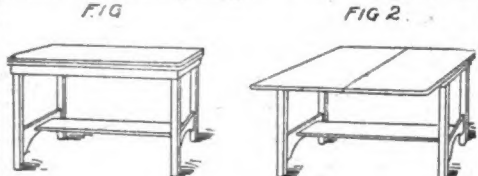


SUMMER AND WINTER ALSO.

points are important in this regard, the porch table must be neat, small and really practical, and it must look good from the outside. This sewing table is made of any material, painted green or to blend with other porch furniture. The top is a square trough and may be used for potted plants or flower vases. The large cloth pockets on the ends are to all effects hidden from the street. The table is really pretty and serviceable, may be easily moved for sweeping, and is of value as a flower-pot holder in the winter.

An Extension Table

Here is a new kind of extension table. It is for any purpose, a large dining table, a kitchen table or a sewing or card table. The two views represent the same table yet in Fig. 2 it has just twice the top area as in Fig. 1. Fig. 3 shows very clearly how the table is framed. The hole "X" is the pivot upon which the top turns. The last cut shows the turning half done. I know of nothing simpler or more effective in



LENGTH-34" WIDTH-17" HEIGHT-28"

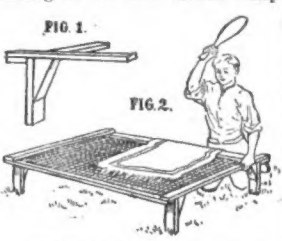


FIRM AND SUBSTANTIAL.

the way of a convertible table and if you have any use for it, it surely will be found a convenient article. It is ideal for a small or crowded house and can be easily made of hard or soft wood, painted, stained or finished natural.

Beating Rugs

When you are about to discard a woven wire spring instead of casting it on the refuse heap

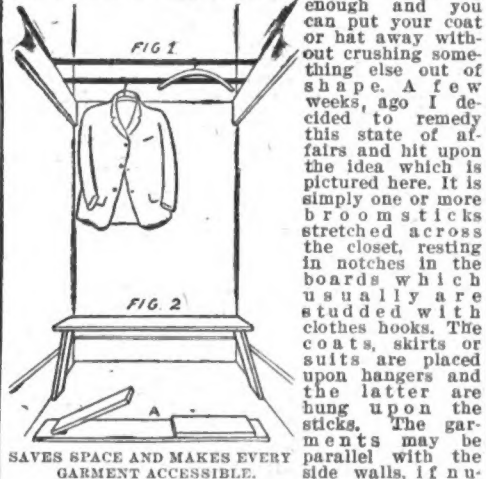


PRACTICAL FOR MANY USES.

Once it gets rusty you cannot use it for white goods. I have known such a simple device to be in use for years, and a good argument in favor of its practical merit is the fact that neighbors are constantly borrowing it.

For the Clothes Closet

Clothes closets are all right in their way, but the trouble is they never seem to be half big enough and you can put your coat or hat away without crushing something else out of shape. A few weeks ago I decided to remedy this state of affairs and hit upon the idea which is pictured here. It is simply one or more



SAVES SPACE AND MAKES EVERY GARMENT ACCESSIBLE.

place twenty suits of men's clothes in a closet four feet wide by this method, without crushing them, and each separate one can be gotten out without disturbing any of the others. Fig. 2 is a bench to enable you to reach the high shelf or may be used to pile boxes on.

A Washstand

The picture shows how even such a prosaic thing as a washstand can be made a thing of beauty. I think the design is a neat one and well worth following. It has one door in the center and a slide drawer on each side. Under the

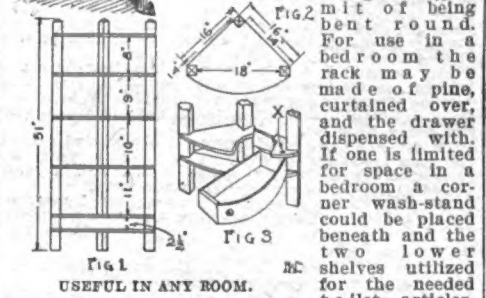


AS PRETTY AS IT IS USEFUL.

slides the openings are covered with curtains of imitation leather or velour. A washstand like this made of pine and finished in white enamel is as pretty as it is useful. It would make a dandy addition to a bedroom that contains a white bed and dresser. You can finish an old dresser in white enamel and make it look like new for a small sum. Always get the best enamel and follow directions carefully to get the best results. Perhaps you have an old wooden bedstead that could be made over into the stand. This picture will be ample guidance for any mechanic or you might even tackle the job yourself.

Rack

This neat corner rack will be found useful in any room in the house. It will certainly brighten up the corner of your living-room and at the same time make a good holder for magazines and papers. An article as simple as this must be made very carefully or it will look crude and clumsy. Therefore I would advise you to use the best of lumber and to make every joint tight and firm. The board used for the face of it must be thin enough to permit of being bent round. For use in a bedroom the rack may be made of pine, curtained over, and the drawer dispensed with. If one is limited for space in a bedroom a corner washstand could be placed beneath and the two lower shelves utilized for the needed toilet articles.

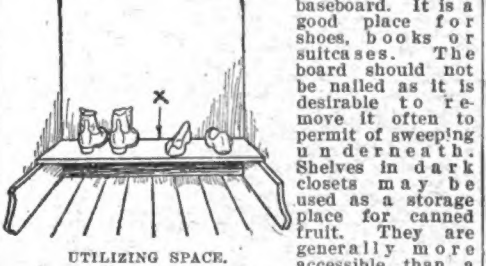


USEFUL IN ANY ROOM.

The second shelf could be cut out at each side and a small looking glass put in place.

Closet Idea

The picture shows the interior of a narrow clothes closet. A board is placed across the room and rests upon the baseboard. It is a good place for shoes, books or suitcases. The board should not be nailed as it is desirable to remove it often to permit of sweeping underneath. Shelves in dark closets may be used as a storage place for canned fruit. They are generally more accessible than a cellar and have the advantage of being dry. Instead of a board like the one shown a box might be used and the storage capacity would thus be doubled.



UTILIZING SPACE.

Combination Box for Kitchen or Living-Room

Take two wooden boxes of the same size, without tops. Set them on their side, one on the other and nail together. Stain any desired color. Dark green is always good. This makes two compartments and you can have more by putting in shelves. Put a small brass rod at the top and hang a pretty silkine curtain across the front in two sections. If used in the living-room, put a pretty scarf across the top, letting the ends hang a few inches over the sides. If used in the kitchen, tack a piece of enamel cloth the same width as box across the back, bring it over and let the end run down inside of rod. In the lower compartment keep firewood and kindling, and in the upper shoes, rubbers, mittens, etc. Hooks may be put up inside, thus utilizing all the room. This box is convenient and good looking.



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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE first balmy breezes of spring seem to bring with them a germ that enters the system of every woman and straightway she starts in cleaning house. Just what particular genus or tribe this belongs to would baffle a wise bacteriologist to determine but nevertheless it exists and continues to multiply till exterminated by the use of hot water, soap, mops and dusting cloths and all the other implements that go to make up a woman's artillery against dirt, real or fancied.

Do not, in your zeal, overlook your own health and the comfort of your family in a mad scramble to finish work a little ahead of your neighbor.

Much labor is saved if all the closets are put in order, packing away winter clothes and throwing into the family rag-bag all discarded clothing for which no use can be found. This does away with added dirt after the rest of the house is cleaned and you can feel, when the last window is washed and the last remaining speck of dust wiped away, that your work is done, with no tag ends remaining.

It is better to commence work in the attic, first storing away all the heavy things that will not be needed during the summer, taking precautions to protect the woolen goods from the ever watchful moths.

Do not make the mistake of hanging your furs or woolen articles on the line to air, for that is the surest way of giving the moths a chance. Instead, brush them carefully and pack them away and do the airing in the fall.

In cleaning take but one room at a time, thus avoiding any great disturbance.

By the time the upper part of the house is cleaned and in good order, unless the alterations are to be extensive, the remaining rooms can usually be cleaned and put to rights in one day, thus doing away with the confusion that exists when several rooms are being cleaned at once. Do not make your family feel as a certain little boy did who replied, "No, we're not living anywhere; mother's cleaning house." Your husband may not tell you, and indeed he may not fully realize it himself, but he will be much more impressed with your ability if he comes home and finds everything fresh and shining and that without several days of disorder and fussing. Particularly will he be impressed if a well-cooked meal is waiting for him and shared by a wife who is as carefully dressed as though he were a guest. Extra china and silver can wait until another day to be cleaned, as can the examination and re-pairing of the table linen.

House-cleaning time presents an opportunity for disposing of many ostensibly ornamental articles which really act only as dust catchers without being even beautiful, and wise is the woman who dispenses with them.

Art squares, matting or painted floors are much to be preferred in summer instead of heavy carpets and in addition to being a great saver of labor, will be found much cooler.

An empty wall looks better than one hung with unattractive pictures. Good engravings with plain frames are now sold at such a trifling cost that almost everyone can afford one or more. If your nearest dealer does not carry what you want there is always your favorite mail-order house where you have more of a variety to choose from than the average small-town dealer keeps in stock.

Remember though that all your work will be labor lost if you do not bear in mind the old adage, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

WICKLIFFE, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Will you please move over and make room for a little girl from dear old Kentucky, who wishes to talk on a subject that should be discussed among both old and young. My subject is "education." How many of us, dear friends, are striving for an education? If we are not we should be. Do we want to grow up in ignorance to be laughed at? We can never get work that pays nor can we mingle with educated people and be one with them unless we have an education to some extent. Of course the word "education" means a whole lot more than we can, without study, comprehend. In my estimation nothing is more pitiful than to see a young person idly wasting his or her time. Some do not know the adage, "Lost time is never found again," or they do not realize it. Neither do they realize when they are letting some golden opportunity slip from under their grasp that they may never have the same or as good again. It would be astonishing if the pupils were selected from a schoolroom that came for the good that they can do and are really interested and anxious about their work. I fear the number would be small, after they reach a certain age. He's gone because "She" goes and "She" goes because of an extra job of work at home, or because she is promised a present if she will go every day until Christmas, or a whipping if she doesn't go at all. How many of us children are going for the good that we can do? Let's take a ladder and give it a name for every round. We will call the first round, common school, the second, high school, the third, college and so on. What round have we attained? And are we as high as we might have been only for negligence. I, myself, am only standing on the second round and may never mount any higher. But I will never forget the beautiful lessons I've been taught and the dear friends I've made in school.

How many of us greet a new pupil into our midst with a cheery smile and a welcome? Or do we sneer and laugh at them? If you do dear friends they will remember the sting forever. My dearest schoolmates were made when I entered the room. The ones that gave me a welcome smile will never be forgotten. I graduated from Oak Hill School, St. Louis, Mo. in

1912, and if any of my dear class graduates read this I would be glad to hear from them. Will not some other reader write on this great question?

I will describe myself and tell you what else I like and enjoy doing. I am eighteen years old. I weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds and am five feet five inches high. I have light hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I do embroidery and crochet work, play the piano, ride horseback and make kodak pictures. Besides these I do housework and sewing which I greatly enjoy. Will not some of the members near my age write to me? I am your new friend, EULALIE WELLS.

Eulalie Wells. Your letter is a credit to yourself and your teachers and while I heartily approve of all you say please don't think me a scold if I ask you not to judge people by the number of diplomas in their possession or their position in life. In the ignorance or blindness, of youth, we are prone to do this, only to later learn that a person's true worth and character does not depend on education alone and even if our finer sensibilities are sometimes shocked remember that underneath the rough exterior there may beat a heart kinder than found in many of our so-called educated people. For, alas, education makes snobs of some of us, though fortunately that is the exception rather than the rule as it tends to develop the better side of our nature, and to enable us to meet all people and conditions with a broader outlook and a fairer manner.

One cannot lean indefinitely on a college or a diploma and today, more than ever before, do we rise or fall, according to our own merits though, of course, the more education we receive the better fitted are we to stand, so keep on Eulalie and don't stop on the second round of your ladder and above all, don't lose the simple kindness of heart that marks the true woman.—Ed.

4367 Eastern Ave., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never seen a letter from this place I will venture into this band of comforting sisters, for I have long been a silent reader of this paper. I am nineteen years old, have golden hair and brown eyes, am five feet five inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Both father and mother are living, also have two brothers and two sisters, all of whom are married, but one brother and myself.

We live in a small suburb of the city, called "Undercliff" which is about five miles from the heart of the city. This is a place of beautiful scenery, but is very lonely, because nobody associates here. We have lived here in this one house for five years and the next door neighbors have never been inside of the gate, and yet there is only about one foot of ground separating the houses. Then do you wonder why it is lonely here? The saying is true, that you know, though in the heart of the city one can be very lonely.

I was born and reared in the country, but it was a very quiet place, no work to be had, and farming was extremely poor, so we came to the city; have been here six years, and now we have a fine eight-r m house (which will soon be our own) and also a large garden. We have had the experience of both country and city life and I am sure we one and all choose the latter as the best.

I am employed as a saleslady in a downtown store and like the work. I very seldom go to any place and am sometimes very lonely, and for this reason I earnestly desire to see this letter in print to make a request that everyone reading it will please write to me young or old, and I will surely answer all. I want your friendship and will tell you something of the good and bad in dear old Cincinnati.

With best wishes and good luck to you all, I am,

MISS GLADYS N. WINDSOR.

1336 Bayville, St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading the Sisters' Corner about four years and enjoy it very much, and will see now if the sisters have room for one more.

I will first describe myself, as so many do. I have dark brown hair, blue eyes, five feet eight inches tall and not very thin and twenty-nine years old. Have a good husband and one boy seven years old, and two little darling girls in Heaven, one was one and one half years and the other two years of age when God took them. It is surely hard to part with them and just at the sweetest time, but He knows best; one never knows what they might have to go through with if they stayed here. Lucille died of brain fever and Lillian took measles first and then scarlet fever and bronchopneumonia on top; they were both healthy looking children but one never knows what comes next. Richard is at school and in third grade. In these big cities there is so much sickness and it is hard to raise good healthy children. The milk you get is just like the milk you have in the country after it goes through the separator; butter, eggs, cheese and meats, fruits and vegetables are not like what you raise yourself, not if you buy the best, and another thing, the children can't have the fresh air or a clean grassy lawn to play on; the yards are damp and sooty and the sun hardly gets there. There are other amusements, or lots of playthings, but it doesn't seem to be the right thing. I have lived in the country and city, both long enough to see the difference. I have also lived at Norwood about three years that is a nice suburban place, but as my husband's work is done in the city now, it is more convenient here. We can't all live in the same place, and there are things in the country that are pleasant and there are also things that are unpleasant. One thing, if you have a good farm and home in the country, paid for, you have a living for the rest of your life; whereas in the city, a house is nothing to start living on.

My husband is a safe maker so it is best for us, at present, in the city but he often says if he lives to be old he prefers a country home for his old days as a man nowadays doesn't stand much show in a shop when he gets a little old.

I, for one, never get lonesome. I always find more to do than I can get done. I do all my own sewing and sometimes some for my sister, mother and a friend besides. I like to sew and do fancy work.

Well my letter is getting too long and I must say good by to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT friends,

MRS. K. SCHINDLER.

GARRISON, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please let in a stranger, a little Montana girl?

We have taken COMFORT for a short time, but think it is grand.

I am only seventeen years of age, dark brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, weight one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and height five feet, two inches. I am an orphan girl and oh, how I love to read the dear letters the sisters write.

Yes, I believe what Mrs. W. P. Barnes says, your mother and father are your best friends. I have no mother or father, but the people that have reared me have always been kind to me. How I love them both; they taught me the right and the wrong; they taught me to like, clean house, and sew and although they have two children of their own, no one would know but what I was their child also. I go with them every place and have everything I want and wish for. Are not these people your best blessing?

And now little sisters a word with you. Never go any place without your mother or father, or some of your other folks. Tell them everything. If mother has lots of work to do, don't sit down and look at the paper or some book, but pitch in and see how much you can help. Remember you are younger and can stand more. If father has lots of chores to do bring in the wood and water. It won't hurt you and you will feel much better by getting out and doing a little work like that. Those who live in the country do not leave for the city, but stay with mother and father on the farm. There are lots of things you can do; make quilts or fancy work and put them away because some day you might have a little home of your own then you can fix it up with the work you did at home with mother.

Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am sure you think I have written enough. So I will close. God bless you all,

MISS MARY KNOP.

RYE, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I saw a letter in the November COMFORT from a Mrs. Guder of Ellijay, Ga., in regard to blood tumors on children.

I have known of two cases. The first was when I was about thirteen years old. The child lived just next door to where I went to school and was about three or four years old. They said that in playing with other children the child hurt the tumor in some way and died in less than a week. The other case was six or seven years later, a friend and neighbor adopted a baby girl about two years old and she had a blood tumor on her head. They had it removed. The doctor said it was right at home and aside from the mass of blood which made the child weak for a few days she had no trouble at all, the sore healed up quickly and the child is now twelve or fourteen years old and although the last I heard of her was five or six years ago she was then a healthy girl.

If I were in the sister's place I should have it removed before the child got large enough to romp and play very hard. If she becomes sick at the sight of blood she had better have someone else with the doctor. Your COMFORT sister,

LOIS ORTON.

For the benefit of Mrs. Guder I will add that a kind woman, not a sister, but who wishes her name withheld, has sent in a simple remedy which cured a blood tumor on her baby's back. Doctors said an operation was necessary, but instead she bathed the tumor with spirits of camphor, diluted with a little sweet oil, which removed it, effectually it would seem, since this happened eleven years ago and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.—Ed.

ZIMMERMAN, LA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: May I come in this rainy afternoon for a few moments' chat? I have never written a letter to any paper, so feel a little timid for we have some gifted writers. I enjoy the sisters' letters so much and think COMFORT the best paper I get.

I want to say to Mrs. W. H. Guder that I have a little cousin who had trouble similar to her baby's case. She had a red lump on her forehead from birth and it began to grow. Physicians said it was a blood tumor and would have to be operated on. The operation was performed and now the child is sound and well with only a little scar left. That was five years ago and no return of the trouble yet.

Mrs. H. C. Crawford, what a blessing you have to have overcome all your troubles and have a heart full of sympathy and love for everyone. How I wish we had more people in the world like you. I think we should all look to Jesus in the hour of trouble and temptation and He will surely help us.

With best wishes to all, Your sister,

MRS. LEONA POE.

NAPA, 244 Union St., CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you forgive me for appealing to you once more? I am afraid I have disobeyed some of the laws of COMFORT sisters' page, or maybe you have not come to my turn yet.

What Mrs. Brooks says about the city is true, only there is not enough work to go around. Hills, parks and sunsets have always appealed to me, but the daily toil and struggle for a living has been so hard I am very tired of it.

I do so want to hear from some successful home-steaders. I will send stamps and paper for reply, also to cover cost of sending me their address. We are so anxious to locate and it costs a great deal of money to travel around.

We are not afraid of work, in fact, I feel as though anything would be better than being out of work half of the time.

I could say a great deal more but will make my letter short in the hopes that I may come again some other time. Love and best wishes, Mrs. ROSE SMITH.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

Mrs. Smith, I feel sure you will be successful in your search for a home in the country, but would advise you to investigate thoroughly all letters you are particularly interested in. I dislike to be so pessimistic and skeptical, but so many people, perhaps not in our own circle, have "an axe to grind" that it behooves one to make a careful investigation before taking any decisive steps or investing any money, which is perhaps more to the point.—Ed.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please make room for a sister from Burlington, N. J., as I have never seen a letter from this town. I live two and one half miles from town on a sixty-acre farm with my family of five, four boys and one girl, the girl being the youngest, aged thirteen years, another son lives in town and is an electrical engineer. I will describe myself. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, have dark brown hair, blue gray eyes, am of a cheerful, humorous disposition and though for a year my health has been very poor I am still hopeful of the future.

I united with the church when sixteen years old and lately have found great comfort in the "New Thought" religion. Am a very happy mother, having always been a companion to my children, influencing them to share with me the joys and blessings that I received. I wish right now to impress on the mothers' minds, especially our COMFORT sisters, to take as much interest in your children after they get big and troublesome, for they are sure to appear this way at times. If they are ambitious they will see things in a different light, we must listen to them and not use harsh discipline or else all will be a failure.

My children are all Christians. They also are musicians and we have a home orchestra, piano, cornet, violin, clarinet and flute. I play and sing with them and find great enjoyment in it.

Now sisters do you wonder that I am a happy mother, full of sunshine and love of the time?

I have taken COMFORT since my oldest boy was small, yet I seldom hear about the beautiful influences of the mothers on the children and the full rebounding effects. When the child is small the first thing the mothers do is to make the child take notice, the first smile makes the mother's heart rejoice, and she is well repaid for her sufferings, but slowly she gets accustomed to the happiness she has expected from her offspring, and daily leaves undone the grand work she has commenced. Sisters we have to labor hard to produce good effects in after years. I have found it so, and we get easily discouraged, but we must hold on to God's promises for sustenance at that important time. My dear mother gave me a religious training and from the time my first boy was born advised me to pray earnestly every day for the good of the child. I have received my reward already and there is happiness in my home, all through persistence on my part. It is no use to blame others when children go wrong, the mother herself is to blame in my opinion.

My boys have been inclined for bad company but I have broken up all of this through being their constant companion, welcoming their company, advising them and sharing their joys and sorrows. If they were going fishing or boating, mamma must go because I always played as a child with them. I laughed at what they laughed at, always picking the good out and showing them the right from wrong. When I was sick I would get them to read fairy tales to me, and compare me to the fairy, dressing me up with fancy ribbons and lace.

Through helping me in my daily routine they all learned to cook. My little girl who has recently become a church member said the other day, "Mamma isn't it nice to think we children don't have to go to church to become happy, we can get the same effect right here in our own home." I asked the boys when they came in, "Boys, isn't this a grand old world and isn't this love worth having?" The youngest said that he could not live without it now he felt so happy and contented.

Mothers, take pains in your training and those same little eyes that watched yours for the expression in infancy, watch all your movements later. It pays to try to make them listen to the good side of life and you should not be discouraged, but endeavor to have them men and women of which you will be proud.

I will now close with best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters and may we always have COMFORT.

MARY J. LEWIS.

LEGONIA, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I will kindly admit me into your Sisters' Corner? I have been reading the good letters from you for quite a while but have hesitated to write because I notice that most of the letters are from married ladies, but in reading what our editor has to say I find that "mothers and daughters of all ages" are invited to write to the COMFORT Sisters' Corner, and so I thought it might help someone to learn my plan for earning pin money. I have been teaching for three years, this being my fourth and love the work very much, so you see I am interested in all you have to say about children.

I live in the country and as our schools are from four to seven months in length there is usually quite a good deal of time to be spent at leisure. For the last few years I've been attending summer normals, but even then I have a few weeks before and after normal, and I find that quite a nice little sum can be made from gathering and selling the many varieties of cacti and native plants.

I have a friend who is an expert needlewoman and she realizes a neat little sum every week for her embroidery; I haven't tried this plan yet but am going to do so in the future when I learn to make my work more attractive.

I should like to know other plans from anyone who is interested and who does some kind of special work. One year I had good success "incubating" chicks. I kept only thoroughbred chicks and the work was indeed a pleasure; then the profit comes in nicely too. We keep the Barred Plymouth Rocks, and find them the best dual purpose fowl we have tried.

I am very interested in gardening and expect to do some in the spring in a scientific way. There is so much to do in this world of ours, so much pleasure in working and planning for the happiness of friends and loved ones.

Look at these Bargains!

Wonderful money-saving values. Order them and see what genuine satisfaction you derive in shopping at the "Standard." The "Standard" Spring Bulletin is just issued.—It shows the latest, prettiest clothes for men, women and children and offers you the season's very best bargains. Write for your copy at once.—It's FREE.



3W100—Splendid "half-price" offer. All three waists in the pretty, practical button front styles pictured, for only \$1.00. The dressy white Voile waist is daintily embroidered and lace-trimmed. Another waist is of serviceable striped Madras with white lawn vest, collar and cuffs. The third waist comes in neat assorted patterns and is prettily trimmed with scalloped embroidery edging. Our bargain price, postpaid in U.S. 3 for \$1.00.

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Standard Mail Co. Dept. 532 New York City

I shall not trouble you longer, but will close by describing myself. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred thirty-eight pounds, have light complexion and blue eyes and am twenty-two years of age. Hoping that I shall be welcome in your midst. I am sincerely,

MISS HENRIETTA FAIRCHILD.

WINGATE, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years, but have never written before, although I have wanted to many times if I had known something worth writing.

When you asked if some sister was not a member of such a club as a "Mothers' Club," I just felt like I would like to tell you we have one here in our little town, only we call ourselves "The Mothers' Class." We have a membership of fifty. Some, but of course not all are present at every meeting.

We meet every two weeks and open our meetings by singing one or more songs, followed by prayer and several good readings after which the business is settled. We then have more singing and are dismissed by a prayer. Our readings are such that they help us if we will practice their teachings and they are discussed, after being read, if any member has any thought to express on the subject.

One of our by-laws is—"No gossiping allowed. A fine of five cents will be placed on anyone for speaking unkindly of another or to anyone," and thus we cultivate a Christian spirit.

There are a great benefit to me and I think to all the rest. I always come home from the meetings with a happy heart and a stronger desire to do right and teach our little three-year-old Wilma, the right way.

I am twenty-four years old and have been married

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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So Dear a Foe

By Laura Vignette Beale

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HE passed serenely along on the shady side of Albermarle Street, with a box of stationery neatly wrapped, held lightly under her arm.

He stopped from a yard at her right, was unobserved, until he lifted his hat and said: "Pardon me, but you won't mind if I join you, as I am going your way, will you?" with a most charming smile.

Doris Austin, the daughter of President Austin of Thoreau College, whose big buildings were near at hand, hesitated, glanced inquiringly at the young man, then drew away stiffly, saying:

"You have the advantage of me, sir!"

"Why, don't you remember me?" questioned the stranger. "I am Alfred Clennam, post graduate of Western College, taking the law course at the University over there. Let me carry your bundle."

"No, thank you." She spoke slowly in a puzzled manner. "I'm sure you are mistaking me for someone else. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Well," he responded, "I can hardly flatter myself that it would be a pleasure to you. To me—well, that is another story. A beautiful day, isn't it?"

To her astonishment, he neither volunteered further information as to any previous meeting, nor offered to leave her. Indeed, he had fallen in step, with every indication of intending to accompany her on her walk.

"Allow me to carry your package," he said gently, seizing it.

Doris clung to it desperately, even though she felt she was losing dignity by doing so.

"No!" she said coldly. "I do not care to accept so great a courtesy from a stranger. Good afternoon!"

"But I am not a stranger," he exclaimed. "Surely you remember your brother introducing us."

"I have no brother," she replied.

"Ah, indeed! That is why you are out alone then. It is so fortunate I met you and can escort you home."

Doris Austin stopped, and looked suspiciously at the perfectly respectable and deferential stranger.

Drunk? No smell of liquor, or slightest appearance of tipsiness in face, voice, or manner could be detected. Insane? The fine, alert, intelligent countenance that met her scrutiny, made such a suggestion ridiculous. Clearly it could only be a case of mistaken identity. This fine-looking young man had met someone who greatly resembled her; so she began gently:

"I'm sorry to inform you that you have made a great mistake. My name is Doris Austin. I don't know you, or you, me. I just returned last night from a trip abroad, and you mistake me for some other girl, who looks like me. Good afternoon."

Her words failed to bring the apology and parting salutation she expected. Indeed, as she started again on her way, her queer companion continued by her side.

"Not on your life!" he declared. "I never met anyone else who resembled you in the least; and I don't believe in any such counterpart. But I must say, Miss Austin, that for once, I'm a lucky dog. To meet you the very day you get home! Think if I'd lost a month or two!" with a shudder.

Doris lost patience and stamped her foot. She had had enough of this young man whose conduct seemed based on deprecation to impudence so rapidly that it was impossible to tell which was the assumed role.

"If you are a common street masher," she cried angrily, "I am sorry your appearance led me to believe you a gentleman; and let me tell you that I'm not the kind of a girl that makes street acquaintances."

"Most certainly not!" he responded hastily. "No one could for a moment make such a mistake. It's because you are so very different from that, that I wish to escort you home and protect you from annoyance."

"Protect me from annoyance!" cried the thoroughly exasperated girl. "If you have the slightest instincts of a gentleman, you know that you, yourself, are annoying me more than I had thought any man would dare to. Leave me at once."

"Miss Austin, I cannot until I have seen you home." Adding humbly, yet with an evident effort toward jauntness: "I fear I am making myself disagreeable and forcing myself on you."

"You are! You are!" interpolated Doris with undisguised temper.

"But you must bear with me a short time longer. I'm in duty bound to see you home."

"Well!" with a glare which her persecutor dared not meet, "there was ever a policeman around when one was wanted. I'd see if I was compelled to submit to this infliction."

Still, her extraordinary attendant continued by her side.

No word was spoken for several blocks. Doris stole a glance or two at his side face, but her bewilderment was only increased by its air of being down in the mouth. Several times, acquaintances, evidently casual ones, lifted their hats to her; whereupon Mr. Clennam responded by a like gesture, utterly ignored by Doris. After this had occurred several times, it seemed to occur to the down-trodden one that she had not appealed to any of them for rescue, and he began to raise his head again, and soon gazed once more on the world, unappalled if unheeded.

After some time, Doris stopped at a pretty little bungalow, utterly ignoring the still-attending shadow. Unfortunately, her mother sat chatting with guests on the veranda, and rose to meet her daughter's escort. Doris, disregarding this, busied herself in greeting the visitors, but was angrily aware that Mr. Clennam had responded to her mother's advances by mentioning his name, and was serenely accepting introductions to the party and a seat within the circle.

In the bright chat of the next few minutes, no one observed that the last arrivals had no word or look for each other; and when Mr. Clennam rose to go, the fact that Doris failed to respond to his "Good afternoon," was lost in the pleasant voices of the others in the party.

Enthusiastic compliments were at once paid on all sides to the departing guest, and Doris's silence on the subject was laughingly alluded to as an indication of special interest.

Now why did not Doris undecieve these trusting friends as to the desirability of their new acquaintance? Why did she not paint him as black as she felt him to be? Angriest, she put these questions to herself later, and more angrily still as she realized that her interest and curiosity in the matter was at a high pitch.

At the supper table that evening, Mrs. Austin remarked to Doris that she liked Mr. Clennam very much. Doris was spared reply by her father who declared:

"A fine young man; an unusually brilliant student! The world will hear of him some day. I'm glad you have met him, Doris. He's a great favorite of mine."

Doris said nothing. Perhaps she was shielding her parents from a shock; or was she hoping for a speedy explanation that would heal her wounded feelings, and prove her father in the right?

As expected, Doris received, by the first mail next morning, a note of apology from Mr. Clennam. She crushed it savagely in her hand and threw it into the fire as soon as read, for it stated that, for unforeseen and unavoidable reasons, he could not make the explanation that was due her, as he had hoped to do; earnestly assuring her, however, that his behavior of the day before had not been prompted by levity or want of respect to her, and begging to be allowed to make her acquaintance in a more conventional manner.

Needless to remark, it failed to propitiate the recipient. If there was an explanation that would exonerate him, she could imagine no reason that could prevent him from making it. She resolved to think no more of the matter, except to refuse

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

Home Cooking

The first object of home cooking is the preparation of wholesome meals with due regard to economy of time and money. If you are a beginner, with a cook book for a teacher, do not attempt the most difficult dishes first for it usually means failure and with Failure comes its twin brother, Discouragement, turning many a promising beginner away from the art of cooking, which is, or should be, recognized as among the fine arts for it appeals to the sense of taste fully as much as any of the others appeal to their respective senses. The welfare of humanity is more bound up in food than in any other factor, for the health with all the good things of life dependent upon it, is in turn dependent, to a large extent, upon the food we eat and its manner of preparation. We cannot make a success of anything unless we apply ourselves to the rules which govern that particular subject and though we often hear about the "born cook" who mixes the ingredients together regardless of weights and measures, with marvelous and gratifying results, the chances are that the cook who follows reliable directions is the one to be depended on, regardless of the proverbial "luck" of the former. It is therefore our duty, as wives and mothers, either present or prospective, to make a systematic study of this important subject and thus insure, to a large extent, the happiness of our homes.

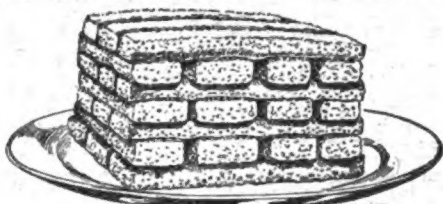
TO every housewife comes the question, "What shall I cook?" and the planning of meals is often more tiresome than the actual work in preparing them. A few simple menus will be found of service, particularly if the mother is away and a less competent maid or daughter has charge of the kitchen.

Breakfast

With cereal, cooked or otherwise, fruit of any kind is found to be a welcome addition and the selection rests largely with individual tastes.

EGGS IN BATTER.—It is no wonder that eggs form such a large proportion of the farmer's daily food, since he is secure in the knowledge that he is not eating a cold storage product, and many are the appetizing ways of preparing them. Cooked as follows they will be found excellent. Mix together six tablespoons thick cream, one half cup bread crumbs and one half teaspoon salt. Put two tablespoons of the mixture into ramikins or custard cups, slip an egg into each, cover with the remaining mixture, add a tiny piece of butter and bake seven minutes in moderate oven. This, with dry toast and coffee, or milk, comprises a breakfast suitable for the average person.

FRIED OATMEAL.—Put leftover oatmeal into a small mold and stand away to harden. When ready to use,



FRIED OATMEAL.

cut in slices one half inch thick and then into strips one inch wide, dip in egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry. Drain, dust with powdered sugar and serve. Syrup may be added.

Dinner

SPLIT PEA SOUP.—Wash one half pint split peas, cover with water and let soak over night. In the morning drain, add one and one half quarts water or half water and half stock, a sprig of thyme, one half teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Cook slowly till peas are tender, then press through a sieve. Melt one tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour, then stir the soup in gradually and let boil. Just before serving add a small onion, grated.

LIVER WITH VEGETABLES.—Chop one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and one stalk of celery and arrange in the bottom of a baking pan. In a liver, make two incisions in which insert salt pork or strips of bacon and place the liver on the bed of vegetables. Add hot water, parsley and cloves. Cover and bake in a moderate oven till tender. Remove to a hot platter, placing the vegetables around it and make a gravy in the pan, using one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, and one cup of liquid from the meat, adding hot water if there is not enough.

MASHED POTATOES.—Cook potatoes and mash with cream and butter.

HOT SLAW.—Shred one half cabbage. Beat the yolks of two or one whole egg slightly, add one quarter cup cold water, one tablespoon butter, one half teaspoon salt and one quarter cup hot vinegar. Add the cabbage and stir over hot water until the cabbage is hot and the dressing is thickened.

PRUNE ICE.—Wash and soak three quarter pound of prunes over night. In the morning stew until tender in the water in which they were soaked. Cool and remove the stones. Line a deep pie plate, add the prunes, one half cup flour, two tablespoons butter, juice of one half lemon, salt and two tablespoons flour. Cover with paste and bake till the crust is brown and flaky. Serve with whipped cream.

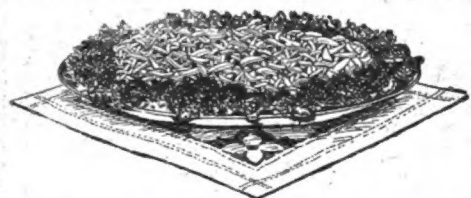
Supper

SHEPHERD'S PIE.—Line a baking dish with mashed potatoes, left over from dinner. Over this place a layer of cold chopped, cooked meat. Then another layer of potato. Cover the top with buttered crumbs, sprinkled with cheese if desired, and bake until thoroughly heated, and browned on top.

SQUASH TIMBALE.—To two cups mashed squash add the yolks of two eggs well-beaten, salt and a dash of pepper. Mix well and add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Put into custard or timbale cups, stand in a pan of water and bake until set. Bread cut in thin slices, plain cake and tea make a satisfactory supper.

Another Good Supper Dish

PARSNIPS LYONNAISE.—Cut cold parboiled parsnips into slices and then into narrow strips. Put some butter into a frying pan, add a small onion chopped



PARSNIPS LYONNAISE.

fine and cook until it begins to brown. Then add the parsnips. Cook without browning for about five minutes. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with finely minced parsley just before taking up. Drain thoroughly. Serve very hot.

Cooking for the Sick

It is a well-established fact that no family can be entirely immune from sickness, sooner or later, and it is well for us, as members of a family, to bear in mind a few things in regard to the diet of invalids or semi-invalids.

First of all, ascertain from the attending physician just what the patient can eat and then let neatness and daintiness be the keynote of your afterwork. Do not make the mistake of asking the patient what he or she wants to eat but prepare and serve the food in such a tempting manner that it will be eaten, whether they mean to eat it or not, for, sad to relate, sickness often plays sad havoc with the most amiable dispositions. Always remember that too large a quantity of food is often nauseating so serve small portions. Arrange the tray with your finest linen, china and silver

and try to find room for a tiny bunch of flowers or one large flower laid across the tray. Small slices of toast, nicely browned and wrapped in a napkin, will be much more tempting than a single large piece of toast, partly cooled, as also will an orange cut in pond lily style be more pleasing to the eye than would be the whole orange rolling disconsolately in one corner of the tray, and if



FOR THE INVALID.

the eye is gratified, the stomach will not be so likely to rebel.

See that the room is well-aired and endeavor to keep the patient in as cheerful a frame of mind as possible, and as for that part of it, no matter what condition your health may be in, always make it a point not to bring your worries and troubles to the table with you. Give your stomach a fair chance to do its work under the proper conditions.

The following recipes will be found especially good:

BEEF TEA.—Appetizing beef tea is made by cutting up tender, juicy beef into pieces about an inch square; put into a strong bottle, cork tightly and set in a kettle of cold water. Boil two hours. This is valuable as a tonic.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Take part of a chicken and cover with water; let it boil till the meat drops from the bones; then skim off the fat, strain and add a little salt, and a teaspoon of rice. Let boil until the rice is cooked.

STEAMED EGG.—Beat an egg until very light, add seasoning to taste, and then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hardened; this will take from two to three minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress the most sensitive stomach.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—Put two heaping spoonfuls of oatmeal, wet in cold water, into one pint of boiling water; boil gently one half hour, skim and add a little salt, sugar and nutmeg.

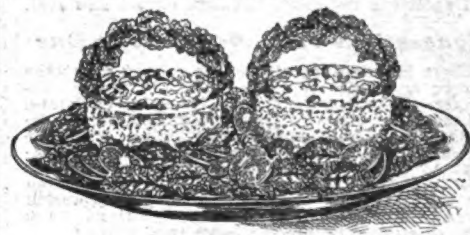
BARLEY WATER.—Soak about a pint of barley in lukewarm water for a few minutes; then drain off the water. Put the barley in three quarts of water and cook slowly until soft, skimming occasionally. Flavor with a little lemonade.

TOAST WATER.—Toast stale bread until quite brown, but not burned. Put into a large dish and pour boiling water over it, letting it stand for an hour or so, then strain and serve with ice.

OYSTER TOAST.—Cook six oysters, in a cup of their own liquor, one minute. Season with butter, pepper and salt and pour over a slice of toast. Serve in a hot dish.

Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Every-day Helps

CHICKEN IN BASKETS.—To three cups hot mashed potatoes add three tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, and enough milk to



CHICKEN IN BASKETS.

moisten. Shape in form of small baskets, with handles of parsley. Brush over with white of egg, lightly beaten and brown in oven. Fill with crumbled chicken. Decorate with parsley and slices of tomato.

CREAMED CHICKEN.—One and one half cups cold cooked chicken cut in dice, one cup white sauce, one half teaspoon celery salt. Heat chicken dice in sauce.

WHITE SAUCE.—Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk, one quarter teaspoon salt.

The base of soup should be made of good lean meat and bones—two ounces of bone to a pound of meat; allow one quart of water to a pound of meat; after boiling, skim well and set back and let it simmer for four or five hours, season and strain into a stone jar where it will cool quickly. It is best to make this stock a day or two before it is to be used, so that all grease may be removed. Stock made this way will keep several days and from it may be made an endless variety of soups, according to flavorings or materials used. Always remember that too much boiling spoils the flavor of broth so cook vegetables, rice, etc., before adding.

CHICKEN SOUP.—To the broth in which chickens have been boiled, add one onion and several sliced tomatoes, season with pepper and salt and boil thirty minutes; add two well-beaten eggs just before sending it to the table. Serve with crackers.

LOBSTER SOUP.—Pick all the meat from the shell of one large lobster and chop fine. Take one quart of milk, one pint of water and when boiling, add the lobster, a large piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and a tablespoon of flour. Boil from seven to ten minutes.

CORN SOUP.—To one can of corn, add one pint of boiling water and let cook slowly fifteen minutes. Scald one pint of milk and a slice of onion. Remove onion and add milk to corn. Add two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons flour, cooked together, season to taste.

NOODLES FOR SOUP.—Beat one egg light; add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll out in a very thin sheet, dredge with flour to keep from sticking; then roll up tightly. Cut into fine slices.

CREAM BAKED TROUT.—Clean the trout, put in pepper and salt and close them. Place in pan with cream enough to cover the fins and bake twenty minutes.

PICKLING FISH.—Spice the vinegar as for cucumbers, put fish in and let boil for a few minutes, until done, without breaking; set away for a few weeks and the bones will be entirely destroyed.



Home Cooking Fails on Beans

It fails because home ovens can't make beans digestible. Steam ovens are essential. Beans must be baked in small lots, in high heat and for hours.

It fails because it crisps the top beans, mashes the middle beans, but leaves most of them less than half baked.

It fails because beans should be mellow and whole, and home-baked beans are not.

It fails because the sauce should be baked with the beans, to give zest to every atom.

Housewives should recognize that there are a few foods which can't be prepared in a fit way at home. And beans stand first among them.

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Van Camp's will displace all old-style baked beans when you give them a chance to show. You will find that men prefer them. Thousands of hotels and lunch rooms serve them because they please the men.

This dish is our specialty. For 20 years our famous chefs have worked on it. They have created in this a new-style national dish. It is unique among all of its kind.

Order it and try it. Compare it with the kinds you know. If it excels them all, stock your pantry with it. Have on hand some dainty meals ready for instant serving.

Find out this matchless dish.

If you do not find Van Camp's the best beans you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



The Unrest of the Age

In Some of its More Familiar Aspects

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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The World Is Sick

THE most striking characteristic of our age is our daring advance. A general forward movement, almost a charge along the whole front of civilization. As distinctive, almost its corollary, unrest. In our consideration of this latter peculiarity, let us be careful to avoid the very ordinary error, common to professional and lay-thinker, of mistaking the symptom for the disease itself. Civilization and its ailments may be drawn in close analogy to man and his ills; in both subjects, the confusion of symptom with cause must necessarily result in but imperfect conclusion. If, indeed, any degree of correctness of diagnosis at all may be arrived at.

Just as surely as the fever of his patient, indicates to the physician that an invasion of hostile germs has been permitted somewhere through the failure of some protective tissue to bar their entrance, an inadequacy in any of the important functions of a community is indicated by appropriate signs significant to the trained social observer. In the body politic, derangements of the economic system or of the system of natural resources are followed by symptoms forming a procession of cause and effect quite comparable to the pathology of lesion in the vascular or in the nervous system of the individual. The analogy will be even clearer if we consider that, for our present purpose at any rate, the world as a world is but an agglomeration of peoples variously arranged into political and social divisions reducible at length to the individual.

It is but a glance further to see that, even as the pathology of social and natural disturbances are comparable, so also is their observation comparable as to methodology. The student of natural sciences performs certain experiments, either with a fixed purpose in view, or at random, and from their results draws his conclusions. So does the economist or the sociologist observe and conclude from the experiments to which society is subjected. The enactment of new and hitherto untried forms of legislation, the opening of new fields of natural resources, the launching of new industries and so on, are, from the point of view of the observer of social conditions, certainly just as experimental as, from the point of view of the biologist, the injection into living animal tissue of a new antitoxin, together with its consequent reaction, is an experiment. There are these differences, however: the student of the physical and natural sciences controls his experiments by the use of this or that reagent at will. His experiments are completed within a comparatively short period of time. They are conducted in an environment especially prepared for the purpose. The student of the social sciences, on the other hand, has no control over the experiments which he observes. The period of time required to procure results is long. The laboratory, not of his furnishing and of huge size, is crossed and counter-crossed by innumerable independent streams of influence which, together with noise and confusion of every sort, produce a chaotic condition in which it is difficult for him to follow the particular reaction he desires to observe. These considerations render, it is impossible, or at least highly improbable, for him to secure identical conditions in successive experiments.

With these differences in mind, we can conduct our investigation of Unrest in much the same attitude to his subject. We substitute for the acids and alkalis, serums and what-not, reagents of the biologist, laws, institutions and traditions, reagents of the sociologist; instead of dogs and guinea-pigs and germs, we will observe men and women and human-nature. And if, like the skilled physician, we go behind the symptom and reach here and there a true seat of infection we may then consider our diagnosis correct and suggest a remedy. Again, however, with that lack of control distinguishing the social from the physical researcher and which will prevent us from forcing any medicine down the throat of society, which, after all, may be a safeguard to society in the same ratio that a medical prescription may prove a decidedly negative benefit to the unfortunate for whom it is compounded.

Looking carefully then at the clinical record of our huge patient for the past few years, the first great, general symptom that commands our attention is Unrest. The world is sick in many of its organs, we say—it is nervous—it can't keep still. Not so very long ago Japan and Russia went to war. Continuous internal uprisings have been the rule in China—here there seems to be a particularly sore spot kept inflamed by constant fermentations of social orders undergoing change. In Germany the Socialist Party is heaving and straining in its efforts to give birth to something. In the Balkan Peninsula Mohammedan Turkey, a painful irritant, is being attacked in a war to the death by the Allied States bent on closing that gateway to further infection. In Russia, the waves of oppressed serfs are ever rolling against the contemptuous wall of governing aristocracy. Unless some powerful sedative be administered, it is only a question of time when the upward thrust will gain enough force to lift the barrier from its foundations. In England questions of social reform are burning questions. The unrest here surely cries aloud the presence of virulent toxins in the very vitals of society. It looks almost as though a major operation were indicated. On our own continent, there is civil war in Mexico and revolution follows revolution in the Latin Republics. The nature of these people renders them especially susceptible to the effects of any excitant. Capital and labor have fought battles in Michigan, in Colorado and in Oklahoma; in each, blood has been spilled.

Our farmer no longer crops over the bumps of the country road behind his old-fashioned team. He hurries along in his automobile, only to be overtaken and lost in a rush of dust from the wheels of a faster machine driven by a more well-to-do man from town. The next instant he of the town is absolutely outclassed and put to shame by the wild burst of speed which soothes the faded nerves of the millionaire from a distant city. Our millionaire is momentarily content—his is the ultimate of rapid motion. The medium-fast follow in his despair because he cannot go as fast and makes rapid calculation as to the possibility of his junking his machine and buying a faster; they simply must keep up with the procession. When lo! a bolt out of the blue an aeroplane drops past overhead with a velocity so appalling that all three stand aghast and the unrest of the age fires each soul with longing to travel at least as fast as this latest creation.

In society, fashion follows fashion to the accompaniment of strained purses and overtaxed ingenuities. Dance is superseded by dance in a hopping, gliding, bending, whirling, ever changing confusion and each new variety fails as utterly as the last to calm the itching. The calamitist raises his eyes to heaven as he asks in shocked perplexity: where will it all end?

The Rightly and Wrongly Restless

And so the world is sick. And the distressing symptom of Unrest seems to pervade all its members. But Unrest is too broad a term and World too large a field for the limits of our inquiry. For the sake of brevity we will confine ourselves to some of the more obvious forms of unrest in our own country. For the sake of order, we will divide our restless people into two classes: first, those who are legitimately restless and, second, those whose restlessness is illegitimate. Those who

strive with honest effort under adverse conditions, and those whose restlessness is due primarily to their failure to strive for anything at all worth while. Our classification postulates work as the basis of contentment. If the work performed be congenial and if it be effective work, all will be well. On the other hand, those who, under circumstances which permit of an election, choose to remain idle or who, if the privilege of choice is denied, are forced to labor at a great disadvantage develop into malcontents and the contagion of their unrest infects their whole neighborhood. We will direct our attention first to our workers who are, in a measure, denied any option in the matter of occupation.

The Conflict Between Capital and Labor

The constantly increasing tendency of organized labor to array itself against organized capital is becoming very familiar to us. On every hand, however, we hear diversity of opinion as to the cause. Too frequently wholesale condemnation of the labor unit or of the capital unit according as the speaker's sympathies lie. The labor partizan heaps malediction on the head of capital—blindly, unreasonably, hatefully staining the hands of capital with all the "heart-aches and the thousand natural shocks that man is heir to." The labor organizer makes his appeal directly to ignorance, fear and superstition and germinates in this fertile ground distrust of all institutions with which capital may in any way be connected. He will confess openly that he is forced to appeal to passions in order to induce labor to unite. Obviously, union on such a basis must be full of danger.

Capital too, arrogant with success and blind in the pursuit of greater success, damns the laborer for a savage who would shake the foundations of society if he could. It interprets the strike, not as the protest of a man and a woman who feel that their labors have earned a larger and a fairer share of the benefits of new civilization for themselves and their children; it sees a brute and his mate and their cubs who, enraged by the agitator's taunts, dare snarl for more and more.

This is a grave sickness that has come upon our state, but the restlessness it causes is legitimate. What is called the upper classes of society through brilliant, persistent research and industry have attained an outlook on life far broader than a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. Education, sciences, literature, art—everything—have been widened and explored and turned to general use as in no former age. Achieving leaders have been divided generously among the comfortably well-off. The moderately successful man of today commands for himself and his family privileges absolutely unheard of to the man of corresponding station fifty years ago. He is entertained by drama and music which he could not have afforded in another age. Printing and publishing have placed in his hands general and special literature which, if accessible at all, have been hitherto luxuries of the very rich. The automobile together with cheap, rapid land and water transportation, have lengthened the radius of his circle beyond limits ever dreamed of by his grandfather. He may visit this or that part of his own country or even travel abroad at comparatively small cost.

So we might go on to almost any length in bare enumeration of the advantages and new lines of endeavor which, owing to the marvelous activity of the twentieth century, have come within the scope of the small capitalist. However great the share of higher civilization has fallen to the lot of the moderately well-to-do man, advantages are correspondingly great to him of larger fortune. Going to the top of the scale, our millionaire is limited only by his capacity to grasp and to enjoy.

In the face of this great light of civilization which we have kindled, whose rays filter down through the classes to warm and brighten their lives, can we in fairness draw a screen about the home of the laborer? Bear in mind the nature of his work and remember that he cannot afford the pleasures to be bought with money. Practically all he can earn goes for bare necessities; there is little left when those things are purchased without which he cannot live. Can we not arrange such that a few more of the rays which he has helped to kindle should reach him? We do not ask for our laborer the identical comforts which our middle class worker can afford. A little more liberal wage, where it can be paid, a few minutes less to his per-diem hours of toil, a few more hours each week for relaxation and rest. It may be that, to him, such small concessions will spell the difference between unrest and rest.

Concessions That Are Labor's Due

There is this about it: If we cannot grant the laborer anything from the point of view of humanity, then we must for the sake of the state. We must not believe that our common sense is entirely lost in the confusion of strife. We have too much confidence in the ultimate good judgment of our people to believe that capital and labor, keeping each to his own side, will sit on the lid in stupid sullenness till the explosion comes which will split our institutions from stem to stern. Before we leave this phase of the subject, let us recall that only in rare instances and isolated exceptions has capital heretofore shown the foresight to grant benefits to labor unasked. It has been only through organized demand backed by organized strike that labor has gained any benefits at all from this age of enlightenment. But if capital has been delinquent in recognizing the necessity and in offering solution, the government and individuals acting in a mediatory capacity have shown some activity. Minimum wage scales, profit-sharing plans, shorter hours, sanitary rules, workmen's compensation laws; all these are experiments which are being tried and whose reactions are being studied with a view to meeting the issue and curing the disease. When we feel inclined to condemn the labor organizations for their glaring faults; their advocacy of violence and their failure to place any premium on efficiency and on let us bear with them a while longer and rather blame capital for its failure to bring into use its superior intelligence. The day of the entirely benevolent employer has not yet dawned and we need not ask him to be particularly benevolent. But we can and should look to capital to lay its hand to the task for the common good; to realize that there is a grievance, often a just grievance, in any event a most real grievance which capital must make right for the reason that labor cannot.

Immigration Should Be Restricted

One other extenuating circumstance in the reprehensible tendency of striking laborers toward extreme methods; we refer to the large percentage of foreigners who now swell the ranks of the restless. These foreigners, largely of the South European and Asiatic races are far below our native artisan in natural intelligence. Deficient also in education and in balance of temperament, they have been unable as yet to absorb sufficient of our traditions to enable them to exercise the self-restraint necessary to democratic self-government. In this matter of unrestricted immigration of the less desirable aliens, we have an irritant to the national peace whose bad effects should not be overlooked and the necessity for correction of which should be called to the attention of our Congress in no uncertain terms.

The unrest, then, among our laboring classes is the legitimate unrest of a section of the people

who have not reaped their fair share of the benefits of the general advance of civilization in our age. It is a grave sickness in our social structure—one which requires the attention of able minds. The freedom from hysteria characteristic of our people, is being rapidly weakened by foreign injections; but on it we must rely for the preservation of the public welfare until a real curative is discovered which will guarantee our tranquillity until the next rapid forward movement of civilization necessitates another readjustment.

Feminine Unrest

The laboring class is not the only large group, by any means, in which legitimate unrest shows the inadequacy of our institutions. The next symptom which, from its insistence, must receive our careful attention, finds form in the so-called Feminist Movement; the unrest of our women. Unlike the labor unrest, this variety extends in tortuous ramifications from the highest down through the lowest stratum of our social orders. The labor unrest was almost entirely economic in character while the feminine unrest seems to spring from a complexity of causes, varying widely according to point of observation, from psychological in one set of subjects, to sociological in another and economic unrest in still another. This also is a disease almost world-wide in extent, cropping out in symptoms peculiar to the locality in every civilized country from Arabia westward to the Pacific Ocean. Japan, China, India and countries on similar stages of advancement, seem to be effected hardly at all as yet. The lower orders seem to offer structural difficulties too great for this more refined germ to enter and attack successfully. In England the disease has passed to an exceedingly acute stage. In our own country, the symptoms if less violent, are no less persistent and generally diffused. Let us, then, see if we cannot trace some of these symptoms to their sources.

We are at first confronted with the fact that this particular unrest seems to have made its first appearance among our women of the leisure class (we must use the word "leisure" with reluctance, unwilling to lay upon the whole class the certain stigma which the term carries and which is truly applicable only to a portion of the class in question), and at first glance we might commit the error of denoting it illegitimate unrest. Upon careful thought, however, we will conclude that, if the unrest is found among women who do not work in the generally accepted sense of the word, it is not because they *will* not work but because they have hitherto been denied the privilege of choice. Bear in mind, illegitimate unrest, according to our classification, is unrest among those who, with the privilege of choice before them, have elected to remain idle. You may say: a member of a leisure class has a de facto liberty of choice. If we bear in mind the attitude of society toward the women of its so-called upper classes during the whole of the world's history since there have been upper classes, we will be forced to the admission that woman has been most effectually denied the right of any choice whatever. Hence her idleness is enforced and consequent unrest must be classed as legitimate.

Let us glance once more in a very general way at this matter of choice of occupation before going on to more specific analysis. Our women (we take the average woman of the middle and upper-middle classes as typical, reserving for separate discussion women of the laboring classes) have for generations been enclosed by very definite limitations as to occupation and conduct. We have not space to go into the origin of these limitations which date back to times when limitations were justified by the then transitional state of civilization; to the times when mankind, emerging from the barbarous to cross the treacherous new ground of semi-civilization, found it necessary to embody somewhere and confine its embryonic ideas of morality, and recognized in woman the ideal depository for them. Is it strange that the human race has guarded its treasures and could it do otherwise than guard the treasure chest?

These limitations of conduct have constrained woman to follow a path relieved by but few minor deviations from a certain average. In girlhood she was trained with an eye to future household duties. (It is an interesting digression here to note the state of mind of man was such that, although tacitly understood the girl should marry, her training was carefully purged of special knowledge pertaining to the birth and rearing of children. This in the face of the known fact that this knowledge would be sadly missed when the young woman should become a mother.) At the proper time, she married; and if her husband proved of the right sort all went well. The care and training of her children kept her mind busy and her hands occupied the greater part of the day and frequently, a goodly share of the night. These and other household duties together with the relaxation of occasional social and outdoor diversions filled her life completely. Her husband played the role of bread winner with more or less success, according to his aptitude and she performed the most important function of bread saver; the division of labor was in perfect adjustment. This, say, from her twenty-first to her fortieth year. Then, at a little more than just past the middle point of the life history of the family, we note a decided change. The children have grown to a point where they no longer need detailed supervision—the mother is released from her absorbing work. The husband is to continue in his occupation till he dies. The children will soon go out and found families of their own. What is the mother to do?

In the days gone by the comparatively crude equipment for the prosecution of household duties may still have demanded enough of her attention, augmented by increasing social duties, to fill her days reasonably full. She may have been content enough to find content in half filled days. Our generation, however, has seen such strides in specialized forms of production and service that housekeeping may be reduced to a system so perfect as to be almost self-adjusting. Some good housekeepers will dispute us at this point. But we may safely say that housekeeping may be so arranged nowadays as to occupy a decidedly minor portion of an average day. Not only in its aspect of exercise of ability, is modern housekeeping inadequate in many, many instances. The assertion (never proven) that there is any real difference between the sexes in respect to mental capacity for work fails utterly to satisfy our restless women. If man, from whom this assertion most frequently comes, will give a little thought to the question, he must at length admit that the comparatively simple matters of feeding a house in order cannot, after years of experience, occupy the entire mental capacity of his wife. If indeed, she be of average intelligence.

Under the circumstances, there remains for her but one course of action; to look elsewhere for employment. Not that every woman would display any surprising zeal for hard work if the obstacle of public opinion were removed any more than every man is possessed of consuming ambition. We can see no reason why the proportion of degrees of ambition in woman should differ materially from the degrees of ambition in man. All the more reason why comparatively rare instances of striking ambition in either sex should have all encouragement for its expression. Our habit of thought which groups all women together with one great class with respect to mentality is as highly erroneous as the statement that all men are created equal. It is as wasteful to the community and as unfair to the individual as the practice among labor unions of leveling down to the ability of the weakest.

Woman's Place in the Family

It is, however, absolutely true, arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, that an all-wise first cause constructed woman with physical and psychic peculiarities differing from the physical and psychic peculiarities of man. This differentiation is fundamental, perfectly balanced, undeniable. It has been demonstrated by millions of examples that our "family" is the most perfect

economical unit. Important deviations from its essential form and practice are invariably disastrous. The physical and psychic peculiarities of woman will always operate as a hindrance to her departure from the fundamental plan of life; and indeed, we cannot find the slightest reason to believe that she has any inclination to overturn the laws of nature; this again in spite of the terror stricken cry of our calamitist—where will it all end?

There seems to be no lack of suggested cures for this unrest. They appear in printed form varying in volume from the pamphlet to the thick octavo. They vary in subject from purely political reform to advocacy of abolition of the marriage state and establishment in its stead free love on earth. The refutation of these specific sort of cures is a tempting subject, but our time is short and we must pass it by. We will simply find one general fault with them—they are too specific, too simple, too easy. The real cause lies deeper and its cure must be through a general overhauling which cannot be completed in a day or a month or a year but must occupy the whole training of the next generation. In order to make our meaning clearer we will glance at the high lights of the rearing of a typical boy and girl in an average family.

False Ideas of Chivalry

We have a mother, a father, a son and a daughter. We will examine the process of character formation in the son and daughter and see how it must be altered in order that the future woman may take advantage of the broadening of her opportunities toward which changing public opinion is rapidly tending.

From infancy up to their sixth or seventh year, there is little if any difference in the training of our boy and girl. Each is a little, sexless animal and their mother and father are properly satisfied if they but be healthy and grow. About the eighth year the little ones begin to perceive, vaguely, that there is a difference—that, somehow, one is a boy and the other a girl. Immediately the mother and father commence to direct their attention to this difference. In small and almost imperceptible ways at first and in the direction of physical inequality; notwithstanding the fact, that, at this early stage there is no material physical inequality. Little boys must not strike their little sisters; when a little girl wants a drink of water, a nice little boy should go and get it for her; and so on. The little boy is unable to see any reason why, when his sister has snatched away his toy, he should not resort to first principles and wallop her. He does, however, realize that if he persist in moving his sister's doll when she desires it to remain in a certain position, he is very likely to get scratched for his pains. He also fails to see the logic of a situation which demands that he should fetch a drink of water for his sister when they both have been playing till each is as tired as the other. Still, the mother and father insist there is a reason and by the time the boy and girl have developed into youth and maid, he has learned valuable lessons in self-restraint and she has learned to throw justice to the winds and rely on the bias of special sex privilege. Mind, we do not advocate training our boy to take advantage of physical weakness. On the contrary, he should be taught never to take such an advantage. But it should be true and not artificial chivalry; he should go as quickly to the assistance of his weaker brother as his weaker sister. If he be taught this sort of chivalry, he will not fail to be the first to aid and comfort her whenever her physical strength proves unequal to the task she has in hand. Not only will he not fail, but he will rush to her aid with an enthusiasm very different from the perfunctoryness which attends his motions when he knows that she is just as well able as he to get for herself the drink of water or the chair. Possessed of this true chivalry, he will bear himself toward her in the greater as well as the smaller things of life, with a more sincere courtesy than when he feels that he must do thus and so because she is a "girl"; he will then be courteous to her for the same reason that he is courteous to his fellow man and the artificiality of their relations will disappear with the removal of artificial and substitution therefore of real reasons why.

Defects in our System of Higher Education for Girls

Come at length to their sixteenth or eighteenth year, they are sent away to school. The girl to finishing school, or simply boarding-school—her brother to college. (We must here admit an important exception in the increasing number of girls who take advantage of a college education. It is a most important and promising change from the old order.) The girls' school is almost sure to be pervaded with the same atmosphere of freedom from responsibility which she has breathed all her conscious life up to this time. She has lessons assigned to be learned—but nothing serious happens if she doesn't learn others. She is nursed and worried along till examination time when a ridiculously poor performance gains for her a ridiculously high grade. She is never expelled from the school except for grave breach of decorum in manners or morals. Imagine our complacent and self-satisfied boarding-school miss being quietly told by the faculty that, her work being below the standard of the institution, she is advised to go elsewhere for her education.

In addition to the low standard of work, she finds in the rules and regulations with which she is loaded about another demoralizing influence. Rules so petty and so arbitrary that they breed contempt in the keeping. She is not only required to do this and to do that in certain hours, but even her personal peculiarities of carriage and manner are made the subject of comment and restriction and change. The sure result of all this is that the great fundamental lessons of life, self-control, self-knowledge and self-dependence, are entirely forgotten and untaught and our daughter emerges from her training school with her near-sighted eyes focused only on superficialities.

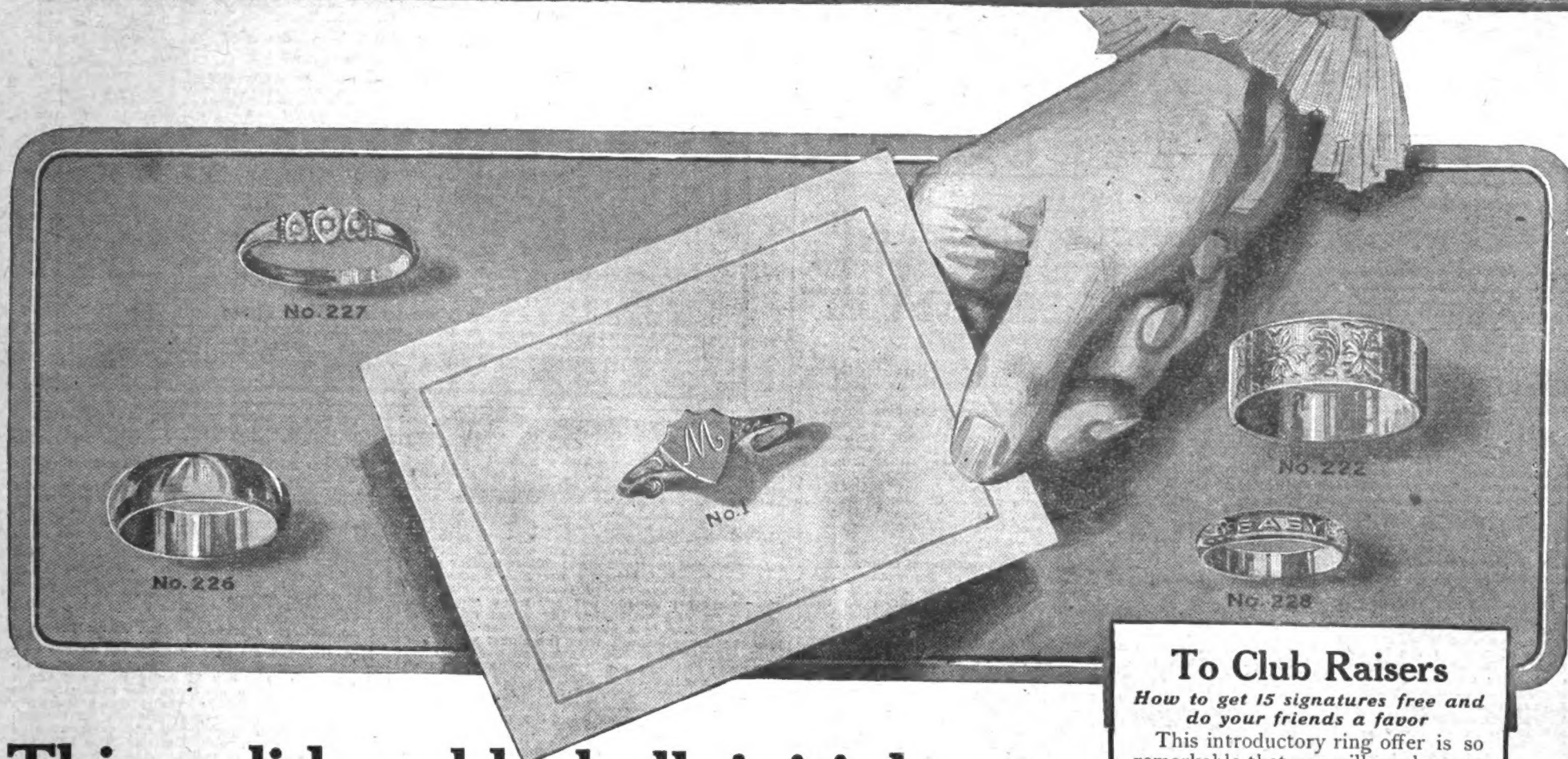
How has the boy fared meanwhile? His course has been simple and straightforward. He has entered the college of his choice and found himself his own master immediately. His first impression was, perhaps, one of bewilderment at the difference of the faculty and of his classmates as to what would become of him. Lessons were assigned and recitations conducted, but little attention was paid to how or where he lived and learned. All the authorities required seemed to be that, before he received his diploma, he should have completed a certain amount of work. The presence of repeaters in his class and information regarding "fellows who had flunked" indicated that he had better do the work or get out. We are forced to admit that many boys do come out of college with a surprisingly small knowledge of the subjects studied. But our boy has at least come through on his own responsibility and he has, therefore, learned self-control or suffered so from the lack of it that he at least knows the value of it.

Now each is prepared to enter real life and if we have put before the reader the gist of the character of training that each has had, we may leave it to him to say which has the better equipment. The girl now makes her "debut" in society and her limited environment continues to feed her untruth about herself till she feels sure of what she has long suspected—that the world owes her a good time. The boy has no option but to go to work, and once embarked on his line of endeavor we may leave him to his own devices for he will be thus occupied till he dies. The girl is spending her time in diversion and society concerns itself inventing new forms to take the place of those which have decayed. This activity may go on for months or years according to the temper of our girl; but at length nature asserts itself in spite of the attempts of society to keep her amused—and she marries.

We have already glanced at her married life and noted how, for a time fully occupied, she is more than content. How at length, her work

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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This solid gold-shell initial ring given to you

Wonderful introductory offer—closes April 30, 1915. Send the coupon below today with a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Ariosa or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee, and 10 cents in stamps or coin.

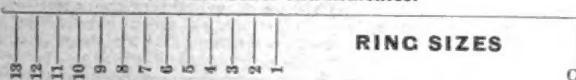
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Get one of these beautiful initial rings, with any letter that you may desire placed on the heart. Its value is remarkable. It is an absolutely solid gold shell-ring (not a washed or electro-plated ring) and we guarantee it to give excellent wear. If it does not, it will be cheerfully exchanged at once, without a question. You could not get a better guarantee if you paid many times the price!

How to determine the size you want

This ring is offered in sizes from 1 to 10. Be sure to give the ring size, and initial desired. (Only one letter on each ring.)

To determine the size you need, cut a strip of thick paper, so that the ends will exactly meet, when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger. Then lay one end of the strip at 0, on the diagram (shown below) and order the size the other end indicates.



We make this astounding offer to induce you to try one pound of Arbuckles' Ariosa or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee now—to have you compare it, in flavor and aroma, with the coffee you now serve. Learn why more Arbuckles' Ariosa and Arbuckles' Ground Coffee is sold than any other packaged coffee.

In over a million American homes, every morning, a piping hot cup of Arbuckles' starts the day. Its tempting coffee aroma makes keen the appetite. It is good coffee—so good that it could never be offered at the price, were it not for its tremendous sales.

Try it today, and get one of these valuable initial rings for yourself or for some one in your family. Cut out the coupon now. Then buy one pound of Arbuckles' Ariosa (whole bean) or Arbuckles' Ground Coffee, cut the signature from the package, and send it with the coupon and 10 cents in stamps or coin. Do it today, so that you will not forget. This is a special introductory offer, remember, and lasts only until April 30th, 1915.

Mail the coupon with the signature and 10 cents to Arbuckle Bros., 71-B Water Street, New York

Other wonderful rings you can get

No. 226, Wedding Ring. Mail the coupon below with nine Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This solid gold-filled ring is for men or women; it is of good weight; and wears well. It is one of our most popular presents. Tens of thousands of men and women every year earn it. Give size.

No. 228, Baby Ring. Mail the coupon below, with seven Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This solid gold-shell ring is a lovely new pattern; word "Baby" embossed, and dainty flower design. Sizes 1½ to 4. Give size.

No. 222, Fancy Band Ring. Mail the coupon below, with eight Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This ring is for men or women. Solid gold-shell; exceptionally beautiful pattern. Give size.

No. 227, Heart Ring. Mail the coupon below, with twelve Arbuckle signatures and a 2 cent stamp. This solid gold-shell ring is for ladies or misses; the design is three hearts each set with imitation turquoise. Give size.

This is the signature you save

Better than ever



To Club Raisers

How to get 15 signatures free and do your friends a favor

This introductory ring offer is so remarkable that you will surely want your friends to know about it. Under the following club offer, it will be well worth your while to tell them, and they will thank you, too.

Send the coupon below, with one signature, and 10 cents in stamps or coin, and we will send you at once one of these beautiful initial solid gold-shell rings. This will be your ring. Use it to show your friends what a remarkable offer this is. Get five of them (not already using Arbuckles' Coffee) to take advantage of this offer, just as you have. We will mail each of your friends direct the beautiful ring, when you send us the money and signatures for the five rings.

For doing this you will earn 15 signatures free.

When we send you your ring, we will send a special blank, giving full and clear instructions as to what you have to do to get these 15 signatures free. At the same time, we will send you our beautiful new catalog, showing the wide choice of wonderful gifts you can get for 15 signatures.

Then you can advise us what you want for the 15 Arbuckle signatures that you get free; or, if you so desire, we will mail you a credit for the 15 signatures, which you can count with signatures cut from our coffee packages for articles which require a greater quantity.

Mail the coupon now, with one Arbuckle signature and 10 cents.

State here No. of ring you want
If initial ring, letter desired (only one letter on each ring)

Name
No. and Street
City

Size wanted

or R.D.

This coupon, with 10 cents and one signature is good for the initial ring shown above, or, with the proper number of signatures, for any of the other presents shown. This offer does not hold good after April 30, 1915. Only one coupon accepted from any one person or family.

ARBUCKLE BROS.,
71-B Water St., New York.

With this coupon I enclose signatures from Arbuckles' Coffee and cents for which please send me the above.



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COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

THIS is COMFORT's home number. There is no word in the English language that stirs the heart or the imagination, no word that is more appealing or beautiful than home. Every worth while memory centers around the home, for there it was that mother lived, and there too perhaps she died. But anyway there is scarcely a man woman or child, unless they were born in institutions, that are not profoundly stirred by thoughts of home. No matter how humble or how mean that home may have been there are always memories and associations that make it a hallowed and sacred spot, even to the most hardened and callous of humans. Probably seventy per cent of the homes that people cherish reverently in the hallowed halls of memory, were unsanitary hovels erected by speculative builders for profit, devoid of beauty and comfort, and yet by a thousand tender associations inexpressibly dear to those who once inhabited them. There are thousands of men on the battle line in Europe and tens of thousands in the United States, whose only home consists of a room or two in a cottage, shack, or tenement, inhabited by from three to half-a-dozen or more people. In spite of an upbringing among sordid and poverty-stricken surroundings, men are still willing to go and fight in defense of even these apologies for homes. That only shows you the inherent good there is in human nature. Just as mankind is menaced by millions of visible and invisible enemies (everything about us being alive with myriads of disease germs) so is the home menaced by scores of enemies, and no enemy more merciless and destructive than alcohol, the poison which men and women put into their mouths to destroy health, character and soul. Now how many of you read the editorial in our February issue? Probably half of you skipped it, as editorials are supposed to be dry reading. If you didn't read that preachment look up your February COMFORT, or borrow your neighbor's if you have lost it, and read, study and ponder that article well. I wish to make a personal appeal to COMFORT's readers, especially the men, and the boys who will soon be men, to strike a blow at the liquor traffic, the deadliest foe of the American home. Now I don't want to quote a lot of statistics to you (you'll find figures a plenty in the February editorial) for all the figures in the world won't make as deep an impression on you as will the narration of a few facts gleaned from the field of my own life experience.

I have had a great deal of experience with the drink business. There are few men who know more about it theoretically and practically than I do. Whiskey I never had any use for, and I don't think in all my life I ever bought myself a drink of whiskey, except when it was taken in a milk punch, or with hot lemonade to produce perspiration and help break up a cold or when sipped once or twice as a heart stimulant. I've emptied into convenient cuspidors many a quart of fine champagne (bought by some idiotic money burner) so that I could get up the next morning with a clear head. The boozy fizz water has no attraction for me, but I frankly confess I enjoyed a bottle of beer, or a glass of claret at mealtimes, and often after the performance at night, when I was on the stage, and had been in a stuffy, unventilated theater, singing or shouting my head off for four long hours. I have in a prohibition town, turned the whole place upside down to get a glass of beer as an accompaniment to a midnight lunch of sandwiches or crackers and cheese. One bottle was all I wanted. Water on those occasions didn't satisfy or hit the spot. You see I want to be frank with you all, and as there are at least a million users of alcohol who will read this article, and as it is to those of our readers I wish particularly to appeal, I want them to know that I thoroughly appreciate the enjoyment they get out of their beer or light wines, but never can I, or could I understand why men want to drink that dirty, vile, rotten, poisonous stuff, called whiskey. Now I'm not going to plead for beer and damn whiskey, but on the contrary I want even the beer drinkers to help me abolish both breweries and distilleries, because both are unnecessary and dangerous, and both are a menace to the individual, the home, and the race.

Now you all know I have devoted almost my entire energies in this department to championing the cause of the masses, the plain people of the United States. I have upheld the cause of the wage workers and toilers against the spoliars; and more than once my enthusiasm for the under dog has caused me days of anguish, heartache and suspense and taken the vitality from my body and left me wrecked physically, and bankrupt in hope. So when I appeal to you men who support on your stalwart shoulders the burdens of the world I am talking to you not as a stranger, but as one of yourselves, one who knows in watch directions your interests lie, far more than you do yourselves, for when you think, you think only of conditions as they affect you, while I think of conditions as they affect all men, and all women, and all children. The lot of the toilers is hard enough heaven knows, but they have made it immeasurably harder by hugging to their breasts this devilish destroyer of health, morals and character—alcohol. You kick and complain about low wages, long hours, low standards of living, the hopelessness of the struggle, the lack of a future, the hardships of life, then you go and take about a third of the wretched pittance you get for your toll, and squander it on poison, rum, whiskey and sloppy chemicals called beer. Granted this stuff makes you forget your troubles for a while, but does it make your wife forget her troubles or your children forget their miseries, or give you the strength to fight the rich loafers who suck your vitality and ride upon your back? Does it make the boss have more respect for you and prompt him to give you more of the wealth you create? No, you poor benighted boneheads, it does not do anything of the kind. Instead of fuddling your brains with booze if you kept them clean and bright, you would be in a position to do some real thinking and have sufficient strength and courage to fight your exploiters. If booze made you forget your troubles forever and gave you the rosy view that alcohol so briefly supplies, I would tell you to go wallow in it, drown yourselves in it, but for the few brief moments of forgetfulness that liquor gives you, you empty your pockets, you make your half-clad children still more naked and still more hungry, and you send another knife thrust deep into the heart of the woman who loves you, the one-time little girl who was the idol of your youthful dreams, but who is now a woman devoid of hope, nourishing in her frail worn bosom the fragments of a heart that you have broken beyond repair. Your pitiless employers watch you keenly, and contemptuously say: "What is the good of raising these men's wages, when they al-

ready throw away a third of what we give them?" Then they salve their consciences or what with them stands for conscience, with the thought that if you had more in your pay envelope it would only mean more for the saloon and no more for your homes, and by the eternal they are not far wrong. Remember we spend one and three quarter billions of dollars on whiskey—that is nearly two thousand millions of dollars yearly for poison—and most of that money comes out of the pockets of the people who don't earn more than twelve dollars a week, and a vast deal of it comes out of the pockets of those who don't earn more than ten dollars a week. Now do you get that? Wise up if you are not too soured, pickled, and stewed to grasp what these figures mean. Drink has always been the curse of the working class, the saloon their arch enemy, and until the wage-earning masses of this republic make up their minds to cast out the vile rum demon, and sever their connection with it forever, there is absolutely no hope for them. The abolition of the drink traffic, root and branch, is the first great work that the masses of the people must accomplish if they ever intend to get out of the miry sloughs of squalor, filth, poverty, degradation and all-round wretchedness that so many millions now wallow in. Once the saloon is abolished, the stupefied brain cleared up, the home will take on a different aspect and so will the world at large. The social hall will replace the saloon and men will meet not for the purpose of befuddling their half developed brains with poison, but to stimulate them with healthy intercourse and polish them with an exchange of ideas on all matters that make for uplift and betterment. For a nation of drunkards there is no hope, and we come mighty nigh being that kind of a nation in spite of prohibition. Prohibition at present does not remove the menace of drink. As I said before in these columns, it drives it under, but does not drive it out. It makes liquor harder to get but not impossible to get. If we had nation-wide prohibition and knew that we couldn't get liquor at any price, we would gladly begin to forget that there ever



CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS DRAKE, AGE THREE MONTHS.

was any such rotten dope as whiskey. The old craving would gradually disappear. Our children would be brought up in a saloonless land without any inherited craving for poisonous stimulants, and the billions that are now spent for poison would be (and soon will be), spent to make this country a land worth living in. A sober nation would soon be a thinking nation, and a thinking nation would soon be an educated nation, a nation without prisons, police, poorhouses, crime, poverty, prostitution, and all other kinds of sin and degeneracy, that are largely the result of drink. If you doubt this, look at Kansas, there are counties in Kansas that have no poorhouses and no poverty. There are counties where it is useless for the judges to sit, for there are no criminals to be put on trial. People who reside in Kansas will on an average live six years longer than people who live in Missouri, where booze runs free and gin mills work overtime. There are young people in Kansas rapidly approaching their maturity who have never seen a saloon in operation and know nothing of its evils. In another generation when the liquor traffic and the saloon have been abolished our grandchildren will be telling their children how in grandfather's day, this beautiful land was smothered with poison dens, vile holes where men tried to ruin their bodies and their souls with fiery liquor, which made them akin to beasts, the prey of conscienceless employers and rascally political bosses, and made the young woman the prey of fiends who used liquor to stupefy them ere they accomplished their ruin. The generations yet unborn will look down upon us much as we today look down upon the hogs, and they will wonder how we ever allowed this monster to fasten itself upon us and push us into disease, crime, slavery, degeneracy and death. You were told in our February editorial, you moderate drinkers, that you were not giving your children a chance. What is moderation with you heredity may make wild excess with them. I knew a family, very close to my own, where the son and the daughter of parents who never drank anything more than a glass of beer at dinner-time, became eventually the most abject and inveterate drunkards. Both the son and the daughter married, and each had large families. The son had a family of six sons and two daughters. Three of the six drank themselves to death, the two others are besotted degenerates, one only escaping the inherited appetite. One daughter also drinks. The other family has a record almost as bad. These two families had every advantage that money and position could give. They did not drink because of the hardship of their lives or to make them

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forget the misery of their lot. They drank because they had inherited an uncontrollable craving for stimulants. They were not born into the world, they were damned into the world; and just because their grandparents unfortunately liked a glass of beer at mealtimes, I could tell you things about these two families that would make your hair stand on end. The drunkard's wife was one of the noblest, sweetest women I ever met. Her parents were total abstainers. She stuck to her drunken husband through all sorts of terrible calamities and bore him eight children. Her pride and joy was her youngest son and I remember when the lad was twelve years of age standing by the mother as she put her arms round the boy's neck and she patted her cheek and tried to comfort her (the husband had just staggered into the house drunk), with the eldest son a few yards behind him, also drunk and the youngest boy said: "Mother I will never drink and cause you pain and sorrow. The others may break your heart but I never will. I'm going to be a minister and every sermon I preach will be against drink. I remember well what the mother replied. She kissed that beloved boy of hers and said: "Ralph, all I hope is that God will spare me to hear your first sermon." That boy was one of the handsomest, finest, most lovable young fellows I ever met. He went to one of our greatest universities and became one of the finest musicians in the land. One night he was playing some piano music at a swell social function at which he was a guest and two society women simply forced a glass of champagne to his lips and made him drink it. That was his finish. The stuff took hold of him as wind takes hold of a prairie fire. Two years ago while suffering from delirium tremens he jumped out of the window of a hospital and crashed to death on the sidewalk below. One night while visiting this family, I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning by the most blood-curdling screams I ever heard in all my life. The screams were repeated again and again, and then I heard a voice shrieking hysterically: "Stop that clock! stop that clock! or I'll go mad! Listen to what it says, tick, tick, drunkard's wife! tick, tick, drunkard's wife!" Then I heard a rushing of feet. It was the boy whose life was later crushed out on the sidewalk. His arms were about his mother and he was comforting and soothing her as a mother comforts a babe. He was raining kisses on that poor tortured brow and pleading with his mother not to upset herself and to "please go back to bed and sleep." The drunken husband snored on oblivious to all. A younger child terrified by the screams of its mother, was crying pitifully in an adjoining room. I shall never forget that night and that incident as long as I live. My brave little hostess with a smile on her face apologized the next morning for disturbing my rest. Oh, the tragedy of that martyred soul's life.

Won't you moderate drinkers bear this incident in mind when you are sipping the glass that seems so innocent to you, but which may mean a trail of suffering and death to generations unborn? It is no use talking to the chronic souse, the toper, the drunkard, the boozeologist. They should all be rounded up and given a course of treatment (part of the treatment should be a sound thrashing once a week) and then employed at farm labor, healthy out-of-door exercise for a few years until every trace of alcohol had been worked out of their systems, and then sent home on probation. Moderate drinkers are not enslaved by rum, but they have the ability to enslave others. It would call for little sacrifice on their part to give up their social glass, and if the American workingman will but save the money he wastes in the saloon he has an excellent chance of eventually making the home which he now scorns, a home worth while. Let labor divorce itself from rum and the saloon, and do more thinking and less drinking, then it will be in a fair way of becoming the greatest political and social power in the land, something it will never be while enslaved by rum. Don't waste your votes on the prohibition party, good though its intentions are. It is a party that is worse than dead and can accomplish nothing and is going downhill all the time. Force the old and new parties to put a prohibition plank in their platforms. Give the women the vote. One woman will do more to close up a saloon than fifty men, for it is she and her children who suffer most from the poison den's activities. And you men bear this in mind, it is the liquor interests, those big, swinish booze manufacturers, those wholesale poisoners, who are spending millions to fight woman's suffrage. They are mortally afraid of the women for they know women are their deadly foes. They are not afraid of the men, they know how to handle them, but they are in deadly fear of the women, for they cannot be bought, cajoled, influenced or frightened. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned or a woman wronged, and the booze shop has been woman's scourge, her mortal enemy, and she has declared war on it to the death. Now wake up and get busy and help her in the fight, for she is fighting your battle, fighting to make you pants wearing, swilling male geese into real men. Wake up I say and let this land of ours set a glorious example to the world, by crushing under its heel man's greatest curse and his most relentless foe.

Join the League and get our new correspondence list; contains hundreds of names—just out. If you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's three wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers. All can be had free as premiums; the Book of Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers for a club of only two subscriptions. See full particulars at the end of this department. These three books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues.

Now for the letters.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I will write you a few lines this rainy night. I am a young woman, and mother of one child, a little boy three months old. His name is Charles Noel Douglas Drake. My mother, Mrs. C. C. Hornsby, named him.

TOLBERT, TEXAS.

She, as well as myself, are great admirers of Uncle Charlie. I will send you one of the baby's pictures. He is the only child in the family as my mother never had any children but myself. We live in the house with my mother and father. We have all of Uncle Charlie's books. We live on the farm and prefer farm life to town life, as I have lived in town the biggest part of my life. I wish that dear Uncle Charlie was able to visit us and see his little namesake. I do hope he will make as smart a man as the one he is named after. Now Uncle, write me a personal letter if you have time. I would enjoy it very much. Let me know whether you got the picture or not, and how you like it. I wrote this as a personal letter to you, but if you think it is worth printing you can do so. I will stop and rock the little one to sleep. With love to Uncle Charlie.

I am, Lovingly a friend, **MRS. ADELE DRAKE.**

Mrs. Drake, I am greatly delighted at the way you have honored me by upholstering that magnificent little baby boy of yours with my name. I'm afraid you've joned the poor kiddie for the rest of his life, and have handicapped him with a hoodoo, which I fear may follow him for the balance of his days. I wish you had communicated with me before burdening the dear little kiddie so rashly, as a name like mine is rather dangerous to wear these stormy, gory, troublous times. For the sake of peace and quietness and to be on the safe side, I've been to the hospital and have had a section of my old name amputated and instead of Uncle Charlie I am now Uncle Hans Dinkelspiel on week days and Uncle Charlie on Sundays. I've also dismissed my Irish Billy Goat and now have a dachshund whose name is Fritz. Having done everything for the sake of world peace and international harmony I will now proceed. I've been looking at the picture of your little boy for the last half hour, and he suggested a train of thought that has filled me with envy. If I were rich I would give a thousand dollars to anyone who could tell me what thought that budding life has suggested. Bet none of you would ever earn the money. Now I've been thinking of what wonderful things that baby is going to see in the course of his existence and what glorious changes for the better are going to take place in the short span of Charles Noel Douglas Dinkelspiel Drake's seventy year career on this little globe of floating dust, on which we make our home. Before C. N. D. D. is twenty-one years of age he will have seen the republican and democratic parties disappear from political life. By the time he is ten years of age he will see the telegraph and telephone service operated by Uncle Sam, and by the time he is fifteen he will see all the railroads in government hands. If he ever runs a fast freight between Kankakee and Kalamazoo it is your Uncle Sam who will pay him for doing the job. By the time he is fifteen there won't be a saloon in the land, or a woman who can't vote, nor an unemployed man that cannot at any moment get a job from the state or federal authorities. By the time C. N. D. D. is fifteen there will not be a tramp in the land, for by that time we shall have solved the question of the unemployed, and by that time I don't think there will be quite as many billions as there are now. If there are, Master Charles Noel Douglas Dinkelspiel Drake I fervently hope that some kindly planet, some fiery comet on a rampage will have crashed into this servile, cringing earth and shattering it into a trillion, billion pieces. By the time you are twenty-five my dear laddie, all the young people will be receiving an education for life and not for business, and by the time you are thirty-five a fallen man will be regarded with as much abhorrence as a fallen woman; no working girl will have to depend

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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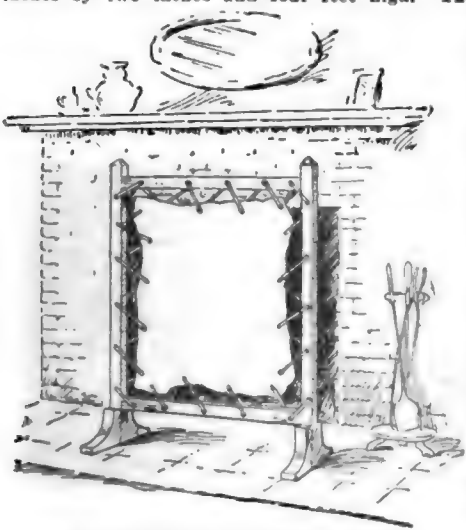
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A Pergola

The pergola or outside window shade is a bit of decoration that adds a real touch of refinement to even a simple cottage. The thing is to build it of the right proportions. The sketch suggests a simple and efficient plan for this purpose. The material recommended is cypress. The curved pieces must not be more than a half inch thick and will bend more readily if soaked in boiling water or steamed. The work is of the simplest character and may be superintended by anyone who has the good fortune to have this number of COMFORT. What is more charming than a pergola shaded window with a green creeper trailing over it?

Fire-Screens

This little cut shows an article of simplicity and genuine merit. It is a fire-screen made of a hide laced into the frame with buckskin. It will lend refinement and charm to your dining-room and by its homely beauty suggest strongly the good taste of its owner. Little need be said concerning its construction. The posts are two inches by two inches and four feet high. The



IT PROTECTS ONE FROM THE HEAT.

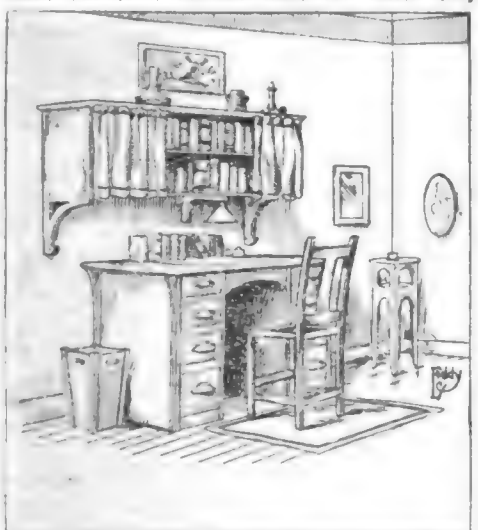
material and workmanship must be of the best. Bore the holes before any paint is applied, and swab some inside same to avoid a shoddy appearance. Several coats of mission stain and a thorough polishing with wax will make a rich, satiny surface that will be appropriate.

Waste Basket

This design is neat, serviceable and appropriate for a country home. It makes a pretty waste basket for the den or library or to set beside your desk in the sitting-room. The first thing you need is a piece of cardboard or light wood sixteen inches square and perforated as shown in Fig. 2. This piece is for the top and has no center but for the bottom you will require a piece of similar size and shape that is solid throughout, except for the holes. When you have cut the holes in the cardboard procure several dozen straight twigs about an inch in diameter and two feet high. Insert them into the holes in the bottom piece and push the top frame down over them. The twigs are then intertwined with raffia or colored ribbon. If you know how to plait straw you can, from this idea, evolve something very nice in the way of a waste basket. It would make a fine gift to give your city friend as a souvenir of a country visit.

Work Corner

Here is a view of a work corner in an humble home. Every article shown was built by the man at the suggestion of his wife. In fact she was the brains behind the entire scheme, and did a whole lot of the work. The desk was made out of a kitchen table for which they



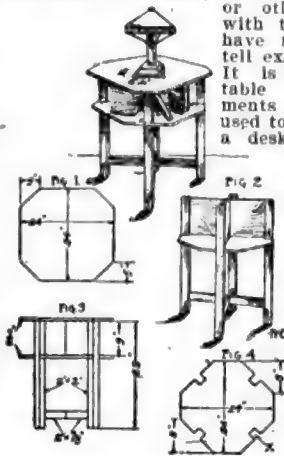
WOMAN'S INGENUITY AND MAN'S PATIENCE.

had no further use. It was not easy work but it was pleasant and taught them many things. The book rack was made from common pine boards. The waste basket consists of heavy brown cardboard from a tailor's packing case, and four

light posts. The wife did this all herself as a surprise. The stand in the corner is another of her designs, worked out one evening after supper. The whole set was finished in dark oak and certainly looked nice. Utility was the main point aimed at and it was well achieved.

Table

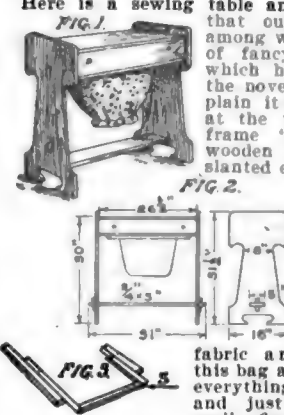
The novel features of this center table are of real every-day use in the home. I believe you can make it yourself, out of discarded bedsteads or other furniture, and with that end in view I have made the drawings tell exactly how to do so. It is a desirable card table to serve refreshments on. It might be used to good advantage for a desk, and as a study table for the children. It has no superior. I might add that it will also do as a sewing table but I will leave you to use it as you will. Fig. 1 shows the shape of the top and the dimensions used in cutting it out. The under part or shelf resembles it in shape but it has four notches cut for the legs. The legs are two inches square. The fastening is done by cutting mortises for the under braces and the partition pieces. Glue and concealed screws reinforce the joints. To finish in mission style, apply water stain-filler of the right shade and then wax polish in the order named. The table will amply repay you in good service for any trouble you take in making it.



AN ALL-AROUND TABLE.

Sewing Table

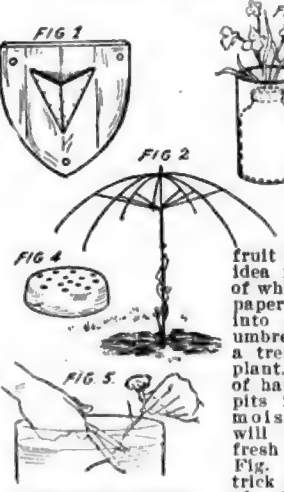
Here is a sewing table and patch receptacle that ought to find favor among women who do a lot of fancy work. The bag which hangs underneath is the novel part so I will explain it first. It is sewed at the top to the wooden frame "S". This light wooden frame is just slanted enough on the edges to hang in place and may be pulled out and pushed in like a slide drawer. This is illustrated in Fig. 3. When you are through working, put the fabric and needlecase into this bag and slide it in. Then everything is out of the way and just where you can easily find it. The table itself is constructed of yellow pine. It has a convenient slide drawer on top and a shelf underneath. It is unique and serviceable. In fact you cannot appreciate its value unless you own one.



A SAVER OF STEPS.

Flower Stunts

Every woman loves flowers and likes to read new pointers concerning them. The first sketch, marked Fig. 1, is a wall pocket to hold a plant to go on a fence, or porch post or garden wall. It is popular in England, and may be made by the housewife out of an old soap box. Fig. 3 shows a way of using a fruit jar for a vase. The idea is to make a tube of white or fancy-colored paper and set the jar into it. Fig. 2 is an umbrella frame used as a trellis for a climbing plant. Fig. 4 is a piece of hard baked clay with pits in it. It absorbs moisture rapidly and will keep cut flowers fresh for a long time. Fig. 5 illustrates the trick of cutting the stem of a flower under water. When it is cut any other way, air enters and forms a barrier to the moisture which should travel through the stem. This little bit of science applied to every-day life is well worth following.



DISPLAYS FLOWERS EFFECTIVELY.

Improving the Arch

An old-fashioned bare arch is rather ghastly looking but may be improved at a moderate cost. In a way that will add cheer and coziness to the home. The picture shows pretty clearly how this may be accomplished. The idea is to have a built-in cabinet at one or both sides of the opening and short columns running from their tops to the arch top. The cabinets may be used for books or photographs and have stained glass or leaded glass doors. The material should, of course, be like the rest of the wood-work. In most cases yellow pine is used. Any handy man, or the woman of the house herself, may do this work by going at it carefully and methodically. If round columns are used they



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GOOD YEAR AKRON
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will have to be purchased at the mill. Varnish, with a little stain added to darken it, will make the new lumber pretty much like the old. Three coats are needed, the first thinned one half with turpentine, the second one fourth and the third full strength.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

six years the tenth of last February which is also my birthday. I should be glad to hear from any who care to write and will answer all I can. With love and best wishes to all. From your COMFORT sister, MRS. HALICE BARKER.

SAFE, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I presume my last attempt reached the waste basket, but after reading Mrs. Barnes' letter in December issue, could not keep from "speaking up in meetin'." I should like to meet her and have her for a friend. The subject she discussed is one of vital importance, and one seldom discussed. If more sermons were preached along this line, the heaven which Uncle Charlie is striving to bring about here on earth would be sooner arriving.

Even Christ Himself was tempted, and He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." A great many men and boys seem to have the impression that because they are males they are privileged characters to a certain extent. This erroneous idea should be eliminated once for all. They should remember there will be a final reckoning, that the Great Judge before whom they shall have to appear is "no respecter of persons." There is a great deal in training children, more than in heredity I think. The great Luther Burbank says: "Environment is a greater factor in life than heredity." The great Book places a liar and thief in the same class as an adulterer. If one is branded why not all? Most people will reform if given an opportunity, and let us remember, "To err is human, to forgive divine." To all those who have fallen and are earnestly endeavoring to live right at present, and have repented of their mistakes, I offer my deepest sympathy and encouragement. Religion will help you when all else fails and life and not man is your savior.

The last verse of Longfellow's poem, "The Ladder of St. Augustine," is this:

"Nor deem the irreverent Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last
To something nobler we attain."

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all COMFORT readers. MRS. MARY L. RHODES.

Mrs. Rhodes, I feel sure your words of sympathy and encouragement will reach some weak and erring sister, who perhaps at that moment is trying to decide whether to make one more try for the higher things of life or to sink a little deeper into the depths where she is being pushed by the neglect or, more shame to them, the uncharitableness of presumably Christian people, and it may be the means of her salvation. To again quote the poem you referred to, they might be helped on their way if they would remember.

"Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

Emerson tells us that "The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue," and the inference is plain that if we are safe from temptation—perhaps I should say, who have not been subjected to temptation—were not so willing to listen to the stories of another's downfall, there would not be so many to keep such stories in circulation. Let us then resolve not to possess the "hearing ear" unless we train it to hear only good.—Ed.

1015 Arlington Heights, LEXINGTON, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Will you admit a Kentuckian into your circle? I have been a reader of COMFORT for almost a year and enjoy the sister's letters so much. As I have never seen a description of Lexington in COMFORT, I'll try to describe the "Blue Grass" city, which has a population of forty thousand and twenty-five miles of paved streets; is the largest loose leaf tobacco market in the world; has the State Reform School and the Eastern Kentucky Hospital for the Insane; is the world's greatest market for high class training and running horses; has the commercial and educational center of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky; is the "hub" of a network of interurban electric lines running to Paris, Versailles, Frankfort, Georgetown and Nicholasville, also many trains in different directions; is the home of State University, Transylvania University, Sayre and Hamilton Colleges, with three thousand students, besides many business colleges and public and private schools; has five skyscrapers, the highest being fifteen stories; nearly seventy wholesale houses; about three hundred groceries; two opera houses, one auditorium; five moving picture theaters; Carnegie Library; two large hospitals; besides several private sanitariums; twenty-five or thirty churches; many banks and several factories. Three parks, Woodland, Gratz and Duncan, add to the beauty of the city. It is also the home and burial place of Henry Clay, Breckenridge and other famous men. The Clay monument can be seen at quite a distance from the city. The streets are either block (wooden blocks, not quite the size of a brick, covered with tar), macadam, asphalt or brick. The sidewalks are concrete. Our city is called the "Capital of the Blue Grass." "The Eden of America." "The Athens of the South." "In a few words, Lexington is noted for its fine race horses and pretty women." Several miles from the city are the famous stock farms owned by New York millionaires, W. C. Whitney, Perry Belmont, August Belmont and the late James B. Haggins, whose farm known as "Elmendorf" consists of more than nine thousand acres. I will only describe the dairy at this writing as I do not want to take up too much space. If my letter is fortunate enough to be printed, Early in 1908 Mr. Haggins, who was an ardent advocate of clean milk, determined upon the establishment of the dairy at Elmendorf, and immediately laid plans to secure the finest herd of cattle that money could procure. So well did he succeed that the fame of his herd is world wide. It consists of the finest herds of imported Jerseys, imported milking Shorthorn cattle and Guernseys, a few of the Black Kerry and some Dexter cows. Mr. Haggins has been known to refuse \$2,500.00 for a baby Jersey. The dairy barn is situated several hundred feet from the demonstration building, and stretching away from it are great pasture lands. It is surrounded by beautifully laid-out grounds, walks and roadways, and is constructed almost entirely of concrete and brick. It is built in the design of a Maltese Cross, each ell or wing being some two hundred and twenty feet long by forty feet wide, and at the end of each ell are two large silos. It is a model in sanitary construction with splendid systems of lighting and ventilating and the stall equipment is entirely of iron. Some distance to the rear of the dairy barn are the cow-sheds, calf barns, etc. In the construction of the beautiful "milk-house," all wood and absorbent materials have been eliminated; the floors, walls and ceilings are concrete, the doors and window frames are of iron; a large ventilating fan supplies the entire building with fresh air. The milk is carried from the dairy barn to the milk-

receiving room, on the second floor of the milkhouse, by means of a cable. The milk is poured first through the large strainers and then distributed by gravity through the various channels until it reaches the milk-machinery room on the first floor, where the aerators for milk and cream, the bottles and capper machines, etc., are located. The machinery is of the very best type, and everything in the milk-machinery room is so arranged that it can be cleaned with high pressure steam. After the milk bottles are sterilized, filled and sealed they are put into a refrigerator electric car and brought to the city and delivered in automobiles and wagons.

As my letter is getting lengthy I will describe myself and bid you good by. I am five feet, three inches tall, have blue eyes, fair complexion, light brown hair, weigh one hundred pounds, am twenty-one years old. Have been bookkeeper and stenographer in my father's grocery store over four years.

Would like to correspond with some of the sisters in California and Michigan who are about my age. Best wishes to COMFORT readers. MISS AGNES PIERCE.

Miss Pierce, I was much interested in your letter particularly in the part relating to sanitary dairymaking and I hope our readers will profit by your description. True, I know the average farmer cannot afford such an outlay of money, but simple cleanliness costs very little and is the most important of all things, and, in a great many cases, the most neglected.

I frankly admit my inability to deal with this according to the way it should be, but my desire is to awaken you to a realization of conditions in your own barns and dairies and then if you will read the many papers and magazines devoted to that purpose alone you will see wherein your methods were at fault. You will find much of help in COMFORT's Modern Farmer Department from time to time.—Ed.

SAN BERNARDINO, R. R. 2, Box 38 B., CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have taken COMFORT for a number of years. Until now I have been a silent reader.

Husband and I have decided to take up a homestead; we would like to locate in California, near here where it would not cost so much for transportation. We have a little money to start with and would like to hear from any of the sisters on homesteads in Humboldt, Siskiyou, Inyo or Shasta counties, California, or Lakeview, Oregon. We have government literature from all of these places but would be better able to decide if we could get letters direct from someone at the place. I will repay favor in any way for I am very anxious to hear from someone. We have had about five years' experience on a farm and liked the life very much. With best wishes to all, ROSA FEHN.

CRANAL, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wonder if you can find room in your circle for me? 'Tis a dreary rainy afternoon, but I just had to call, to tell you how much I love dear old COMFORT. Have been taking COMFORT for the past eleven months, and already feel that I could not do without it. I am always anxious for it to come. I enjoy every article in it, but find so much that is helpful and comforting in the Sister's Corner, that I must center my preference there. I find so many suggestions from the sisters that have been a great help to me, especially from the mothers. I always finish reading this corner with a new hope and resolution. When blue or discontented the best thing I can find to do, is to read the letters from COMFORT sisters. People so often think their crosses heavier than any other, just because they don't know the trials and heart aches of others and the best cure for that is to listen to another's woes, and these letters are just like a good old heart-to-heart talk.

I have been quite interested in the discussion which has been going on relative to country and city life. I have had only two years' experience of country life, and one can hardly call this a fair trial as you will see when I mention some of the unpleasant things I have had to contend with; but still I prefer the farm. I have lived in Birmingham, vicinity all my life until the last two years. This place is thinly settled, my nearest neighbor lives one mile away. School and church four miles, nearest railroad twenty miles, nearest doctor twelve miles, but fortunately we have a telephone system. The country is very rough. We have a farm of three hundred and twenty acres. My husband's occupation is furnace foreman and he has been away from home, at his work, until the last few months except for a few days at a time when he came on a visit. Of course not being used to his being away from home or to the solitude of the country and being alone here with the children (we have four children (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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BULL NETTLES

By Alice Terry Hayward

This touching story will do us all good. If anybody does not like it, it is because it pricks his conscience. The story is true to life and although Bill Pearson is an extreme type he exists duplicated many times over in actual life. Then there are minor degrees of joy-killers—sometimes, though less often, the mother acting that role—and all such, whether men or women, as cast a gloom over the household should take the lesson to heart. Reserve your tenderest consideration, sunniest smiles and best behavior to brighten your home.—Editor.

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BILL PEARSON stopped his plow and glanced over into the adjoining field where two forlorn figures, armed with very large hoes, were fighting a crop of stubborn bull-nettles. "Hurry up there, you kids," he shouted, impatiently, "if yuh want to go to that doin's tomorrow!" He ducked to the horses and started on.

Bill was a big man with a manner especially persuasive to small dependent creatures. He chuckled over the avalanche of blows now rained with renewed energy upon the tough, resisting roots. "A picnic," he mused, "is a great huster!—It has almost cleaned my worst cotton patch."

Over the fence, the two he had prodded up were talking breathlessly, between blows: "Hurry, Susie!" It was a boy's voice—thin and anxious, like his body; "they's a chance of missing the picnic after all, and I'd hate to, the way mammy's worked. I'll bet she's got the baby's new dress done this very minute."

"I am hurryin'," panted Susie; "Joey, hits the hoe; seems like hits so much bigger'n me."

"Think of all mammy's got to do besides the dress—bake a cake, fry chickens, and—everyting; and you know pappy promised to go to town after dinner and get you a new pink dress and me a straw hat. She'll have to make the dress after he gets back."

"Pappy don't always—" the little girl paused to extricate her hoe from a nettle; "yuh think he'll sure go this time, Joey?" There was an anxious thrill in her voice.

Her brother's face clouded as he straightened his sharp, bent little shoulders, and for a minute gazed after the tall muscular figure of his father; then, without a word, he attacked the weeds again.

The morning hours were painfully long, and the sun, reflected from the huge iron-rock boulders of the Georgia hillside, beat down unmercifully. When Pearson finally stopped and threw the lines over the horses' sides, the children sought the water bucket, and poured what was left, hot from the sun, onto their blistered feet, shouldered their hoes, and silently followed in his wake.

Mrs. Pearson was dishing up the corn-bread, bacon and green beans for the noon meal. Her face was red and her hands trembled; but she

baby in her arms, and proceeded in the direction of the village.

At the store she almost forgot how exhausted she was from her long walk in the sun, and the weight of the heavy baby, as she matched in her mother heart, a pink striped lawn with Susie's dark wistful eyes and thin, eager little face.

For the little son she chose a straw hat, resplendent with red, white and blue band, and a tie of many colors.

Opening a worn purse, she drew from it a crisp dollar bill.

A sister from a distant town had sent it for the sole object of having the children's picture "struck."

A great pain clutched at her heart and blurred, for an instant, the gaudy little hat and pink lawn the storekeeper was doing up for her. The vision of the children with new clothes, and smoothly combed hair, pictured on the front page of the little faded album in the bottom of the old trunk might never be.

But another vision came; a vision which often comes and clutches at the mother's heart, a little form might be soon, who knows, lying with small sunburned and calloused hands, now white and waxen, folded upon the breast? Dark wistful eyes might be closed, with long lashes, forever lying upon waxen cheek.

What if no childish joys ever, ever thrilled that small heart? No long happy days filled with sounds of shrill whistles. No eating of popcorn from red starchy packages, or drinking of red lemonade from tall cold glasses.

The little green grave upon the timbered hillside, where slept the first-born son, intensified this vision to the point of a bursting heart. No such joys had ever been his heritage.

She turned away, under the pretext of getting the baby a drink, to hide the gathering tears, which threatened to overthrow.

Then came the soothing memory of the long, happy evenings, when just they two had popped corn and made molasses taffy. Pappy had been in bed, and sound asleep, and nothing marred the wonderful joys of making kites, tops and gaily colored scrap books. "She hath done what she could," was a wonderfully soothing thought.

The children's delight when they should behold their possessions, again filled her soul and lightened her steps, as she wended her way home over the hot sandy road. The oldest child was weary



Bidding the oldest child to follow she took the baby in her arms.

"Stand back, Bill—back I say!"

Bill drew his arm across his eyes.

stopped to kiss the little "cotton-choppers" and exhibit the baby's new dress.

"Oh! mammy, hain't hit beautiful? Where did you get this lace for round the neck?" shrilled Susie. "Joey, see how stiff your waist is starched—hit looks plumb new."

The boy noted with interest the glossy plait down the front of his much worn garment, and the new cuffs that would enable it to cover his bony wrists. "She's shore a dandy!" he whistled, setting himself hastily at the table. He and Susie must bolt their beans and corn-bread, and get back, or there'd be no wearing the garment that had cost his mother so much extra work.

Pearson ate rapidly, too, and in silence. Finally, he said, pushing back aggressively: "Sairy, I guess I can't go to town after all. These here kids hain't worth their salt; they don't deserve the clothes they have. I'll jest natchely have to stay at home, anyway, and go round the fence—the stock's been breakin' out. Like as not of we went tomorrow, we'd lose twenty dollars' worth o' stuff. I hain't a goin'."

Sarah Pearson gazed steadily at the table. The hot crimson of her face had vanished, and in its whiteness, her eyes condensed the fire that her cheeks rejected. She seemed about to speak, but instead arose hurriedly and went into the bedroom where the sleeping babies were cradled. When she reappeared, at the end of five minutes, Bill seemed to have been visited by an after thought.

"They don't deserve to go," he said, indicating the two small objects, whose pointed chins were sunken low enough to keep down the soles in their throats—"they don't deserve hit—but if they can get a move on 'em in time to go round the fence, 'stead o' leavin' hit for me to do tomorrow—we'll go. Think you can do it?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy blinking back the tears. The little girl suddenly sat erect.

"But," turning to his wife, "I can't go after them shoes and dress—you'll have to do without such foolishness—understand? You can make somethin' o' yours."

"But mammy ain't got nothin'," objected Susie. "Shut up, miss!" commanded her father, "this hain't your put in."

Once more the little girl was reduced to tears. "We're a goin' children, don't you be afeared," the mother spoke quietly.

Bill glanced sharply at her but for once refrained from speaking.

In the afternoon Sarah Pearson appeared to lose the buoyant energy with which she had toiled through the preceding days.

She sat for a long time on the edge of the bed and soothed the awakened baby, whose lusty cries disturbed the smallest. Finally, she arose and bringing a basin of water, bathed him, and then dressed him in a clean calico dress.

Quietly he sat, contentedly munching a piece of corn-bread, while the other baby was washed and dressed.

Changing from her print, into a cheap lawn, and blacking her patched shoes, she pinned on a faded sailor hat. So faded that the forlorn roses, pathetically attempting to adorn, served only to make it appear even more faded.

Bidding the oldest child follow, she took the

to get, an' didn't—with the dollar Mollie sent—lies, Bill, all lies! You never did intend to get 'em. That's how much your promise to us means. But today, Bill, we're a goin' to have the team."

Bill stared at her in stupefied amazement. The fighting blood of her mountaineer ancestors aroused, showed in her flashing eyes, her slender stooped figure now fully erect.

Still holding the whip in her hand, she stepped to the door.

"Tom Larson, you can jest get out o' that wagon. Me and the children air goin' to use hit today. Bill promised hit to me 'fore he did to you, so I'll take hit."

The neighbor got out without a word, but there was a peculiar grin on his countenance.

Stepping back into the room where the children, who during this scene, sat with blanched faces and quivering lips, she bade them get into the wagon, while she put in the lunch basket.

Bill did not stir, but the neighbor untied the horses, and handing her the lines, gazed after them as long as he could see them, still with that peculiar grin.

"Got some spunk—that wife of yours—hain't she, Bill?" he remarked, as he picked up his whip. "Well, I swan!" gasped Bill. "Well, I swan!"

The evening was late and the moon shining when Bill heard the rattling of the wagon, mingled with the sound of happy excited little voices.

Shambling forth in the moonlight, he took the team from his wife's hands. No words were spoken, but little Susie shyly advanced and held toward him a package of popcorn.

"Here pappy," she said timidly. "I done brought you most all of my popcorn. Hit's awful good." Awkwardly he reached for it and thrust it into the pocket of his blouse.

After his wife and children had gone to bed, Bill Pearson sat on the lean-to porch in the moonlight. It was his custom to retire earlier than any of them, but tonight no weariness visited him. He sat long—holding in his hand, but not eating, the popcorn. Little Susie had given him.

Far away upon the wooded hillside, where slept the little first-born, the whippoorwill was calling pleadingly and tenderly.

Suddenly, something bright sparkled in the moonlight and dropped upon the gift of little Susie, and Bill drew his arm across his eyes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

ranging in age from five and one half years to ten and one half. I at first found it lonely, but there was so much that was new to me that I found it very interesting. As my health which had been very poor for sometime, improved I began to enjoy the freedom of the country so much that I almost feel now that I could not go back to the city to live. Quite true we haven't the parks and amusements that Mrs. Reynolds mentioned but we have pure air and our horses and I enjoy horseback riding better than the theater. Then we have fishing and numerous other country pastimes. We could not live over here if we didn't have Mrs. Barnes a good hand shake. In her letter in December Comfort she expresses my sentiments exactly.

Guess you are all wondering what I look like and as most of the other sisters describe themselves I will too. Am five feet five inches, weigh one hundred and ten pounds, twenty-nine years old, have light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Now I know you are all calling me a good-looking girl, but I hope you can find and pardon in your generous hearts for me, when I tell you that I have been entertained by your interesting letters so many times that I feel more like home folks than a stranger.

Wishing health, happiness and prosperity for Mrs. Wilkinson, Uncle Charlie and all the sisters, I am Sincerely, Mrs. C. S. TINKER.

108 Silver Street, Hot Springs, Ark.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of dear old Comfort for about three years and although often tempted to visit you again have never had the courage until now.

I don't suppose any of the sisters will remember me; however, I made many warm friends through this column in my last letter to COMFORT and will try to make myself known and perhaps some of them will recognize me and write me a letter. I was Mrs. Ida Moses, a lonely little widow, with a sweet little baby girl to brighten my life but God did not let this brightness continue long after I had written my letter to COMFORT; my baby lived only a couple of months. I will not try to describe my sorrow as only those that have had similar experiences can truly sympathize. But God does all things well and by simply trusting with patience and endurance He has removed the dark shadows and brought joy and sunshine into my life.

I have now been married one year and I have a kind and loving companion that has made life happy. I often think of the sad disappointments that at sometime in life will visit us all and though we do not understand, it is for some great purpose and if we can only trust Him things will be made brighter and plainer, even though the wound will pain many, many days. With all these thoughts in mind I find myself trying to solve life's greatest problem and it occurs to me there is no time to be wasted as life means action from the cradle to the grave; it is not how much we do in this world, but how well we do it, that counts in making up the things worth while, the situation into which we are born, our mental and physical endowment at birth, and I may say, the results of past actions in other lives, and all our actions here are surely forming conditions for lives to come. I think with what grave responsibilities we all are charged and if we wish our lives to be an example of goodness we should open the guest chamber of our hearts and let all that is beautiful, strong and noble, enter therein, for if we entertain hope, faith, courage and love we will surely carry out the true meaning of life of which is health, happiness, usefulness and love. The real meaning of life is in God and in Him are all the things for which we long and crave. Yet we must realize though life's pathway may have been rough and rugged that all of earth is not a vale of tears. Although we may not all be able to atone the world with our wisdom or deeds, yet we can live exemplary lives and be an inspiration to those who may be strong physically, but weak and easily discouraged. By so doing I think we will solve one of life's problems.

I made many warm friends that were a source of comfort to me, through this paper, and one especially whom I would like to hear from and if she should see this, or any of the sisters that knew her, would be glad to hear from them. She is Mrs. J. Services of Sacramento, Colo.

Suppose dear Mrs. Wilkinson thinks by now I've written a very lengthy letter with nothing very interesting. I love dear old COMFORT and all of its readers. With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the entire COMFORT circle, Lovingly, Mrs. A. L. MOWERY.

WEST MILFORD, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: It is just one year since I asked the sisters for a birthday shower for my 70th birthday, and it certainly came, with unexpected pleasure and results. The cards were beautiful to look upon, and the letters interesting. They were from Maine to California and numbered three hundred and fifty, with some very tasteful gifts. I granted the requests in answering so far as I was able, and will now answer all through COMFORT. I would enjoy seeing each face, and grasp your hands with true friendship and appreciation to all who wrote me. To the sisters who were interested in my welfare, will for their special benefit give a short history of my life.

Seventy years ago I was born in a log cabin two miles west of Clarkburg, and lived until I was three years old; my father moved to Clarkburg, W. Va. at that time, the county seat of Harrison county and the birthplace of Stonewall Jackson, the famous Confederate general, and lived there until after the Civil War, when I was united in marriage to Hiram L. Munday, a Union soldier, and mechanic by trade. My name before marriage was Helen V. Gandy. We had two sons and one daughter, one son died quite young. We lived in Nebraska for three years then came back to dear old West Virginia, the dearest state to me on earth. The hills are so beautiful and state is rich in oil, gas and coal, and the sociability of the people generally would give anyone pleasure to live here. My present home is in the town of West Milford, situated on the West Fork river, nine miles west of Clarkburg. My health is good and I attend church, and visit my friends. I spend a great deal of time reading, and there is nothing suits me better than the dear old COMFORT and The Baptist Banner.

With success to the editor and staff. HELEN V. MUNDAY, LONG CREEK, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If Mrs. Wilkinson will permit I will try and answer your letters through COMFORT. Many wanted to know

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about this part of the country. We were living at Cottonwood when my letter appeared in the November COMFORT, but we have since moved to Long Creek, about thirty miles east of Cottonwood. I think you can find us on the map now. So many tried to find Cottonwood, but it is just a new post-office which was the reason you couldn't find it. This country, like all other countries, has its drawbacks and it also has many good qualities. The climate is very changeable, which makes it very disagreeable, but the soil is extra good and we always raise a crop of corn. Of course, we have some years than others, but we have never had a failure yet. In this part of the country we can raise hardy fruits and vegetables and all kinds of grains which produce well. On three sides of us people raise tender fruits and vegetables. It seems strange that our climate is so much colder when we are in between these three places. The water here can't be excelled anywhere, and we have all the timber our country will ever need. The timber is mostly pine and fir, but tamarack and juniper grow here also.

The worse drawback I find in this country is no market. Stock is raised here mostly and the owners depend on buyers coming in to buy their stock or they must drive to the railroad which is from fifty to seventy-five miles away. The price on all kinds of stock is high and no doubt will be higher by this time next year.

Work is most always plentiful, but no steady work only in a few places, such as herding sheep; the wages paid are forty dollars a month, and two dollars a day in harvest, and men working on a ranch get from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

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TOUGHHEY

Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughhey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rusticating on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States. In mentioning herself and her husband (now Postmaster General, but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering," which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for Mr. Burleson's great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

According to the habit of the family, the two younger girls, with only a year's difference in their ages and being fast friends and playmates, are clasped together under the generic designation of "the children." The eldest daughter, who, though only twelve years old, is several years their senior and bears herself toward them with a patronizing air of elderly dignity and wisdom that at times is somewhat galling to the little girls, is nicknamed "Toughhey." This pet name had been conferred on her in babyhood by a college girl aunt in admiration of the child's coolness, grit and self-reliance manifest even at that tender age.

Len, the manager's son, is a bright boy and proves a faithful and efficient guide and assistant on excursions and outdoor sports.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

It was late one afternoon when Mr. Deering proposed a possum hunt for that night. A rain had cooled the air, and the damp ground would make the trail easy to follow. With a couple of hounds, they could be reasonably certain of some sport.

"Carter has some good dogs," said Mr. Deering as they sat down to their early supper. "I've hunted with his pack. You and the children can go for them after supper," he said to Toughhey.

Toughhey immediately fixed the children with an authoritative eye to which they responded with anxious submissive nods, intended to show their willingness to take orders from her on the trip. This silent agreement made, and supper concluded with a dangerous and choking dispatch that luckily failed to attract attention, they hurried off to catch and saddle their ponies.

Mrs. Deering's usual cautious inquiry about the possible dangers of the expedition having been successfully parried and evaded rather than answered, the start was finally made with Toughhey mounted on her spirited mustang and the children riding double on the little gray Shetland. Mr. Deering let them through the big gate of their inclosure, giving Toughhey, meanwhile, instructions about the road.

They struck out at a light canter. Toughhey provokingly maintaining the lead in spite of the children's desperate efforts to keep up.

The Carter property lay half a mile behind the Camp, from which place the road ran steeply up the hill, winding in and out among the cedars, to the fence dividing it from the Plantation. Ascending the hill, the little girls came to a stop before the wire gate through which they must pass. Toughhey looked at her subordinates. The children didn't move.

"Well," said Toughhey with a rising inflection in her voice.

The children sat stolidly on their pony, as if opening the gate might be anybody's affair except theirs.

"Open the gate," finally commanded Toughhey. "No, you!" rejoined the children with a pert uplifting of voice.

As Toughhey always opened gates when riding with her father or mother, she felt that it was only proper that the children should perform that service for her. She waited a moment, then calmly turned her pony's head and started down the hill.

One look at Toughhey's inflexible profile was enough. The children scrambled from the pony and hastily opened the gate. Toughhey made a slow and dignified turn and an equally solemn passage through the gate.

They were now in the Carter pasture and the ground being level they proceeded at a lively pace through the light fringe of timber skirting the fence.

Emerging from its confines they could see at no great distance, across the intervening prairie, the Carter homestead.

Built in frontier days on the highest point of ground to secure it against surprise by Indians, the squat, log structure offered a meager outline to the sky. Its original simplicity had remained undisturbed, and the habits of its occupants went back to earlier and rougher days.

As they approached nearer, Toughhey and the children could see the primitive razor-back hog lurking, unrebuked, under the front porch, while cattle browsed in the shade of the unpainted walls. A crowd of dogs shared with the family the comforts afforded by the two rooms and unenclosed hallway constituting the limits of the house itself. They greeted the visitors with the mournful bark, half howl, characteristic of the hound, the chorus including every variety of note from that sounded by the timorous puppy to the deep, confident challenge of the oldest hunter.

The children hung back in some alarm, but Toughhey advanced boldly. The head of the house rose from the evening meal in progress in the open hallway, and came forward to meet her.

"We're Mr. Deering's daughters," she said with a touch of ceremony. "I'm Toughhey and there are the children."

"I made sure you was Mr. Deering's folks," said Mrs. Carter from her place at the table.

"Get down and eat," was Carter's greeting, and the hospitable invitation was heartily echoed by his wife, a faded, slatternly woman who, with a crowd of children, in varying degrees of untidiness, was seated at an uncovered table upon which appeared corn bread and fried bacon, or "Meat" as they termed it.

"No thank you," said Toughhey hastily, trying hard not to let it appear that she saw and minded the swarming flies, the littered confusion, the unredempted dirt everywhere abounding.

"You see," she explained with elaborate politeness, "we've had supper, and besides it's rather late and mamma might be frightened if we remain away too long."

"We'd like to borrow your hounds for tonight if you've nothing in particular for them to do," said Toughhey soberly.

"I reckon I kin git along without 'em for a time tho' we're mighty attached to each other," said Carter with a laugh.

Toughhey laughed too.

"Tom and Jerry ain't the best hunters but they're kind and 'll follow anybody what'll take 'em huntin'," he explained.

Meanwhile, the children were frankly exchanging stares with the Carter dog and getting their impressions of the family life. None of the details escaped them and they were saved from

giggles only by one of Toughhey's sternest looks; "saved from disgrace," as Toughhey afterward described the situation to her mother.

Ten minutes later the little girls were headed for Pecan Hollow with two of the dogs tied to the end of a rope which was wound about and held tight in Toughhey's hand.

"It's getting very late," said Toughhey with an uneasy glance at the paling horizon.

"Shall we cut across the prairie? It would save time."

"Oh, let's," exclaimed Bess.

"Cos," agreed Nan. She liked to ride through the long sage grass.

All went well until a jack rabbit popped up before them and Tom, one of the dogs, bolting after it, brought the rope sharply across the mustang's legs making him jump violently to one side.

"Oh, Toughhey," exclaimed Bess in a panic, "Let the old dogs go!"

"Let 'em go," shrieked Nan.

But Toughhey, though a little shaken by the incident, quieted the animal in a few minutes and then turned her attention to the guilty dog.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said severely. "A fine wolf dog you are, to run after a rabbit!"

Old Tom, the offender, who upon reaching the end of the rope's slack had turned a sprawling somersault, now came sneaking back and took up an humble position behind Jerry, looking as if he were quite aware of his own folly and deplored it as much as Toughhey did.

For some time Toughhey continued to cast scathing remarks at the bound, drawing unfavorable comparisons between him and Jerry, his companion, and insisting that he was old enough to know better than to run rabbits.

To all that she said the children made cheerful echoes adding on their own account "Bad Doggie!" with such emphasis as to make old Tom look more ashamed than ever.

But when Toughhey turned her attention to them and began a lecture on cowardice, they were not so sure that she understood her subject.

"You certainly were scared to death," said Toughhey, "and if something real dangerous were to happen, I don't know what you would do. Why?"

Up popped another rabbit, and away rushed old Tom dragging the rope right under the mustang's tail, and in another moment Toughhey was contending with a plunging frightened horse!

Edging away to a safe distance, the children looked on fearfully, until discovering the cause of the trouble, they called excitedly to Toughhey to let go the rope. But Toughhey not understanding why she should let go, held it to grimly while the pony bucked and reared and the dogs dodged its hoofs as best they could, until their sudden dash in a fortunate direction freed the mustang from the interfering rope.

Peace was hardly restored before the incident was repeated; but this time Toughhey was on the alert and there were no unpleasant consequences except to old Tom who was again denounced for his depraved taste for rabbits.

The lateness of the hour was now so apparent that Toughhey began to look anxiously for the road, expecting at any moment to intercept it. Instead, however, she found herself at the edge of an arroyo so deep and precipitous that it seemed impossible to attempt to cross it. Evidently they must retrace their steps and follow the windings of the road in order to avoiding the recurring canyons.

"Wait here a minute," said Toughhey to the children. She rode along the edge of the cut until she made sure that it extended as far as the fence. This shut off all hope of riding around it. As she returned anxiously looking for some break in its steepness, her eyes fell upon old Monte at the bottom of the canyon.

"Hello!" she exclaimed in surprise. But the next moment the figure was gone.

Toughhey looked again but saw only a tangle of scrub oak, sumach and wild grape vine.

"Children!" she called as she approached them. "I saw old Monte down there," pointing to the place where for an instant he had appeared to her. The children peered into the rapidly darkening gully but could see no one.

"I reckon you were just dreaming," suggested Bess provokingly.

"Oh, I reckon not," replied Toughhey coolly. But she was too anxious to take the little girl's challenge to the usually lively discussion.

"We'll have to go back to the road. We can't cross the gullies," she announced.

The first stars were beginning to show and for an instant Toughhey was staggered at the thought of the long distance between them and home. A whimper from the children restored her nerve.

"We didn't want to come 'cross the old prairie!" lamented Nan, beginning to realize the difficulties of their situation.

"Oh, certainly not!" said Toughhey with fine irony. "I just dragged you out of the road, didn't I?"

This biting rejoinder reduced the children to low mutterings to which Toughhey gave little heed, and they proceeded to make their way back to the road in silence, broken only by an occasional sharp word from Toughhey.

Hampered by the dogs, their progress was slow and Toughhey's brave little heart beat with anxiety as the darkness increased and the road became a mere outline.

As the children grew accustomed to the situation, however, they yielded to its fascination. The call of the whippoorwill, the shadowy landscape, the starry heavens, the soft night air were novelties to them, and they began to feel that they were having a real adventure. It seemed too good to be true that they should be out so long after dark and bedtime, in a lonely place, with no one but Toughhey, and engaged in an expedition that seemed delightfully perilous.

They talked the matter over in whispers and decided that, after all, they were lucky.

"Won't mamma be scared?" said Bess in an tone of pleased importance.

"You wicked little children!" exclaimed Toughhey indignantly. "How can you be so heartless!"

Aside from the vague terrors of darkness, and the chance of getting lost, her mother's anxiety about them was the chief source of her own worry.

Started by Toughhey's denunciation, the children tried to sense their own depravity, to realize their own want of "principle and feeling," as Toughhey put it, but failing, fell back on their delicious tremors over the lovely dangers of the trip.

Old Tom, whose vagrancy on the prairie had proved so troublesome, showed a disposition, now that he was reduced to the monotony of travel on a road, to stop altogether and would move only after the most insistent coaxing, cheering and whistling on the part of the little girls.

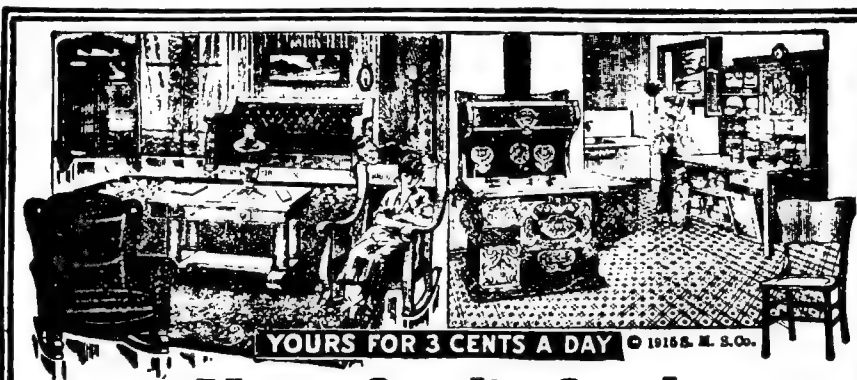
After a more than usually prolonged contest with the old dog, a distant hail from the direction of Pecan Hollow fell upon Toughhey's ear. It was their mother's call, used commonly to bring them in from thicket, creek bottom or hillside to dinner and supper. They all gave the answering call and in a short time Mr. and Mrs. Deering emerged from the darkness, walking up the road to meet them.

"We have had lots of fun," cried Bess as Mr. Deering took charge of the dogs.

"Of course you have," he said cheerfully.

"They're all right," said Toughhey tremulously and a few tears started from under her eyelids.

As Mrs. Deering walked along beside her, Toughhey told her all that had happened. And then her mother reached up and gave her hand an affectionate pressure, and the girl's troubles slipped



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from her. She knew that here was someone who understood how responsible she had felt for the safety of her little sisters.

It was too late to go hunting that night—they must make an earlier start on account of the children. So Tom and Jerry were tied and fed and Bess and Nan went to bed with the joyful anticipation of being out again in the calm, the beauty and the mystery of the summer night.

"I wonder," said Toughhey thoughtfully, as she sat with her mother that night on the porch, "what old Monte could have been doing in the canyon and he did not answer me."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Healthful Cleaning

By Anne Emerson

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A SCORE or more years ago when a home was to be furnished carpets were of the softest pile, the hangings of the heaviest velvet or silk to be afforded while everywhere about the rooms were little beautifully embroidered dillies, centerpieces, and scarfs. On the piano and mantels were lambrequins while before the stove was a heavy mat, probably of imitation fur. That was the age when the housewife was a slave to her cleaning and when the dust gathered menacingly in every room, and made house cleaning a time when germs were plentifully scattered about the house.

Today such furnishings are out of fashion even in the country districts. We are alive to the fact that it was such unnecessary and not particularly beautiful adornments that made a drudge of the woman, and what is still more important endangered the health of the entire family. At present we are furnishing our homes so that while they may be comfortable they may be easily cleaned, and do away with the ever present danger of germs.

For the housewife the ideal floor is of hardwood. This floor can be stained any color and varnished, or varnished without the stain, and when it is covered with small rugs that can be taken up and put out in the sun two or three times a week it is very attractive. Such a floor sweeps and washes easily; it can be wiped up with a damp or oil mop every day without any back-breaking effort. And when a varnished floor has been washed it is clean. A carpet, however, has to be constantly swept, and if the pile is thick it is practically impossible to get all the dirt out. Children playing about on the floor are frequently subject to colds, which are supposed to have come from draughts, while in reality they have been contracted from germs in the carpet.

Many of our housewives stick to the hardest of all slave drivers—the hand-wiped broom. The broom is really a very poor cleaner, and does not remove all the dirt, which is often not reached by beating. The ideal way to keep the house clean if the floors are carpeted is through the use of a vacuum cleaner.

A vacuum cleaner can take every particle of dust out of the carpet in the big front room, and at the same time make the pattern show up better than it has for years. It does away with the work of taking the carpet up, beating it, and then stretching it into place again. The nozzle is simply run over the floor and the work is done. And in this day when electricity is accessible to everyone, and when there are good hand machines, the vacuum is a possibility in every home.

There are two types of vacuum cleaners. If you have electricity in your home an electrical machine is the better of the two for while it will not do the work any better, it will be less labor to operate. A light weight cleaner is a necessity, for if the machine is too heavy it is im-

possible to take it about the house without help from one of the men folk. In buying a machine, if possible, see it demonstrated, try running it, and try to thoroughly understand the parts. A good hand machine is one on wheels with a stationary nozzle that can be pushed about by the same force, and at the same time that the vacuum is created, leaving two hands free to create the vacuum.

A vacuum cleaner with many nozzles can be used for brushing down the wall of a room, getting the dust from the elusive picture moulding, cleaning mattresses, portieres, clothing, and can even be used to massage. In a sick room a vacuum cleaner is indispensable. It is dangerous to sweep a room where a patient is ill with any kind of a contagious disease, and even the ordinary cold may be spread through the scattering of disease loaded dust.

Between a carpet sweeper and a broom it is hard to choose which will be of more benefit to the housewife. If the rugs are heavy a carpet sweeper may not reach all the dust, while a broom with its sharp bristles may possibly do the work. For straightening a room that has been worked in all day, where the dressmaker has dropped threads, and where little Bobby has had a cookie, there is nothing so good as a carpet sweeper. By pushing this helpful implement about the room the litter is picked up and the room looks attractive. The average housekeeper finds that if she has not a vacuum cleaner and she wishes to give her rooms a thorough cleaning—a stiff broom plus her arm power is the best. By all means have a carpet sweeper as well, though, but do not depend on it for all the work.

The dustless duster, and the oil mop are two invaluable helps to housekeeping. The old-fashioned dust rag was nothing more than a menace of flicking the dust about the room, for as soon as the room was cleaned the dust began to slowly settle where it had lain a few hours before. A dustless duster, however, absorbs the dust, and carries it away, not sending it into the air. A feather duster is absolutely harmful. It is positively dangerous. With an oil mop, however, boards can be wiped over every day, and as in the case of the dustless duster the mop takes up the dirt, and does not scatter it.

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A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing, their daughter, Olive, is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogene, as the widow of Robert Ingham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attentions given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castlevue. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor before a painting Alice leans it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Alice passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines, Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Alice drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind secures them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last recapture comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, in love with Alice Weston, his father Sir Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to her shoe, Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a great voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingham who lives at Castlevue and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur exists unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randal Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them in one year, she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed. Her attention is drawn to a piece of braid, convincing her that Alice is innocent. Taking the money and jewelry to her chamber she discovers strands of silk caught in her jewel box and picks up a tiny bauble. Left alone with Imogen, Mrs. Marchmont produces evidence of her guilt and her determination to ruin Alice. The guests return home, Alice and May riding in the Marchmont carriage. As it turns toward Beechcroft a shabby-looking man recognizes a piece of luggage and believes that one of the two girls is the missing baby. Will returns to Yale and Alice to her work. A prize is offered by a woman of New York, prominent in society who claims that sex makes no difference in mental capacity and solicits applications from both sexes to take part in a law debate. Judge Ashburton, anxious for Alice to compete, invites her and her sister to accompany him to New York. A few days is spent in studying up the questions involved and they sail for New York. Alice is chosen as one of the contestants and wins the thousand dollar prize. Judge Ashburton is called home by a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher.

CHAPTER XV.

IN SORE STRAITS.

WHAT serious legal complications could have arisen to make it necessary for his son-in-law to summon him home so hurriedly Judge Ashburton was at a loss to surmise; but he well knew that Mr. Fletcher would never have recalled him so summarily unless there had been urgent need.

Therefore, he did not hesitate a moment, but as already stated, prepared at once to respond to the call.

He was very sorry to have to go, on Alice's and May's account, for there were a number of places which he had intended to visit with them before their return.

If they shared his disappointment they manifested nothing of it in his presence, but most cheerfully acquiesced in his decision, and repacked their trunks without a murmur.

The judge cabled a return message, telling Mr. Fletcher that he would sail the next day but one, and he also sent a line to Mrs. Weston mentioning their unexpected return and telling her that Alice had come off victor in the contest.

Will was the most deeply disappointed of anyone, for he had arranged to have a visit from them at New Haven, while the judge had intimated to him that he might remain in America until after commencement, when they would all return together. But, of course, he knew the case must be urgent, and he bore it bravely; but he said to Alice at parting, as they stood alone on deck just before the vessel sailed:

"My darling, the separation will be only for a little over two months, and then there will be no more partings for us; meantime, I wish you would discontinue your work with the judge—try to rest and make your preparations for the coming event at your leisure, for Alice, on the last day of June, I shall claim you as my wife."

Alice flushed with happiness at this reference to their approaching marriage, and she said she would think of his proposition of giving up her work; but she little dreamed of what lay before her in connection with that work.

In spite of the fact that a brilliant future awaited her, as the lady of Leith, she could never think of surrendering her profession without a keen sense of regret. Her recent triumph had whetted her ambition, and she longed to plume her wings for still higher flights; at the same time she knew that she was capable of even greater sacrifices for the man whom she loved so devotedly.

The return voyage was much pleasanter than the one two weeks earlier, and the great steamer sailed into port the very hour she was due, and before evening of the same day our travelers were once more safe at home.

But their astonishment and dismay can be better imagined than described when they learned that Roland Fletcher, whose name, all his life, had been synonymous for all that is noble and honorable had been arrested for—treason!

The circumstances that led to his arrest were these:

The week following the departure of Judge Ashburton for America, a special messenger delivered into the hands of Mr. Fletcher some very important documents which he, in turn, would be required to pass over to the proper authorities, after giving them a personal examination and affixing his signature to them.

As they were not due for several days, and he had other important matters on hand, he put them carefully away in his safe, until he should have more leisure to give to them.

That same day he went to London and deposited a large sum of money which had come into his possession from various sources.

The next morning he was called unexpectedly away from home upon important business which detained him over night; and it was not until late on the afternoon after his return that he found an opportunity to examine the papers referred to above.

What was his consternation upon opening the safe to get them to find that they had mysteriously disappeared!

He was appalled—almost paralyzed by the unlooked-for calamity, for their loss involved secret matter of very grave moment to the government under which he was serving.

It was in vain that he searched his safe over and over, examining his own papers again and again with the faint hope that they might possibly have got mixed in with them; they were gone, and it was with almost a feeling of utter despair that he realized the terrible strait in which he was placed.

But with the straightforwardness which had ever characterized all his dealings, he immediately reported his loss to the proper officials.

His communication was received with evident dismay; but he had served so long and so faithfully in the position he occupied, that, at first, no personal imputation was attributed to him, and vigorous efforts were at once instituted to recover the missing documents.

A week went by and one morning as he sat at breakfast with Olive and Imogen, an officer arrived at Castlevue and arrested him upon the charge of treason.

The blow came upon him like a thunderbolt, and was a terrible shock to him; and yet, at the same time he was so conscious of his own recti-

tude he felt sure that the matter would soon be cleared up and he would be fully exonerated.

But circumstantial evidence, that subtle fiend that has ruined so many innocent men, seemed destined to also hold him fast in its cruel clutches.

Suspicion had been aroused that he had been tempted to violate his oath of allegiance. It had been learned that, on the same day that the papers had come into his possession, he had deposited a large amount of money in a certain bank in London, while the fact that he had not given immediate attention to his duties in connection with his own affairs, were deemed a breach of trust, and yet, those who knew him best felt sure that he was guiltless. At the same time, the matter was one of such grave import that it could not be lightly disposed of.

A preliminary examination was held, during which Mr. Fletcher gave a clear and concise account of all his movements during the time the papers were supposed to be in his possession, and explained how the money which he had deposited had come into his hands. But suspicion is something like a snowball—the more you roll it the more it accumulates, the case became more and more complicated as it was investigated, and the man was finally committed, bail being denied him because of the serious nature of the offense—to await his trial at the next assize.

This was the existing state of affairs when Judge Ashburton returned, and, in view of the mysterious circumstances attending the disappearance of the precious documents, the outlook for Mr. Fletcher seemed very discouraging.

The matter appeared utterly inexplicable, for the thief, whoever he might have been, had disturbed other papers and it seemed almost as if he must have known how valuable were the contents of those he took and had come with the knowledge of the fact that they were there at Castlevue, the time when they were delivered, and of the absence of Mr. Fletcher. There had been two or three pounds and some loose change in the till, and this had also been taken; but nothing else, although there had been a valuable package of bonds in the same compartment with the papers.

No one had seen any suspicious individual about the premises, on the day or evening previous to the robbery, and there was not the slightest sign to show that anyone had entered the house by force; while it was evident that the invader must have understood how to manipulate the safe, for Mr. Fletcher had found it securely locked and not a scratch to show that the combination had been meddled with.

It seemed a hopeless task to attempt to solve the perplexing problem and try to trace the real culprit; but Judge Ashburton and Alice both went to work upon it with all the energy and tireless persistence they possessed.

But time passed—the mystery was still a mystery and the utmost they could do was to act upon the defensive; they had not gleaned one single fact that pointed toward the real thief and his motive.

They could only claim that Mr. Fletcher's hitherto unimpeachable trustworthiness and un sullied honor; his straightforward confession of his loss as soon as it was discovered, were sufficient proof of his present innocence.

He had been able also to produce tangible evidence to account for how he became possessed of every pound of the money which he had deposited in the bank. This had been accomplished with considerable difficulty, but it was a strong point, for it proved that this amount had not

been accepted as a bribe to betray state secrets.

By indefatigable labor and energy, they had also managed to secure witnesses who could account for every hour of his absence from home during which time the robbery had been committed.

But, of course, all this was only subjective evidence, and, to those so deeply interested in his career, it seemed very meager and insufficient when they were so anxious to remove the stigma resting upon his name.

Alice threw her whole soul into the work; she labored early and late, but ever with a sickening sense of defeat.

She felt that she could not have the case go against the proud, good man who had so befriended Will. He had been a father to her dear one, and she honored and revered him for that, while from every other point of view he seemed to her one of the grandest men she had ever known.

She believed, and the judge hoped, that unless the counsel for the prosecution were able to prove what had been done with the missing papers, they could save him from being convicted, even if they could not clear him from all suspicion and reinstate him in his former position.

This hope, however, was but little comfort, either to them or the man who suffered untold tortures, in view of his doubtful future, for his liberty would hardly be welcome if it did not bring with it complete vindication in the eyes of the world.

It was an anxious time for them all, but they were, nevertheless, eager for the day of trial to come, and have it over with, for the suspense was intensely wearing.

Alice had followed the case so closely she knew every step of the defense, every argument and point which the judge would make, while many suggestions and something of her own eloquence—which had at times burst from her while they were discussing the matter—had been incorporated in his final plea.

And so the last day before the one set for the trial arrived.

About half an hour before it was time to close the jail to all visitors on this evening, a woman, clad in black and closely veiled, applied for admittance and asked to see Mr. Fletcher.

The jailer eyed her suspiciously and hesitated. "It is getting late; you would hardly reach his

room before you would have to leave," he said.

"I cannot help that; I must see him," replied the voice behind the veil, and after a moment of thought, the man told her to follow him, and led her up a flight of stairs to the small but comfortable room where Roland Fletcher was confined.

"You can remain just half an hour—no longer," said the jailer, as he opened the door to admit the visitor.

The woman passed in, and the door was closed and locked again.

Mr. Fletcher, who was sitting at a table writing, glanced up in surprise at the intruder, who at that instant threw back her veil, revealing a pale, wan face, sunken eyes and quivering lips.

"Imogen!" he exclaimed, with a violent start.

"Yes, it is I," she returned, "and I suppose you have wondered why I have not come to see you before; but I could not. I could not, Oh, Roland Fletcher, it has nearly killed me to know that you were here, the victim of a terrible wrong, and yet, I could not come to see you."

"Then why are you here now?" he quietly inquired, while he searched her face curiously.

"To ask what hope you have from tomorrow's trial."

"I am compelled to confess that I have not very much," the man replied, with a touch of bitterness. "They may not be able to convict me of crime and pass sentence upon me, but I have little hope of securing an honorable acquittal; that I will be cleared from all suspicion, and it will be small comfort to me to go forth from here, to have people look askance at me and to know that a stigma is resting upon my name," he concluded, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh! if—I might save you! It is too bad, too bad!" Imogen cried, a sob bursting from her dry lips.

The man darted a look of pain at her and flushed.

"Do not pity me," he said, with some hauteur. "And why should I not pity you, Roland Fletcher?" Imogen passionately exclaimed; "do you not think I suffer for you? Can you not see that this trouble is killing me?"

She stretched forth a thin, white, trembling hand to him, and he was surprised to see how she had lost flesh.

"I am sorry you should have taken the matter so to heart; it could help nothing," he remarked, gently.

"But, Roland, suppose it were possible for me to save you?" she questioned, drawing nearer to him, her burning eyes fastened hungrily upon his face.

He started slightly.

"What do you mean by that?" he observed.

"Never mind, if it does seem strange; answer me! What if it were possible that I could save you?" she reiterated, with some impatience.

"I repeat, I do not know what you mean," he answered, gravely. "If you could effect my release by proving me guiltless—clearing my name and character from all suspicion of the foul charge against me, so that I could resume my former position and retain the esteem of all men, I should be unspeakably grateful."

"Grateful!" the woman repeated, with exceeding bitterness. "Is that all? If I could give you back name, position, honor—the esteem and praise of men—knowing what you do—would not the gift be worthy of something more than cold-gratitude?"

Roland Fletcher flushed again hotly, and his fine lips curled involuntarily.

"I cannot fail to understand you now, Imogen," he said, in a tone of cold constraint, "and let me say in reply that my good name and my honor are more to me than all the world, but without them I could enjoy neither home, friends nor wealth; but a man's deepest affections are not at the disposal of his will, or to be bartered or sold, so I could have only gratitude to give you in return for any service you might render me; except, perhaps, the promise of an abundance to make you comfortable and independent as long as you live—"

"Oh, hush!" Imogen sharply interposed. "Heavens! to think that you should offer me money in exchange! How dare you, when you know that I would give ten years of my life for one fond word from you! All my life I have idolized you," she went on wildly, "even before you married Alice. I worshiped you—yes, even as Robert Ingham, my husband, worshiped her. Ha! that hurts you doesn't it?" she cried, with a short, bitter laugh as he started, "but it is the truth, nevertheless. We, Robert and I, were both crushed to the earth by that marriage, and then foolishly thought to console ourselves and make an excuse to get out of the sight of your happiness by marrying each other. But it was rank-est folly—he went to the bad as quick as he could go and I was wretched. Then, after he died, I, knowing that Alice would not long survive, began to hope that I might win a place in your heart—no, I won't stop," she cried, with a stamp of her foot as her listener made a gesture of repulsion. "The flood gates are open and I will ease my aching heart for once, even though I may wish to drop dead from shame the next moment. A woman seldom loves as I have loved you; a woman has seldom served as patiently for a man's love, as I have served you and yours all these long years, hoping, yearning, waiting for a morsel—a crumb even—of comfort at the very last, Roland Fletcher, you see, I have laid my very soul bare before you; now, tell me, if I can save you, if I can give you back your freedom and all the prestige you so desire, will you make

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



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"That is a strange question," he observed.

"What do you mean by it?"

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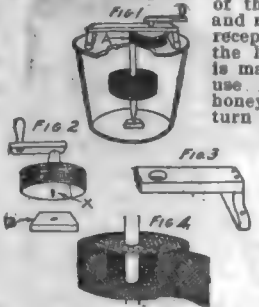
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Kitchen Kinks that Save Steps and Lighten Work

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Honey Strainer

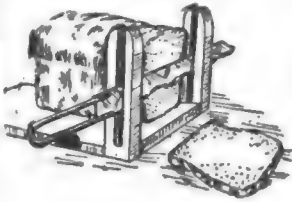
This effective honey strainer is very easy to make. It consists of a pail and lid with a small bridge built on the latter. A wooden peg, sharpened at the lower end, drops from the under side of the bridge into the pail and rests upon a block. The receptacle Fig. 4 in which the honeycombs are placed is made of wire screen. To use the device place the honey in the screen box and turn on the crank. The small disk, Fig. 2 by reason of contact, turns the shaft and receptacle so rapidly that the honey will fly through the screen leaving the wax in a hard lump in the center. It is centrifugal force that causes the action and in the same manner clothes are dried in laundries. The heavy article will move so rapidly that the liquid will actually be left behind and of course being too heavy to remain suspended in the air will drop down.



WHEN STRAINED THE HONEY IS CLEAR.

Bread Cutter

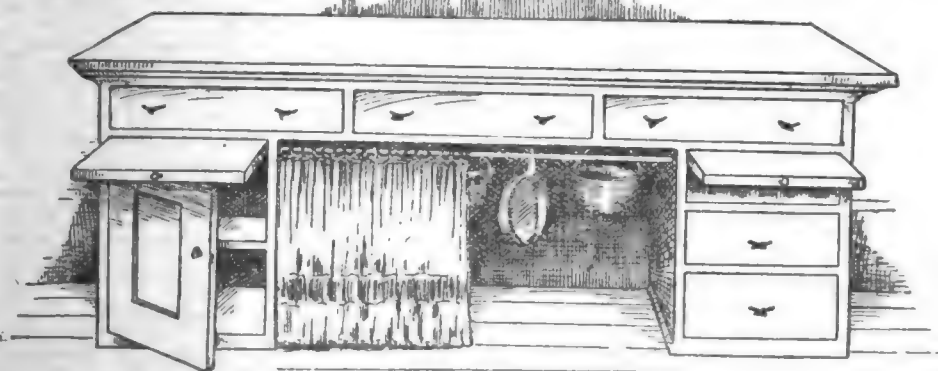
It is quite a knack to cut bread right and to those who have a lot of it to do this device offers a chance of rest. It consists of a flat block with two slotted sticks nailed to the end. The slots are saw cuts and must be straight and correspond nicely. A stop should be placed outside the slots so that the loaf of bread can only be pushed so far. This stop could be a light stick nailed to the baseboard, at a point where the cut of the loaf would strike it. In making toast, or preparing picnic sandwiches the cutting guide will insure quick and uniform slicing.



IT INSURES UNIFORM THICKNESS

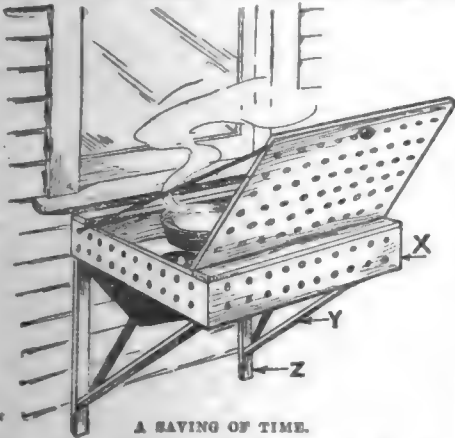
Convenient Kitchen Table

The kitchen table shares with the range, or cook stove, the honor of being the most important part of the kitchen's furnishing. If the table is inconvenient, the work of cooking is made need-



Cooling Box

A cooling box is useful as an adjunct to the kitchen. In making candy or icing, or pies it will be found serviceable, or as a place for the hot skillet or for what is left of the cold vegetables, such as sliced tomatoes. It is a strong light box placed outside a convenient window, and securely mounted on brackets. Holes are

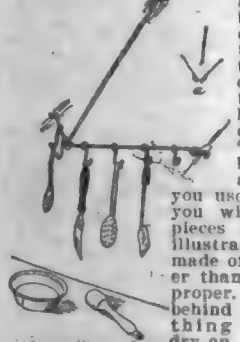


A SAVING OF TIME.

bored in sides and top to insure rapid evaporation and quick cooling. Sometimes if the dust is flying or if the spot chosen for the cooling box is exposed to every wind that blows, it is advisable to tack light cheese-cloth on the inside. This will filter the air and may be taken out and washed occasionally. Once the box is installed you will find many uses for it.

Wire Holder

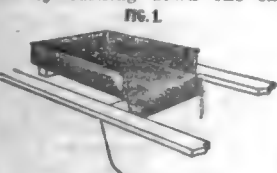
Here is a simple wire rack that has a variety of uses. Besides being employed as the picture indicates it may be used as a towel rack, ironing board shelf or stocking dryer. It is made of two pieces of wire and three staples or screw eyes. When not in use the lower end of the hanging piece may be disengaged from the "V" shaped part and both will hang flat against the wall. If you use it for kitchen utensils you will have to bend short pieces of wire into hooks as illustrated. These can be made of wire a good deal lighter than that used for the rack proper. Wouldn't one of those behind the stove be a handy thing for the dish-cloths to dry on. The few minutes spent in making one will certainly come back to you with interest. In the way of time and steps saved in going back and forth for them when needed.



WITHIN EASY REACH.

Sink Drainer

An old roasting pan may be converted into a drain for the sink by turning down one end as indicated by the illustration. The cutting may be done with a three-cornered file or with a cold chisel and hammer. The cleat under the end of the pan gives it pitch enough to insure quick drainage. It can be tacked permanently to the pan and then not be always getting lost. The second drain is a wooden board fitted with pegs to hold the dishes. In using this the dishes are scalded while on the board and no drying with a towel is necessary. Another type of drain is a wire basket to be placed directly over the sink pan. Either of the three is an improvement over the old-fashioned kind.



LABOR LIGHTENED.

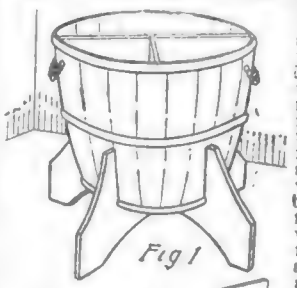
Steamer Kettle

Kettles with false bottoms are a handy device for the housekeeper. The old-fashioned deep one, made of iron with slanting sides being the most adaptable. Cut round tin that will fit size of kettle within two inches of bottom and punch a number of holes through it. One made to fit higher up in the kettle makes a convenient steamer for puddings and brown bread as shown in illustration.



A Nut Holder

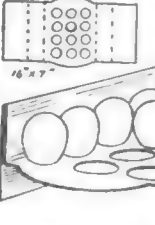
Here is a neat and practical receptacle for nuts of various kinds. A glance at the picture will explain it. Two pieces form the four compartments. They are fitted together in the manner shown in Fig. 3. The stander upon which the half barrel rests is fitted in a similar way. You will find it a strong and convenient article to have around the house and of course it costs nothing but a little labor. It could be used to advantage for different kinds of meat, cracked corn, etc., also. It would be especially convenient for chicken feed.



FOR MANY PURPOSES.

An Egg Holder

Here is a handy device for holding eggs in an ice box or on the pantry shelf. Other flat objects can be piled on and around it without danger of breaking its contents. It may be also used as an egg boiler when placed in a large-mouthed vessel, or it will bake potatoes just right or keep toast warm or heat the butter in cold weather. It is made of one piece of sheet metal shaped like the top sketch and folded on the dotted lines. The holder is simple enough for anyone to make and has many uses that will develop after you install it in your kitchen.



USEFUL FOR MANY PURPOSES.

The Unrest of the Age

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

grown less, idleness is forced on her and restlessness displaces effective effort. Clearly, the thing to be done is to remodel occlusive public opinion so that it no longer limits her field. Next, we must so train our daughters that, grown to womanhood in an atmosphere of self-control, self-reliance and self-knowledge, she shall at length become the mistress of all three. Graduated from the school of truth, let her stand on the threshold of life and look with clear, far-seeing eyes to the horizon in every direction. Let her choice of life work be absolutely free. Set no limitations on her that she herself has not learned through experience to recognise. Unloosed at last, she will with her own new strength and of her own accord, lift forever from her soul the burden of unrest.

The Problem of the Woman who Works for Her Living

Turning now to the woman of the poorer classes—the woman who works for bread, we find a much simpler if no less distressing problem. Here is a question of earning enough to make both ends meet with a small surplus with which to guard against old age or disablement. Here is the same unrest that moves organized labor to protestation and all that we have said about laboring men applies with equal force to laboring women. She who finds employment in the store or in the factory, has been forced to accept too small pay, her hours are too long and her working environment is faulty. Careful study of her problem will result in beneficial legislation looking to the general amelioration of her conditions of life. It must always be unfortunate that women are driven by the pressure of civilization into forms of labor where she is at any natural disadvantage. But life in the congested centers seems to make it necessary and so long as that is so, we must make the best of it.

We have concerned ourselves so far with two principal forms of legitimate unrest effecting our country as a whole. There are many other smaller groups as well as individuals whose discontent is surely legitimate and which deserves our attention. A whole volume might be written on the subject. Before closing, it will be well to glance at a case here and there of unrest which is not legitimate; which springs from the failure of the individual to seize opportunities ready at hand and waiting to be embraced.

Unrest of the Idle Rich

Such is the unrest of our so-called "idle rich"—the few who are born with wealth sufficient to guarantee to them immunity from the necessity of engaging in acquisitive occupations. If there is anywhere on earth anything like freedom of choice to do good or to remain idle, it must be among those whose fortunes have accrued through the industry or foresight or good-fortune of their antecedents. How many a man, forced by circumstances to work at an uncongenial means of livelihood, has sighed for that freedom of choice; believing that in him lay the ability to produce works of art or of science or of invention which would gain for himself fame and for the world a benefit.

These idle are restless. Refusing to put to serious purpose their money and talent, they seem to spend themselves in never ending search after new vanities. Were the wastefulness of their lives confined in its influence, we might be able to regard them with indifference, saying, a man's life is his own to do with as he chooses. But the force of example is strong and the showy idleness of these lives sows the seed of discontent in many a heart which would continue to beat in peace were it guided by a better judgment or influenced by a saner force. Society is coming to understand the dangerous and unfair principles of unearned increment in site values, of stock manipulation, of treason to public interest in abuse of corporate trust, of unrestricted control of natural monopoly and similar means to the accumulation of vast fortunes. Socialists and anarchists are preaching unwise and even incendiary sermons to the people. Here again is a breach into which the thoughtful man of common sense must step. Let him hasten to adjust the matter before violence endangers our very life in its crazy efforts to effect a cure.

Unrest from False Pride Leading to Extravagance

Viewed in a certain light, we will find that the very form and essence of our government and of our social structure are causes for a degree of illegitimate unrest. In America "equality" and "freedom" have come to be glib terms. The framers of our constitution and the preachers of our social creeds have used them so freely that, today their effective meaning is much diminished. It is a possibility, proven by actual experience, that a man of humble birth may become President of the United States. Everyone has heard the favorite retort of the servant-girl, exasperated by the taunts of the small boy of the household, that "I am as good as you." The shop girl or the stenographer look with scant courtesy and from a plane no whit lower, at the more wealthy man or woman on the other side of the counter or calling at the office. "I am as good as you," cries cloud in every movement of the elevator boy, the leman, the plumber. And it is not affectation—they honestly feel it; and to it we must attribute no small amount of unrest. It finds its most common form in extravagance. The stenographer and the shop-girl, again, "really must dress" in silk stockings and in near-silk imitation of the latest fashions. In these tawdry evidences of straining beyond their resources; in these stomach pinching efforts to make good, in outward appearance, the futile boast, "I am as good as you," there is a misdirected energy, a mistaken point of view that should elicit from those of sounder sense more of pity than blame.

No less a victim to the same delusion is the man of ordinary attainments whose income warms the enjoyment of a few more of life's luxuries. Not content with these, he is restless to invade and move within the coveted circle of larger luxury of his more wealthy neighbor. He owns an automobile which he cannot comfortably afford; he insists that his wife and children shall dress more expensively than they should; he belongs to a club without which he would be better off. And so, on up the scale, each in striving to outdo his neighbor, outdoes no one but himself in the end. Each one of these who feels he must insist he is "as good as you," finds himself continually with his nose to the grindstone of misdirected energy, grinding out his last atom of content and his last chance for real success.

The Aims of Unrest Leads the Millionaire to Sell his Daughter for a Foreign Title

Among our most wealthy classes, this particular form of unrest may be considered the actuating force which finds expression in our all too familiar "international marriages" and unnatural marriages of any sort. Our millionaire mother and father, or our ever-ambitious parents, have attained all that is purchasable with money in our country, or all they can accomplish by honest effort. Thereupon they of great wealth look abroad and find one other thing that they lack and which finds no place among our institutions—a hereditary title—the last evidence of superiority. But he cannot buy outright a hereditary title nor can he ever wear one and the maggot of unrest commences to gnaw at his soul. But a way out of the difficulty is suggested. The same remedy to which the over-ambitious parent is driven at

What a Million Mothers Avoid

More than a million careful mothers have intuitively known the dangers of poisonous fly destroyers. They have known that such preparations contain arsenic in deadly quantities. They have realized the peril to little children that accompanies the use of fly poisons.

But for those who have not learned of these dangers, we quote from a recent issue of the Child Betterment Magazine, which comments upon 35 cases of children being poisoned last year:

"The danger to children is great, and the danger to adults is by no means inconsiderable."

In the December issue of the Michigan State Medical Journal, an editorial on the same subject cites 47 cases and goes on to state:

"Arsenical fly poisons are as dangerous as the phosphorus match. They should be abolished. There are as efficient and more sanitary ways of catching or killing flies. And fly poisons, if used in homes where there are children, or where children visit."

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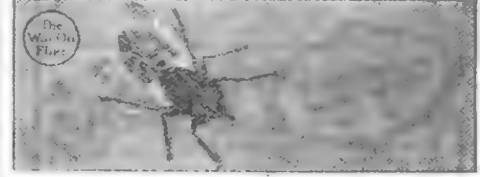
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length by inability to advance farther by his own effort; he has a daughter who may wear the title or the honor, and in its reflected light the parent may find calm at last. The daughter then, is the terrible price which the restless of the upper classes may be driven to pay. Augmented by a considerable sum of money, or even her fair body may be sufficient if she be of more than passing beauty, show or power, as the case may be. And after all, the difference in just pitiful in our poorer classes, shocking in our richer classes and degrading in any class, is one of degree and not of kind.

When we find fault with this tendency of our people and attribute it to our peculiar attitude of mind toward equality, we must not be construed as leaning toward the caste system nor of curbing ambition in the slightest degree. It is the proneness of our people to grasp rather than earn through honest effort; to covet; to pretend rather than to be. Brilliant achievements have been inspired, we must admit; but far oftener these practices result in dismal failure, sometimes bankruptcy, occasionally even criminal dishonesty of method and invariably illegitimate unrest.

Brief as has been our survey of unrest, we have at least been able to see that there is such a thing in all walks of life and in a few cases, to view the causes. In closing, let us reiterate the necessity of keeping clearly before us the symptomatic nature of the phenomenon; it is not a thing itself to be cured, but a guide to eventual cure of the underlying cause. We must not go away shaking our heads and muttering evil prophecy. Let us rather look upon this unrest as the most promising sign of the times. An indication that the world is awake to its obligations and opportunities; that civilization is to continue its onward march, always from the lower toward the higher plane, from the simpler to the more complex and from the worse to the better. A student of the history of the evolution of man is forced inevitably to the conclusion that the first cause which impelled Pithecanthropus-erectus to go out from his dismal forests and which has guided him through vicissitudes innumerable to the present, was, is and always will be, a benevolent First Cause.

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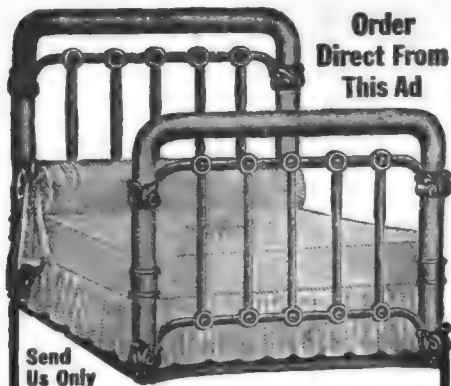
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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Preventing Disease in Turkeys

THE letters received during the last year, asking advice about turkey ailments, have been so numerous, that about three months ago I began writing to some of the large breeders and to some of the agricultural colleges that have been devoting special attention to the subject. Chief of these was the state college at Kingston, Rhode Island, and through the courtesy of Professor Hadley I am now able to give our readers the result of their recent scientific studies.

The first point strongly emphasized by Professor Hadley is the necessity of reducing the amount of feed usually given to young turkeys. All the experiments during the last fifteen years have convinced him that the parasite which causes blackhead can only develop in the intestines of a young bird when they have been weakened by indiscreet feeding, which has clogged the bowels and rendered the tissues susceptible to attack, and that the only true method of fighting the disease is along the lines of prevention. In other words, keeping the birds' intestines in such a clean, healthy condition that the parasites have no chance to attack them.

The second point is, that certain acids materially retard the growth of the parasite, so that in conjunction with reduced feed, sour milk is the most powerful agent in checking the development of the disease. Beyond which, it is probable that besides the effect of the sour milk itself, the bacteria always present in sour milk is in itself beneficial to the tissues of the intestines.

So far, this is all very simple, and I know many of our readers will say, "Why, I have always fed my young turkeys clabbered milk, and they die off just the same." Which is quite true, because milk clabbered in the usual domestic way, or by any of the usual preparations sold for the purpose, does not contain sufficient acidity to be

ounces; dry mash, two ounces; curds, about a gill and a half; mixed grain, a trifle over one ounce. Again increase up to the eleventh week, when green food should be six ounces, dry mash, six ounces, curds one quart and one gill. At this time, cracked corn and whole wheat in equal parts take the place of the small grain, and the amount given should be three ounces. Continue the same rations with a slight increase from week to week until the birds are twenty-four weeks old.

The above schedule is for young birds confined to yards. When the youngsters are allowed free range, after they are two or three weeks old, the green food can be entirely omitted, and so can the mixed grain, but they must have the sour milk curds and dry mash given to them before they are allowed out to their sleeping place at night.

In conclusion, Professor Hadley advises the use of a drug which is an intestinal antiseptic and has been found of great service. The drug is known as formidine, which is to be procured from the same firm in Detroit as the bacteria. The use of the drug should commence in the fourth week of the bird's life. The dose recommended is one grain per day for two weeks; two grains per day for two weeks; then three grains per day for five weeks, at which time its use can be discontinued. "The most critical period in the life of young turkeys begins at the fifty-fifth day, and the giving of formidine should slightly anticipate this period. The drug may be mixed with a small quantity of mash up to the thirteenth week, when it is discontinued. Whether further use of the drug is advisable cannot now be stated. It is also possible that further experiments will reveal some intestinal antiseptic better suited to the purpose than the formidine, or even that formidine is unnecessary if a sufficiently large amount of sour milk is given."

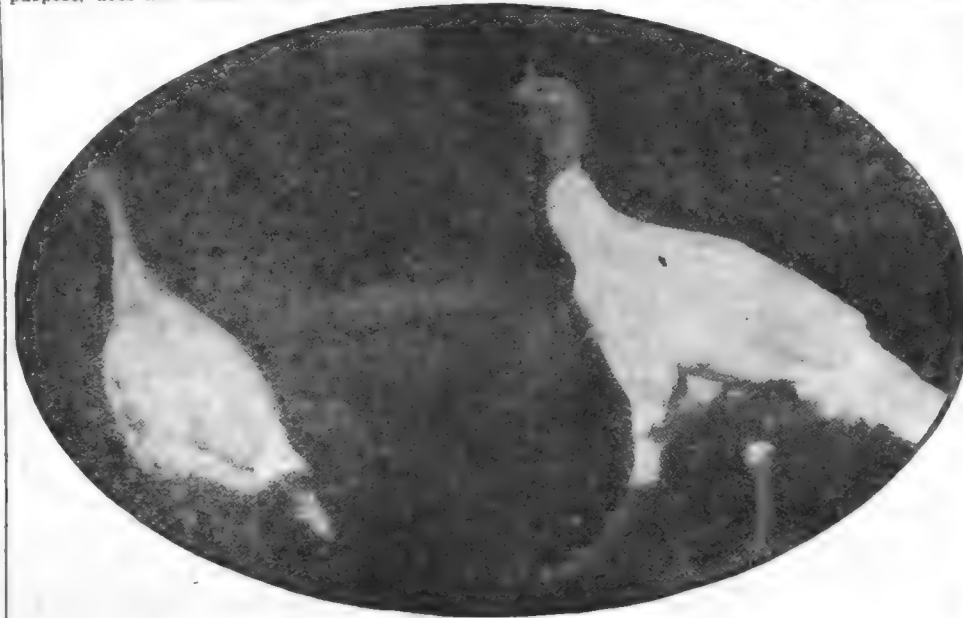
Now for a few hints of my own. Remember that it is quite likely that some of your common hens or other poultry may be infested with the parasite of blackhead, though showing no sign of illness, and that all such parasites are transmitted through the droppings of affected birds, therefore observe strict cleanliness in all your poultry houses, and keep your young turkeys as far removed from other poultry as possible. It is no use dosing birds if they are exposed to daily contamination.

Correspondence

F. S.—I have two banty hens and a rooster, and will you tell me what ails them? They keep twitching their heads and making a piping noise, and someone told me it was the pipe, but I don't know what to do for them.

A.—Rub the tip of the tongue with a mixture of honey and borax, or glycerine, and give the birds twenty grains of Epsom salts each, and a cure will soon be established.

E. J. C.—I have six hens and a rooster of pure bred White Rocks. How long should they be kept separate



WHITE HOLLAND TURKEYS.

of much value in fighting off the parasite, when once introduced into the bird's intestines. The experiments undertaken by the Rhode Island station have, however, revealed the fact that foreign bacterium found in most of the sour milk drinks made by the Bulgarian peasants produce in milk from three to four per cent more acidity than is obtainable by any other means, and it is milk turned by means of this special bacterium which constitutes the main factor in Professor Hadley's new method of feeding young turkeys. Science has discovered a method of collecting this bacterium Bulgarianum, as it is called, and converting it into tablets, which can be procured from a firm in Detroit, Michigan, that makes a specialty of handling biological products. It is against our rules to give the names of firms in this column, but I will be glad to furnish it if correspondents will send a self-addressed post-card for the information.

The method of preparing the milk is quite simple. It merely consists in adding a tablet to the milk and then keeping it in a temperature of 105 degrees until it is thoroughly congealed. After it has cooled it can either be broken up and fed, curds and whey together, or what is perchance better, strained through cheese-cloth, just as you would make ordinary cottage cheese, catching the whey in a pan, so that it can be used in a drinking fountain, and then feeding the curds mixed with the dry mash.

Now to the schedule of reduced feeding, which must be rigidly adhered to. Nothing for the first forty-eight hours; after that, hard-boiled egg which has been chopped fine (include the shell). The young birds must have only the smallest imaginable quantity. If you have one of the little wooden spoons which come with mixed mustard, use it as a measure, and divide that amount between two birds for a day's feed. If you don't use mixed mustard, and haven't such a spoon, a number nine thimble will do, but be sure it is only half full, and that two birds share the quantity. The fourth day, the thimble may be three parts full, and a pinch of finely chopped green stuff added to it (the best green stuffs are tender clover, grass, or the green sprouts of oats.) The fifth day, fill the thimble with the chopped egg, add a tiny pinch of rolled oats, and a degree more green stuff. Increase the amount about a grain a day, up to the tenth day, at which time the sour milk treatment should commence. At first, give just a few grains, mixed with a still fewer grains of dry mash. Increase slightly each day, at the same time decreasing the amount of chopped egg in such proportions that by the fourteenth day the egg may be entirely discontinued. At this time the birds should be getting one quarter of an ounce of green food, half that quantity of rolled oats, a pinch of dry mash and half an ounce of curds. This is for each bird. Keep whey before them all the time, so that they can drink when they please.

By the third week, rations should be as follows: Two ounces of green food; one ounce of rolled oats; half an ounce of dry mash; half a gill of curds, and not quite half an ounce of small mixed grain. Remember that this amount is for one week's rations, and must be divided for the seven days. Increase at the same gradual rate as before, all the articles of diet except the rolled oats, which should be gradually decreased so that it is entirely left out by the seventh week, when the quantity of food given for each bird for one week should be: green food, four and one half

from balance of flock before using eggs for breeding purposes? A.—Better separate pure-blooded hens from the rest of the flock as soon as possible, and put the rooster with them three weeks before they are to be used for incubation.

J. E. B.—I have a late hen turkey hatched this fall, which is very much under size. Do you think I could cross her with a White Rock rooster two years old this coming spring?

A.—No; such a cross is not practical. Being hatched so late in the season, she would not be of any use to breed from this spring under any circumstances.

E. C.—I have a fine flock of turkeys. They are beginning to die. Have lost five in the same way. They first begin to droop around, then they get as if they won't eat anything unless I put it in their mouths. Then they swallow like they were hungry. They seem very thirsty. We cut one open; her crop was full; seemed too full, like what she had eaten hadn't passed through, and her liver was swollen about three times natural size, and was all covered with copper-colored spots. The left side of her liver was almost solid copper color and seemed to be rotten. The crop had a very bad smell. Some of their heads turned blue when they died. They are greatly sunken around the eyes. Their droppings are a thin yellow, and some are blue. They have free range in the country, and are fed chops at night; have plenty of pure water to drink.

A.—Your letter touches such a general trouble that I am going to take it as the main subject of my article this month. As it is impossible to answer it fully and helpfully in the correspondence column, I therefore must ask you to turn to the beginning of the department, where I hope you will find helpful suggestions.

C. L. B.—Will you kindly send me a list of poultry shows to be held in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont this winter, with dates, or inform me as to where I can secure list?

A.—The only list of shows I have at hand does not include the states you name. You had better write the Commissioner of Agriculture, Augusta, Maine, Plainfield, Vermont, and Concord, New Hampshire.

M. F. O.—I killed a hen for the table, and on removing the entrails found the liver of a dark green color and covered with small yellow spots, and kidneys shrunk. Not very fat, and fat of a dark yellow. Was afraid to use the meat. Will you please tell me what was the matter?

A.—I should say the hen had what is commonly known as blackhead when it attacks turkeys, for with turkeys the head often turns dark when the disease reaches advanced stages. Strange to say, it is seldom fatal to ordinary poultry, so it is only when birds are killed for table use and the condition of the liver observed that people become aware that there is anything the matter. It is through the droppings of such hens that turkeys usually contract the disease. As it has undoubtedly been present in your flock, I advise you to read the beginning of this month's article, and apply the sour milk treatment to the rest of your hens.

F. C.—Please tell in COMFORT how to feed young Indian Runner ducks and care of young Indian Runner ducks is exactly the same as that of any other young ducks. A dry sleeping place, shade from midday sun, plenty of sand or fine grit, and clean drinking water in deep dishes, so that they can submerge their entire heads, but so arranged that it is impossible for them to get into the water with their feet or bodies. Feed should be mash made of equal parts of wheat bran, finely ground clover or alfalfa, ground oats and ground corn. To each two quarts of such mixture add two tablespoonsful of ground bone or beef meal.

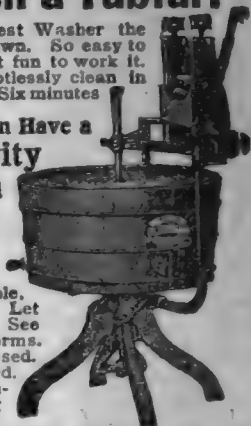
C. L. D.—I wish you would advise me through your paper how to make a fireless brooder. I have plans for making a hot air brooder, but it is so easily overheated, and there is so much danger of fire

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that it is unsatisfactory. Also, I would like to know which variety of Leghorns you consider the most profitable as egg producers, if there is any difference.

A.—The January number of COMFORT contained directions for making a fireless brooder. All varieties of Leghorns are equally egg producers.

F. B.—Will you kindly publish in your paper whether or not turkey eggs hatch good in an incubator. Do little turkeys that are hatched by an incubator do well? Have been told that all eggs hatched by an incubator are subject to diarrhea, and for this reason turkeys hatched by an incubator do not do well. Kindly let me know what you know about it, and the best incubator to buy.

A.—I have hatched turkey eggs under common hens, turkey hens, and in incubators every season for the last fifteen years, and have found no material difference in them. But I always give them to young gobblers or common hens to brood, for I don't believe they would thrive if brought up in any brooder. Please read the first part of this month's article. I think all the incubators on the market are good, practical hatchers. It really depends on the person who is running the machine as to what the results are.

R. F.—I would like to ask a few questions in regard to turkeys. I have an old gobbler (two years old) and one of his gobblers quite a little larger than he is, and I would like to save the young gobblers to breed with in the summer of 1916, and I have no place to keep him by himself, and will it bother my turkey raising this summer (1915) to let him run with my breeding turkeys? He will not be related to any of them except the one that was his mother. Which are the best turkeys for market—White or Bronze? And which is the most profitable breed of ducks for all around use? Am a subscriber to COMFORT and wish it was a weekly paper.

A.—I fear there will be trouble if you let both Toms run with the hens in the spring. Can't you keep the young bird shut up in a chicken yard during the breeding season? It really won't do him any harm if you feed lightly and give him plenty of green stuff. Or, a still better plan would be to get some farmer who doesn't keep turkeys to take him for the summer; then he could have free range and feed himself. Personally, I like the White Holland turkey, and find it just as good for market as the Bronze variety. Indian Runner ducks lay more eggs than Pekins, but the latter are the best for market.

H. D. B.—I have come to you before for advice, and as you helped me then, will ask you to again. My chickens are sick—that is, one eye swells shut and all bulges out like it would burst out of the head, and one hen get that way about three weeks ago, and by now now I have about a dozen that have one eye shut, but not all swollen so bad. The first one that was taken sick is still alive, and eats and drinks, and the other eye is all right. I gave her some coal oil and bathed the swollen eye in it and tried other things, but to no avail. At first there seems to be mucus stuff in the eye, and then it will gradually close up and swell. A few of them have scales on their heads around the eyes and on their wattles. Where the eye swells so badly it looks yellow inside, like the ball might have burst. They do not wheeze or rattle or run at the nose. Some of them have slight diarrhea. Shall I separate them as fast as they swell or their eyes shut? I am afraid I shall soon have all of them opened up. I have kept my chickens shut up in the henhouse the past two weeks. Do you think they have cold?

A.—The hens have inflammation of the mucous membrane about the eye, a condition which sometimes accompanies roup, but quite an often appears when there are no other symptoms. Lack of green food of a damp roosting place may have caused it. Slight pressure on the eyelid will force it back, and then it will gradually close up and swell. After it is removed the inflammation usually subsides, but it is well to bathe the eye with a solution of boric acid and keep the bird in a half dark coop except at feeding time. A few days of such treatment usually work a cure.

J. P. H.—Can ducks be raised profitably in an orchard where there is plenty of grass and water, and how many can be kept on an acre of ground? I want to raise the Pekin duck. How high will an enclosure have to be to confine turkeys?

A.—If you are conveniently located to a good market, ducks should prove very profitable. You could raise several hundred on an acre of land if they are to be marketed before they are four months old. Turkeys being heavy birds, don't often fly over a fence, especially if there is no rail at the top of it for them to rest on, so a yard fence four feet high is all that is necessary.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Tells why chicks die

E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert of 683 Main St., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a valuable book entitled "White Diarrhoea and How to Cure It." This book contains scientific facts on white diarrhoea and tells how to prepare a simple home solution that cures this terrible disease over night and actually raises 90 per cent of every hatch. All poultry raisers should certainly write Mr. Reefer for one of these valuable FREE books.

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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming. Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

As Spring Approaches

WHAT a multitude of things there are to do in late winter and in preparation for spring and its bustle of plowing, disking, seeding and harrowing; and what an easy matter it is to neglect some of the more important things in this rush of work. Let us forget, let us print a few reminders here and the first one is relative to cleaning up a bit before plowing becomes possible. A correspondent has recently drawn attention to the fact that rats hide in rubbish piles near the chicken houses, coops and brooders, dash out, grab chicks and get back to their shelter places in a wink. He wisely advises to get rid of all such lurking places and to set the houses on stilts to help keep the rats away. This excellent advice leads us to say that every brush pile and rock pile and old hedge or rail fence is a lurking place for other enemies of the farmer and should be done away with now. All manner of vermin, insects and weeds live in such corners and fences. The boys love such places on the farm, for here hide the cottontail rabbits which are fine targets for young hunters and when you are after them, whirr! goes a quail now and then, or even a real pheasant, out of the mass of brambles, wild raspberries, wild grape, sunsh, briar nettle, dogwood, wild plum, bitter apple and multifarious wild growths of the fence side. But here too harbor the mice, gophers or ground squirrels, the skunks and the bugs, some at least of which may hurt crops badly. Weeds are the worst pests of such places. They grow from seeds dropped by perching birds. They are warmly protected by snow-drifts in winter and these drifts often last long in spring and keep one from plowing close to the fence. Haul in the old rails and saw them up for fuel. We once sold an old stake and rider fence for four cents a rail and that paid for wire for a new fence; and, fancy! lots of the rails were of perfectly sound black walnut which would be worth a little fortune today. Grub and burn the bushes. Haul away the rocks, or build them into a trim, durable wall. Get the fence sides into grass and then keep them free from weeds.

Getting the Farm Horse Ready for Spring Work

Start early to get the work horse into condition for labor in spring. He will be soft and nabby if he has stood indoors in a hot stable much of the cold winter season. Let the temperature of the stable not exceed fifty degrees, or thereabout. Gradually lighten the stable blanket, if he has been blanketed. Start currying and grooming the coat daily. Stop corn feeding and feed whole oats and wheat bran, the latter to form one ninth part of the ration by weight. Feed the best of Timothy, or prairie hay, or mixed clover hay will do, if it is sound. Lessen Alfalfa hay, so that it does not loosen the bowels or irritate the kidneys. As spring comes on heavily blanket and trot the horse if his coat is slow in shedding and at such a time add flaxseed meal to the oats and bran to start the coat. The blanket causes sweating and the hair comes away in rolls, sticking to the blanket, or being easily combed and brushed out. Remember that the horse is weak at this time, therefore very gradually accustom him to hard work. Many men make the mistake of at once making their horses do a full hard day's work in early spring. It is better to get the horse toughened to work gradually. Toughen the shoulders by bathing with cold water three times a day and then scraping out the water and drying the parts thoroughly. If necessary use strong alum water or white oak bark to help toughen the shoulders, but it is of much greater importance to have the collar fit properly, have the padding smooth and clean and then keep it dry and clean.

Sowing Seed on the Snow

The practice of sowing clover seed on the snow in early spring is quite common in some sections. It has the advantage of being easily seen and can be evenly distributed for this reason. Winter grains may be seeded with clover in this manner when it is impossible to seed them in the fall on account of winter killing or when the ground is likely to be too muddy to sow later in the spring. As the snow melts the seed gradually settles into the soft earth and often makes an excellent catch. On the other hand this practice is open to serious objection. A snowfall followed by high winds after seeding may blow the seed entirely off the land. A heavy thaw accompanied by rain may likewise wash the seed away and an early thaw and spring weather followed later by freezing cold may first sprout and later destroy the seed. On the whole it is much better to sow grass seed with spring grains than attempt to seed with fall grains by sowing the seed on the snow. Spring seeding may be readily done if the crop rotations are carefully planned.

Frozen Silage Again

Don't feed frozen silage. It is injurious to stock. Throw it down in the barn and let it lie there until the first warm day comes when it will thaw out and can be fed. Or, pile it up in the middle of the silo, cover it with a blanket and let it lie there when the heat of fermentation below will usually thaw it out. Don't worry about what clings to the walls when the silo "freezes in" from the sides. That will thaw loose and drop off when the weather moderates and then you can treat it as above.

Pure Bred Grains

For a long time there has been much agitation for the improvement of live stock. Hundreds of years ago men set to work to breed up animals with certain special characteristics which peculiarly adapt them to the uses of man. In this they succeeded so well that we have a large number of breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine which have been kept pure for many years.

It has been only in very recent years, however, that similar attention has been given to the improvement of grains and other farm crops. Wherever this work has been seriously attempted it has achieved results nothing short of marvelous. The fact that plants can be multiplied so rapidly and that large numbers may be used from which to select the particular ones having the desirable characteristics which the plant breeder wishes to "fix" while those rejected by him are no less fitted for their ordinary use, gives him a tremendous advantage over the animal breeder. It is there-

fore possible for the plant breeder to attain results in a few short years which it has taken the animal breeder centuries to secure. Hence we have the naval orange, the spineless cactus, the seedless grape and numerous varieties of high yielding grains and drought and disease resistant plants. Practically all this progress has been made in the last twenty years; in fact it is so new that many people and many farmers do not even now know that there are such things as pure bred plants. Chief among the men who have achieved distinction and marvelous results in the several states are Burbank of California, Hays of Minnesota, Holden of Illinois, and Moore of Wisconsin. These men will be known, when the history of the present century is written, among the great benefactors of the race, for from now on farmers are going to demand pure bred seed grains and farm crops whose value and producing power is known and recorded quite as insistently as they have demanded pure bred stock up to the present time.

Getting Seed Ready for Spring

Now is the time to get farm seeds ready for spring planting. Upon good seed the value of the crop depends in a very large degree. While soil and climatic conditions, over which the farmer is not able to exercise complete control, may greatly reduce the crop, no amount of good soil and fine weather will make up for poor seed. Over the seed the farmer can have absolute control. He may know whether it will grow or not and may so prepare and grade it as to insure a maximum crop before it ever goes into the soil. This is the first insurance against a poor crop and if any insurance is worth paying for, this one certainly is. But how?

The importance of seed testing has been sufficiently emphasized in these columns and the methods for doing it fully explained in last month's issue.

Seed Grading

By seed grading we mean the separation of seeds into grades having kernels all of the same size. This is especially important in the case of corn to be planted with a corn planter. If small and large kernels go into the box together the machine will drop from one to six kernels at a time, when it is set to drop three kernels. This of course depends entirely upon the size of the kernels that happen to get into the holes in the planter plate. The same is true to a less extent in the case of grain and other seed drills. Grading may be accomplished by running the seed through a good fanning mill or grain grader especially arranged for this purpose. Grading insures against an uneven stand.

Cleaning the Seed

Before grading all seed should be cleaned. While cleaning is pretty generally practiced there are still farmers who sow grain just as it comes from the machine or the dealer from whom it may be purchased. No grain should be planted until it is run through a good fanning mill to separate out all the foul matter it may contain before grading.

Cleaning insures against the introduction of foul seed, including weeds that are a nuisance and many that are a pest when once they get in.

Disinfecting Seed to Prevent Plant Diseases

Much loss is occasioned by diseases that are carried over winter in the form of disease spores on the seed. Such losses can be prevented by seed treating. The formaldehyde treatment for oat smut, and the hot water treatment for the same disease in barley and wheat are examples of this class.

The treatment of seed before planting insures against loss from disease.

How to Treat Oats for Smut

In a large barrel place about 40 gallons of water; add to this one pint of 40 per cent solution of formaldehyde. Stir thoroughly. Put oats in a gunny sack and lower the sack into this solution until completely immersed. Allow to remain ten minutes so that solution will have time to thoroughly wet all the oats. Remove, drain and dry before sowing. This treatment will prevent both oat smut and stinking smut in wheat.

The formaldehyde treatment insures against loss from these diseases.

Hot Water Treatment

This treatment is very difficult to apply and is given here more as a warning than as advice. It is used for loose smut in both wheat and barley and is about the only known means of preventing these diseases. The grain is first soaked for four hours in cold water to soften it, then soaked for ten minutes in hot water at a temperature of exactly one hundred and twenty-nine degrees by the Fahrenheit thermometer. Hotter water than this will destroy the germinating power of the grain and colder water will not destroy the spores of the disease. The difficulty comes in maintaining the exact temperature. This treatment is therefore not advised except by those who have had a great deal of experience in this kind of work. If successful, however, it insures against loss from loose smut.

Treatment for Potato Scab

Scabby potatoes should not be planted, especially upon soil in which scabby potatoes have been grown. Neither should clean seed be planted on such soil. The formaldehyde solution used for the treatment for oat smut may also be used for potato scab. The potatoes may be prepared for planting and then soaked in this solution for two hours. The solution kills the scab spores on the surface of potatoes.

Treating seed potatoes in this manner insures against severe loss from scab.

Crop Rotation to Prevent Loss from Plant Diseases

There is one general means of insuring against plant disease, namely: crop rotation. Many diseases are carried over from year to year by the spores in the soil. Sometimes soils become so badly infested that certain crops cannot be grown on them at all. This is especially true with cabbage and truck crops. Fortunately, however, this can be avoided by crop rotation. Give the land a rest from the single crop and try another not affected by the disease already in the soil. If a definite system of crop rotation can be established so that no crop appears twice in succession on the

same piece of land, and does not return to the same place oftener than once in every three or four years, but little trouble will be experienced from either plant diseases or insect pests. Crop rotation is the very best and cheapest means of insuring against these losses.

It is now spring. Another crop is soon to be planted. Give due consideration to crop rotation as a means of insuring healthy crops.

Breaking-in Heifers

Do not "break" them in; gentle them to milk and stand quietly. Remember that the udder of the young heifer is congested with blood and that the teats often are acutely painful when suckled, or milked. If a man is rough and cruel to a heifer at this time he may ruin her for life. The breaking in of a young heifer with her first calf needs the gentleness and patience of a gentleman. The man who believes in "learning a heifer to behave" by beating her with a milking stool or club is out of place in the dairy business. He should engage in pugilism, carpet beating or ward politics. If a woman can be coaxed into caring for the heifer at all, but it will be best and many fine women are still willing to do such work on the farm. They do it best and if there is an orphan foal, calf or lamb to be raised "by hand," let the "hand" be the one that rocks the cradle and rules the world. When a heifer is soon to calve handle her daily and get her accustomed to being fed some relished feed in a stallion. When she is feeding, gently massage her udder, but do not go through all the motions of milking. If other cows are stabled with her and milked, so much the better. She will gradually become accustomed to the stabling and handling process and then will give comparatively little trouble at calving time. Feed her succulent feed, or bran mash and flaxseed meal to keep her bowels active as parturition time approaches, and see that she takes enough exercise every day to keep her muscles in proper condition. If a heifer is allowed to become thin, weak and constipated she may have her calf all right, but it is very probable that she will retain her afterbirth so that it will have to be removed by hand. Where that has to be done the heifer may not come to her full flow of milk, or she may be troubled with a chronic discharge and fail to breed. When the calf comes it should be allowed to suckle for a few days. The first milk (colostrum) is a physic and necessary to cleanse the intestinal tract. The heifer also will fret less if she is allowed to nurse her calf for a few days, but at the same time she should be partially milked by hand night and morning to get her accustomed to the process. When the time comes to separate her from her calf do it gradually. Give her some favorite feed at milking time and lace the calf near her. Gradually get the calf farther away until she doesn't fret for it, being occupied with the relished feed. If her udder is swollen and hard (congested) bathe it with hot water twice daily and massage it thoroughly at such times. At night rub it with hot melted lard. If the udder tends to remain congested despite massage part each of fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna leaves and six parts of sweet oil or melted lard and give her one teaspoonful of saltpeter twice daily in drinking water or soft feed. A physic of epsom salts also is beneficial when the udder tends to remain congested despite massage and milking.

Dock and Trim Lambs Early

Last fall we saw a carload of big lambs on the way to Chicago to be sold to the hotel and restaurant trade and to our surprise we noticed that the animals had just been docked and castrated. The wounds were not yet fully healed and the flies around those lambs were a "caution." Good feed had been put into the lambs and they were in good flesh; but it is a certainty that the marketing would be a disappointment. Buyers discount such lambs badly. They scarcely like to invest in such a lot and will only buy them at a discount when properly treated lambs are plentiful in the yards. It pays to have lambs go to market in as tidy, finished shape as possible. To that end they must be castrated when ten to fifteen days old and it will be all right to dock them at the same time. If this is done early the flies do not give much trouble and there are no maggot cases to fuss with and no unsightly sores and wounds at selling time. Where the docking and castrating are not done at all the lambs will be harshly "docked" in price by the stock-yard buyer.

How to Plant a Tree

The time of tree planting is near at hand. There is a right way to plant a tree.

It must be remembered that when the tree is growing in the ground there is a natural balance between root growth and top growth. When the tree is dug this balance is destroyed by cutting off a very large portion of the roots. The only way that this balance can be restored is to cut down the top proportionately. This means very liberal pruning. Most people are afraid that they will prune too much and thus destroy the tree. This can hardly be. More trees are killed because too much top is left on than are injured by too much top pruning. Cut back the top quite as much as the roots have been cut back, and then a little more, remembering always that the root system on any healthy tree is about as large as its top.

The roots should be pruned very little. Only the injured or broken roots should be removed and the cut surfaces freshened in order to stimulate growth at these points.

A hole should be dug deep enough to take the tree to its original depth in the soil and large enough for the entire root system without bending, twisting or crowding the roots.

A spadeful or two of top soil should be placed in a little pile under the center and the tree pressed firmly down upon it. Then spread the roots carefully. Loose, fine dirt should then be thrown in to fill up all holes and bring every root in firm contact with the soil. When the roots are well covered turn in water to settle the soil about the roots. The whole point in tree planting is to get the tree back into the soil in as close contact with it as it was before being dug. Since this is hardly possible the greatest care must be exercised to fill up all holes, air spaces and the like and to get the soil in perfect contact with all the roots. No stones, sod, clods or chunks of earth should be put back into the hole. When the roots have been covered and wet down the hole should be filled with good earth and solidly packed down. After the hole is filled water again heavily, and in order that the water shall soak down about the roots and not run off, leave surface of the soil a little lower next the tree. If the soil is poor mix some phosphate and wood ashes, if you have any, with the top soil after the hole is filled and before you do the last watering. A mulching of straw about the tree will help hold the moisture in the ground and may save the tree from dying the first season if it happens to be dry.

Setting Out Strawberry Plants

We often wonder why our strawberries do not bear better. The beds are clean and the plants thrifty, yet we are disappointed in the yield of berries.

This may be our own fault. It must be remembered that the blossoms of the strawberries are of two kinds—perfect and imperfect. By perfect blossoms we mean those having both stamens and pistils and thus capable of self-fertilization. No plant will bear fruit unless the blossom is properly fertilized—that is, the pollen from the stamens must be carried over to pistil, the female part of the flower.

Imperfect flowers are those lacking in either stamens or pistils. They cannot therefore be self-fertilized and hence cannot bear fruit without outside assistance. Now if it so happens that we plant our strawberry bed all to one kind of plants bearing imperfect flowers we are doomed to disappointment. Such plants will not, cannot, bear fruit.

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We should always ascertain when buying strawberry plants from the dealer whether or not the flowers are imperfect. If so, we must always buy other plants of some perfect variety to plant among them; otherwise our strawberries will not bear.

Marl and Shells

Watch out for a chance to buy cheap shell marl where big drainage ditches were put through last fall. In one district we know of, farmers have been hauling such white marl at one dollar the load and the loads they have piled on at that price certainly have been so big that they could scarcely fail to prove profitable. The marl is made up of the fine, thin shells of snails or other mollusks. Rarely do we find clam shells of any large variety and in some instances one cannot make out the composing shells. The shells have wasted away or lost their shape and identity and lime matters remain. To tell if such marl is worth hauling pour a little hydrochloric acid on a sample and if it boils and dissolves it contains plenty of carbonate of lime and will prove useful on worn land. Such lime, also ground limestone, and airslaked lime, will be likely to benefit any land that has had no lime applied for many years. It surely will pay well as a top dressing upon all lands that are sour, growing sheep sorrel or showing green moss on the surface, but such lands usually need draining as well as liming to make them fertile and profitable. Rushing the lime or marl into the grass pastures also proves worth while and helps to bring in the clover which cannot thrive well without a due amount of lime in the soil. Heavily applied shell marl also will greatly benefit stiff, sour adhesive, retentive clay soils. At a dollar a load, or thereabout, and where the haul is not too long, marl of good quality will be well worth buying for any farm that has been cropped for years without much added fertility.

Salting Old Pastures

It is a well-known fact that old, permanent pastures are bad places for young lambs, pigs, colts and calves. They infest them with worms. It may be added that such pastures too are in some instances likely to induce certain deadly diseases, such as blackleg in cattle and "braxy" in sheep, or "red water" in cattle. In Great Britain it is a common practice to give such pastures a top dressing of crushed rock salt early in spring brushing it in with a light harrow. From one to five tons to the acre have been applied in this way; the latter amount being indicated where a malignant disease has been prevalent. We have known of several instances where such disease has apparently disappeared permanently after one five ton dressing with crushed rock salt, and we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Early Spring Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



and long coats, short waists and long basques, ripple and smooth outlines, women have but to choose what suits their individuality and taste, to be pleased with the new fashions.

Children's dresses are ever practical, and the simpler styles are always best for little ones, besides they are easy to make and easy to launder.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

1186-1185—A Stylish Dress. The waist shows the latest expression of new lines in shirt-waists, with yoke sections over the fronts, tucks and panel effect. The skirt is a popular yoke model, lengthened by plaited sections.

The waist pattern 1186 is cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern 1185 is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a medium size, for the entire dress. This illustration calls for two separate patterns at 10c for each pattern.

9992—Ladies' One-piece Apron. This model is fitted by a dart under the arms, and has ample pockets in front. Gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, cambric, muslin, alpaca or denim may be used for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1070—Ladies' Waist with Long or Short Sleeve in Raglan Style. The fronts are trimmed with revers, that outline the "V" neck and meet a rolling collar. The design is splendid for silk, and wash fabrics. It is also good for voile, cloth, velvet or corduroy or serge.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and five eighths yards of 27-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1168—A Simple Shirt-waist Style. The model here, shown in finished in tailored style, with a neat coat closing, and a becoming collar that leaves the throat free. The sleeve in wrist length, has a new flare cuff. In short length a shaped turn-over cuff forms a smart finish. This style is good for faille, poplin, crepe, serge, charmeuse or messaline, for linen, batiste, and other lingerie materials.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9994—Ladies' "Over All" Apron. This style covers the dress so well and practically, it may serve in place of a work or house dress. The waist and sleeve portions are cut in one. Gingham, percale, drill, chambray, galatea or lawn are all equally serviceable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1201—Child's Set of Dress, Petticoat and Drawers. The dress is in simple Bishop style, and may be finished in French waist style, and with short sleeve and low neck. The petticoat is cut with a long waist, and is sure to prove a comfortable garment. The good features of the drawers will be at once apparent.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. It requires two and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the dress, two and three eighths yards for the petticoat and three quarters yard for the drawers for a three-year size.

1181—Ladies' House or Home Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and with Raised or Normal Waistline. This style is simple in design, and easy to develop. The skirt is a comfortable three-piece model, with plaited fullness at the side seams. The design is good for galatea, gingham, chambray, seersucker, serge, percale or voile. A stylish neat business suit could be developed from this pattern, in serge or velvet, with trimming of plaid, checked or striped silk or cloth, or flat braid applied in rows or as binding, would be good.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9910—Girl's Apron. This simple, practical garment may do duty as a dress or an apron. It has sufficient fullness, and is cut with body and sleeve in one. The design is good for percale, lawn, dimity, gingham, cambric, chambray or crossbar muslin. It may be cut with round or square neck edge.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires one and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a six-year size.

1177—Ladies' Combination Garment, Corset Cover and Drawers with or without ruffle, and in round or square neck outline. Cambric, nainsook, batiste, crepe, flannelette or silk may be used for this style. The garment is fitted by shoulder, and underarm seams and darts. With prevailing long-waisted styles this garment is very practical.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size, with three quarters yard extra if made with ruffle.

1079—Costume for Misses and Young Women. This attractive model holds several new style features. The yoke tunic is especially popular. The sleeve is attractive in wrist length, with its deep cuff, and is also pretty with the neat shaped cuff, in short length. The design is good for cashmere, velvet, velveteen, combinations of wool, cloth and silk.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It

requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size.

1211—Dress for Misses and Ladies. Consisting of an overdress in "Chemise" style and an underdress having a waist cut with body and sleeve in

one and joined to a two-piece skirt. Many types of this style are now in vogue, all of which are especially suited to slender figures. The style here shown is distinctively smart, and may be worn over any gump or waist and skirt, that harmonizes with the model. It will be attractive in velvet, serge or a combination of serge for the under-
waist. Net or lace could be used for the under-
waist if preferred. For linen, and batiste this model is also good.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years, for misses, and in four sizes for ladies, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires for a 16-year size, three and three eighths yards of 44-inch



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material for the overdress and five and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the underdress.

For a 36-inch size it requires three and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for the overdress, and six and one half yards of 27-inch material for the underdress.

1195—Girls' Dress. The long shoulder is comfortable, and the sleeve stylish in either wrist or elbow length. The blouse waist so becoming to youthful figures has a vest front which may be of contrasting material together with the collar and cuffs. It would be nice in soft crepe or voile, cashmere, plaid sniting, lawn or chambray.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires four yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1057—Boys' Suit with Trousers. This style makes a splendid coat or jacket suit for the small boy. It may be of velvet, corduroy, serge, cheviot, flannel, galatea, gingham, kindergarten cloth, drill or linen.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years, requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

9940—Ladies' Night Gown with Yoke Band. Batiste, dimity, nainsook, cambric, crepe or silk are all attractive and appropriate for this style. The design is cut with sleeve and body portions in one, and is made to slip over the head.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires five yards of 36-inch material for a large size.

1182—A Charming Negligee. Every woman's wardrobe should boast of one or more comfortable garments of this kind. Cotton and silk crepes, pretty voiles, crinkle cloth, and for warmth there are dannels, flannelette, elderdown and blauket cloths.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires five yards of 44-inch material for a medium size.

1191—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke Tunic. This style has a two-piece underskirt, that may be of lining beneath the tunic. The tunic flares gracefully at its lower edge, and may be made of contrasting material with yoke and underskirt alike. This style would be nice for novelty weaves, for plaid or checked fabrics, in velvet and serge combinations and for wash fabrics, such as linen, gingham, pongee, poplin, chambray, lawn or crepe.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and two and three quarters yards for the tunic for a 24-inch size.

9934—Ladies' House Dress with Long or Shorter Sleeve. This model may serve as a working dress, and is equally desirable for afternoon wear. It will develop well in lawn, chambray, seersucker, ratine, linen, percale, voile, poplin or tub silk.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1097—Ladies' Waist with Long or Short Sleeve, and with or without Chemise. This style has good lines. The sleeve is cut in one with the yoke. The open neck is finished with a collar that can be worn in flare or flat style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1195—Boys' Blouse Suit with Straight Trousers. Of all boy's suits there is none so comfortable as the blouse style. Blue serge with braid trimming or brown velvet bound with braid, would be nice for this style. Cheviot, tweed, corduroy, galatea, drill or linen are also good.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1173—Girls' Underwaist, Bloomers and Petticoat. The designs here portrayed are easy to develop and convenient and comfortable.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. For an eight-year size it will require one and three quarters yards for the petticoat, one

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequests. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre, where he gives his name to Edna and her aunt as Harold Payne. Seated in an arbor Cyril hears voices and recognizes Mr. Howley Jones, who admits being a chum of Cyril More, who has completely gone to the dogs, squandering all his money on Glitters. Edna listens and questions if he knows Sir Cyril and it is all true. He admits he has heard of him. Later Cyril meets Miss Glitters and requests her not to tell he is there. Passing on he sees Edna who has witnessed his greeting with Glitters.

CHAPTER V.

A VILLAGE FETE.

THE scene is the drawing-room, or saloon, as it is called, of the Pension Petre. Three days have elapsed since Cyril held his little conference with the overdressed young lady at the entrance to the Grand, and he is still in Lucerne, still at the pension, and for a wonder, perhaps the first time in his life, neither bored nor wearied.

Madame Petre is as liberal in the matter of light as she is in that of diet, and the room is both pretty and cheerful. Some of the visitors whom Sir Cyril saw on the first day of his arrival have gone, but others have come to fill their places, and the room is almost crowded.

The baron is still here and sleeps peacefully in a remote corner, half hidden by an India-rubber tree that grows in a huge majolica stand. Near him the authoress and an old sea captain are playing chess; a whist table is in full swing in an adjoining and smaller room, and through the open windows come floating in the voices of some young people who proffer the moon and the lake to the whist or go-bang.

Mingling with their voices, almost dreamily there at times are the strains of a new waltz by Strauss, which the German professor, with all a German's taste, is playing at the piano. And last, but not least, Edna Weston sits at a small table near the window, turning over some awful daubs, which the young lady, who has perpetrated them, and is kindly explaining them, calls "sketches." Cyril is nowhere to be seen.

"This," says Miss Robinson, the artistic criminal, "is Heidelberg Castle by moonlight. Do you like it? It is considered rather good. Capt. Sparkler, who was staying at the pension at Heidelberg with us, admired it immensely; do you really like it?"

Edna thinks that it would be better if the castle were not quite so much out of the perpendicular, but she smiles her approval, and Miss Robinson turns complacently to sketch number two.

"And that is the Bay of Naples," which she has represented in the approved fashion, all pink and green and ultramarine. "Oh, I do so love Naples. And that's the Coliseum at Rome; oh, isn't Rome lovely? Oh, I dote on Rome; don't you?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it," murmurs Edna.

"We had such a glorious time there," continues Miss Sophie; and she smiles with deep significance as she turns to the window; "didn't we, Josephine?"

Josephine thus addressed is another Miss Robinson, tall, fair, freckled and gorgeous in a pink dress with an enormous frilled collar. Why will every young lady with red hair and a long neck fancy herself like Mary Stuart, and so be tempted into wearing a huge ruff?

Miss Josephine smiles with still deeper meaning, and Miss Sophie explains, in an undertone: "You know, it was at Naples we met Mr. Slaughter from Oxford."

And Edna, poor Edna, who has been already made recipient of the records of the many Robinson conquests, nods acquiescently.

"And that reminds me," goes on Miss Sophie, with a sudden eagerness, "we meant to ask you if you knew anything about Mr. Payne?"

Edna raises her eyes from the particular abomination in water colors which she is contemplating, with calm interrogation.

"Know about Mr. Payne?"

"Yes," nods Miss Sophie, dropping into the chair beside Edna, and twining her long, thin, grenadine-covered arm round Edna's waist. After the fashion of a schoolgirl, which Miss Sophie long since ceased to be; "yes, he always seems to be with you, and you appear to be so friendly, and to know him better than anyone else here."

Edna's clearly penciled brows come together, as is their wont when she is thoughtful, and then she shakes her head.

"No, I don't know anything about him, excepting that he is very kind and attentive."

"Oh, do you think so?" interrupts Miss Sophie, with an uprearing of her eyebrows. "Why, it was only today that Josey and I agreed that he was almost rude!"

Edna turns to the sketches with a smile that is rather abstracted and incredulous, as she remembers Cyril's pointedly respectful manner to her—how he has turned from her side to fetch some trifle that Aunt Martha or she herself had forgotten or required—how he never let them leave the room without opening the door for them—how, ah! in countless ways, how polite and high-bred he was.

"Do you think so?" she says, incredulously.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Sophie, decisively, "not at all polite. Why, it was only yesterday that he passed us without raising his hat, just as if he didn't know us! And then he's so unsober; he never says a word to any of us, excepting you, unless he's spoken to. Not that I dislike the high-and-mighty style, but I do like to know whether people who've got it have anything to give themselves airs about. Josey stands up for him, but then that's because she admires him. He is very handsome, isn't he?"

Edna, who has listened in a sort of dreamy inattention, rouses with a little start.

"Handsome!" she repeats, and then turns her thoughts inward. It is not too much to say that she has never asked herself the question Miss Sophie has put to her: she has never considered whether he was handsome or ugly, short or plain; she knows that he is kind, that he never comes near her without giving her an indefinable, calm kind of pleasure that there is something in his voice which makes it different to the voices of all the other people about her.

"Why, what a time you are deciding! Can't you decide? Do you think him better-looking than Mr. Jones?" and Miss Sophie smiles across the room at that gentleman, who is lounging against the wall, eying himself in the glass approvingly, while he draws and minces through a feeble flirtation with a young lady who has just arrived with papa and mamma from London.

A smile, light and spontaneous, floods, yes, literally floods, Edna's pure face as she looks at Mr. Jones' commonplace countenance with its turn-up nose and insipid eyes.

Now she knows, and her smile is sufficient answer.

"Ah, I see," says Miss Sophie, sapiently. "Mr. Jones is no favorite of yours—oh, yes, I've seen you snub him often. Now, we think he is very nice—quite the aristocrat."

Before Edna can confirm or contradict—neither

of which she would do—by the way, the door opens and the other subject of Miss Sophie's criticism enters.

Surely no one could hesitate a moment over that question of good looks as the fair-haired giant comes in with the quiet, high-bred air of self-possession.

Edna looks up and sees his eyes go round the room searchingly and then light up for an instant as they rest on her, and for the first time a little tinge of extra color mounts to her cheeks, and her pure, clear eyes drop.

With his light, commanding step he comes up to the table and stands before them.

"Good evening, Miss Robinson—good evening, Miss Weston. Sketches, eh?" and he takes one up, to turn, after a momentary examination, to Edna. "Did you do these?"

"No; they are Miss Robinson's," says Edna.

"Very pretty," he says, politely, but with an evident sigh of relief.

"Are you fond of art, Mr. Payne?" says Miss Sophie.

"Very," was the reply, in a tone which would be appropriate to "not at all" equally well.

Miss Sophie rises and collects her sketches.

"I'm going on the balcony, dear Miss Weston; will you come?"

Edna, always amiable, half rises, but a hand, firm, yet pleading, catches secretly at her skirt, and with a little blush she changes her mind, and Miss Robinson hurries off alone.

Then, very humbly, the audacious Cyril pleads for forgiveness.

"It was awfully cool of me, but I was filled with despair; I knew if you got on that balcony we should see no more of you tonight, and this place is so dull, and—he stops and feels in his pocket—"I've been for a stroll in the town," he goes on. "Quite a nice old town, full of rum shops and quaint old houses. Funny thing, but just as I was passing one of the old places I came upon one of those Swiss carvings you spoke of yesterday—the chamols, you know," and with a timidity, which is most absurdly comical in the usually self-possessed Sir Cyril, he extends a delicate little carving of a chamol upon a piece of rock. It is a pretty little toy, of very little value, but Edna is delighted.

"How strange," she says, "that you should have happened to see it today, after our mentioning it yesterday."

"Isn't it?" says Cyril, ignoring, or oblivious of the fact, that he had searched every shop in the town for one. "I thought you would like it."

"Is it for me?" she asks, with the childish delight of possession. "How kind you are!" and her eyes rest upon his face for a moment, and makes Cyril's heart throb. "Are you sure it is for me? Won't you keep it for someone else—your sister?"

This rather doubtfully, remembering suddenly that she has not heard of the existence of such a relative.

"Haven't got one," says Cyril, smilingly; "I wish I had one. One like you!" he adds, wistfully regarding the childish figure, clad this evening in some dark, soft, clinging material, that drapes the graceful outline to simple perfection. "Perhaps if I had I should have been a better man."

"Would you?" she asks, with that old intent gaze. "Would you like to have had a sister? I am sorry you have not," abstractedly.

"Indeed?" he asks, with a smile. "Why are you?"

She opens her eyes.

"Oh! didn't you just say you would have been better, you know? Have you a brother?"

"Yes," said Cyril, slowly.

"That is nice," she remarks, cheerfully. "Oh, yes, it must be nice to have a brother—a second self."

"Oh, must it?" says Cyril, grimly, so comically that she looks up and laughs again.

"How curiously you said that! Do you know, there is something strange about you that I cannot understand. Oh, have I said anything rude?" she adds, quickly, anxiously, as Cyril's face falls and flushes. "I didn't mean to—indeed, I did not."

"No—no," says Cyril, smilingly reassuring her. "There is a great deal about me you don't understand. How I know what you may know me long enough to understand—then he stops. How can he put it to this child-woman, whose eyes fix him with such innocent intentness?"

She nods.

"Perhaps I shall. I am going to England, you know, and we shall meet. Who knows?" and she smiles up at him, past him, in her strange fashion. "Perhaps in London, at some party, or at one of the theaters you told me about last night, or perhaps in the country, at some friend's house. It is likely."

"I don't know—I hope so," says Cyril, earnestly. Then she sighs suddenly, and laughs.

"What's the meaning of that contradictory combination?" exclaims Cyril, amusedly. It is noteworthy that he watches every look of her face, and takes note of every tone of her voice.

"What did I sigh for?—now quick you are! I don't know. It is all so dark, the future, isn't it? One never knows what may happen."

"I know one thing that will happen, and that in the very immediate future. If I stay here much longer I shall be suffocated—it is fearfully hot. Will you come outside? A shawl—please don't go without a shawl. Here, will this do?" and he takes up an antimacassar and adjusts it round her shoulders with reverential care.

The laughing face, framed in the thick white fringe which he has ventured to pull over her smooth, sleek head, looks up at him merrily.

"What would Madame Petre say?" she laughs, and laughing together, they pass out upon the balcony. But the balcony is too full, there is too much chatter of the feminine gender for Cyril, and he whispers audaciously that they should "get out of this" into the garden. Edna is not given to small talk, hates scandal, and, childlike, is bored by the petty personalities of the gossip of such women as the Robinsons, and is nothing loath to escape.

So they go into the garden, picking their way down the little paths and stumbling occasionally over a border of box. Cyril once blundering straight into a vine, but being helped thereout by the firm clutch of a tiny hand, doesn't seem to mind it much. When they have reached the road, and after a stare at the lake, prepare to climb up again, suddenly the heavens are lit up as if by magic, there comes a loud explosion, and a rocket soars skyward.

"Hello!" exclaims Cyril, "what's the matter?"

Edna laughs.

"Oh, fireworks—and there need not be much the matter. Don't you know how fond the Germans and the Swiss are of pyrotechny? English mobs are given to bands and banners, aren't they?"

"Yes, and processions," nods Cyril. "They had such a big one in Trafalgar Square last year, that Nelson, on the monument, you know, turned quite pale with alarm."

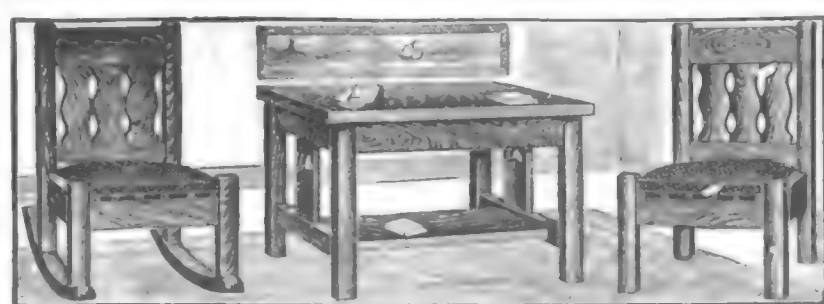
Edna laughs—she is always ready with her soft, musical laugh, with or at this new friend of hers—and they stand for a few minutes watching the fireworks.

"That's not a bad one," says Cyril—some particularly bright and savage specimen of the pyrotechnic art bursts in the sky with a whizz, and showers down a myriad of colored balls—"not at all bad."

"Oh, look at the lake!" exclaims Edna, enthusiastically, as the whole scene is encircled by a blaze of red fire. "It is beautiful, is it not?"—though one is always inclined to look upon fireworks with contempt. I wonder where it is?" she adds, slowly and wistfully.

"Not far," suggests Cyril.

"No; and there's the band. It's at the National—the Yankee's Paradise, as they call it. I dare say the whole of the quay is illuminated."



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"Pity we can't see it from here," remarks Cyril.

"If we were a little lower down—"

Edna looks wistfully down the road and into the dim distance.

"Just at the bend we should see everything," says Cyril. "Haven't we better go?"

Edna looks back at the house eagerly, hesitatingly.

"Do you think aunt would mind?" she asks, with the wistfulness of a child and the gravity of a woman combined.

"I should think not. There are some of the others going. I should think. Hark! They're scrunching down that beastly path now! Come along—just to the corner!"

"But this antimacassar—" exclaims Edna.

"Tuck the fringe in," says Cyril, with all a man's indifference. "That's it—there's a bit out; may I—"

And he turns in half an inch that has escaped her with almost unnecessary nicety; but though his fingers tremble and thrill as they come in contact with her soft, warm neck and silky hair, she stands quite serene and unconscious, her glorious eyes turned with wistful eagerness toward the fireworks, her whole thoughts upon them.

"Come along," says Cyril, having made the antimacassar look as commonplace and proper as possible; and, without further parley, they run—yes, Sir Cyril, the *bosse*, finds himself running like a schoolboy—"down the hill."

"Here we are," he says, as they gain a point of view.

"Isn't it beautiful? Isn't it really grand?" exclaims Edna, as she stands on tiptoe, unconscious, her glorious eyes turned with wistful eagerness toward the fireworks, her whole thoughts upon them.

"They've surpassed themselves."

"Nobody more surprised than the striker, as we say at billiards," says Cyril. "Who'd think sixpennyworth of red fire would so alter a scene?"

"Sixpennyworth!" exclaims Edna, indignantly. "This will cost the town pounds—oh, ever so many pounds! Look at that fountain! And—yes, I declare! I thought so! They're dancing on the terrace!"

"So they are," says Cyril, with exasperating coolness. "It's a regular carnival."

Edna watches and listens breathless. The band is as good as the fireworks, and the strains of Strauss' last and best waltz float up with the red fire.

Her little foot beats time unconsciously.

"How I should like to be down there—to see them!" she murmurs, almost inaudibly.

"Nothing easier," says Cyril, moving.

"Oh, no!" she says, drawing back.

"Why not?" asks Cyril. "No one will see us—all the rest of the people have gone down, I expect. And look there!" he goes on, pointing below. "There's a dark corner there, where the light doesn't get. An elephant might stand there and not be noticed. Come along! Surely you can trust yourself in the crowd with me?"

Edna laughs as she looks up at him towering above her.

"If I had only told aunt."

"Tell her when you come back," suggests Cyril. "Yes, I'll do that," returns Edna, quite simply, and then, having hesitated, she is lost, and in another minute they are running down the hill again.

Past the cathedral, glowing crimson, as if it were blushing at the unwonted gayety—down the steps, worn by how many thousands of ascending and descending worshippers, they go; and now Edna clings rather more closely to her companion, for here is the crowd, and in another moment they are in it.

Like all holiday crowds, it is a good-tempered one, and though there is much pushing, there is a great deal of laughter, and Cyril is able to pilot his way to the dark corner, and by the time they have reached it all Edna's compunction and hesitation had flown, and she stands watching the brilliant scene with flushed cheeks and brightly beaming eyes.

Every now and then there is a larger explosion or a greater crush than usual—for the crowd sways to and fro like a pendulum—her little hand clings tighter on Cyril's arm, and she creeps closer to his protecting side. She is perfectly happy, and Cyril, the brilliant display of colored fires, set pieces and rockets, yes, even the efforts of the band itself, are lost on him. He has eyes only for the sweet, unconscious child beside him, feels only the gentle pressure of her small, warm hand. And now there is a sudden increase of the excitement—the great fountain, which has been turned down, throws its contents fifty feet into the air, under a stream of limelight, the band breaks out into a gallop, the crowd cheers and sways back for a moment to allow a band of dancers to break into the center, and the dance commences.

It is a wild, Parisian galop, such as one may have seen in full swing at the Moulin Rouge, or on the Corsa at carnival time danced to a time that is simply maddening, and under a great sky of crimson fire.

Edna utters a low cry of delight.

"Isn't it beautiful—really beautiful? It is Lucerne gone mad! Look at that lady!"—hesitating a moment—"how she dances!" It is just like a theater. See, here she comes!" and she leans a little forward to get a nearer view.

Cyril turns his eyes in the direction of hers, and sees a magnificently dressed woman whirling toward them in the arms of a tall Englishman. The light is so strange, the pace so fast, that for the moment he does not recognize them; but as they come nearer, he sees more clearly; and as he recognizes Lord Jerry and Miss Glitters, he draws—almost jerks—Edna back into the shadow.

Quick as the involuntary movement has been, it is only half in time, for the sharp eye of the actress has caught a glimpse of the sweet face on the edge of the crowd, and she has directed her companion's attention to it.

But Lord Jerry is not quick mentally or physically, and while he is staring in every direction but the right one, he and his partner have whirled on and have gone.

"Did you see them?" asked Edna. "Was I too much in the light?—I hope no one saw me."

"No, I think not. I hope I didn't pull you back too sharply," says Cyril, and he laughs, but rather

constrainedly.

"Oh, no," says Edna. "But did you see the two I meant?—a very tall man, an Englishman, I'm sure, and a lady I have seen somewhere—why, yes?"

Then she hesitates, and looks up doubtfully.

"Do you think so?" says Cyril, rather quickly. "Very likely; there are all sorts of people here, mad English as well as mad Swiss. And now, what do you say to going?"

Edna looks up with a little sigh of regret.

"Oh, yes, when you like—now; it will be best."

"I'd like to stay all night if it gave you pleasure, but I'm afraid they'll be moving off shortly. Let us get a little further away, at any rate."

There is still a little constraint in his voice; Edna cannot but notice that. Perhaps he is anxious on her account—he is always so kind and attentive.

"Yes," with a sigh, "let us go."

It is not a moment too soon, as it turns out, for that galop was evidently the last, and the crowd is already beginning to turn in the direction of the cafes along the quay.

Cyril moves with it as far as the corner leading to the cathedral, but he must turn off here—it will not do to let Edna and the antimacassar drift into the lights of the principal thoroughfare.

"Keep close to me," he whispers, and then, watching his opportunity, he makes an effort to turn. Just as he does so, as he almost gains the corner, the door of a wine shop is thrown open suddenly, and a stream of people pour out; some of the dancers are among them, and their exertions, together with the refreshments, have excited them. So sudden and unexpected is the rush that Edna, who has withdrawn her arm from Cyril's to arrange the impromptu shawl, is swept clean from his side, and forced down the side stream into the main current. Naturally she utters a cry, more of surprise than alarm, at her helplessness, and naturally there was a cad near enough to take advantage of it. The cad in this instance was a short, thickset Englishman, who had been dancing a little and drinking a great deal; and seeing a pretty girl driven by a crowd, exerted himself to be fascinating.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he exclaimed, rather thickly; "lost your mother? Here, catch hold of my arm," and he put his thick arm round her waist.

Edna shrank back with a face that was redder than any fire that had been burned that night.

"What! offended already?" remonstrated the man. "There, don't be bashful, stick close to me and I'll carry you down to the cafe at the corner; all for nothing, too, except a kiss."

He put his face so close—his arm was so heavy upon her, that Edna, losing her self-command, uttered a low cry of terror. As if it had been a preconcerted signal, a clinched fist shot past her face and fell with a dull crash upon the dashed one in front of her. Then, as her tormentor went down under the waves of the crowd, she felt a strong arm round her—she knew to whom it belonged—and she was carried to land on the cathedral steps.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN LOVE AWAKENS.

Like a clock that has suddenly stopped—a beautiful thing of seves and gold, if you like to make the comparison complete—Edna, that was a moment ago such a happy, thoughtless child, flushed with innocent excitement, with heart beating and lips quivering, lies now limp and nerveless in his arms.

It is not the first woman Cyril has seen faint, by many—it is not the first, alas! that he has held in his arms, but it is the first time that he has himself ever felt as he feels now. Mad with rage one moment, melting with a strange, subtle, wistful—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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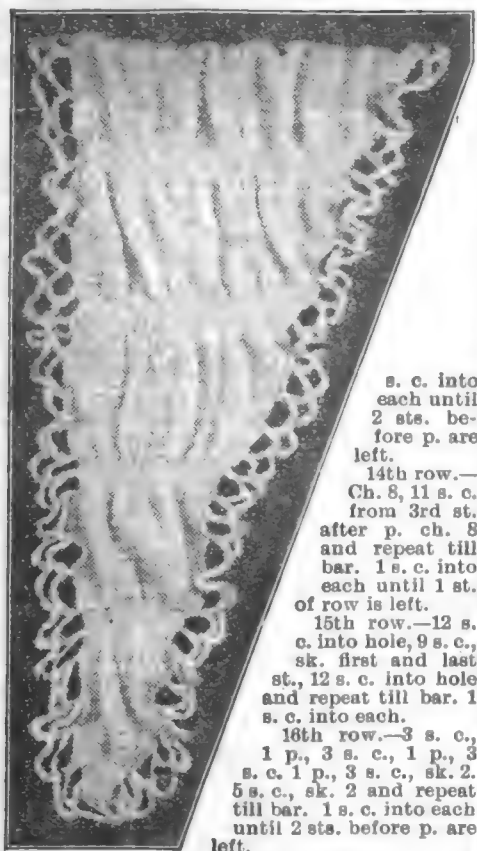
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than a hard twisted crochet cotton can be used. The work should be done with a steel hook fine

last st. Repeat till solid bar. 1 s. c. into each, until 4 sts. before hole are left.
13th row.—1 p., 2 s. c., sk. 2. 11 s. c., sk. 2, 2 s. c., 1 p., 2 s. c., sk. 2, 11 s. c. Repeat till bar, 1



KNITTED FASCINATOR.

s. c. into each until 2 sts. before p. are left.
14th row.—Ch. 8, 11 s. c. from 3rd st. after p. ch. 8 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each until 1 st. of row is left.
15th row.—12 s. c. into hole, 9 s. c., sk. first and last st., 12 s. c. into hole and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.
16th row.—3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., 1 p., 3 s. c., sk. 2 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each until 2 sts. before p. are left.
17th row.—Ch. 6, 1 s. c. into first p. ch. 6, 1 s. c. into 3rd p. ch. 6, 3 s. c. into 5 s. c., sk. first and last st. ch. 6 and repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.
18th row.—8 s. c. into 1st hole, 8 s. c. into next, 4 s. c. into 3rd hole, turn; ch. 6, 1 s. c. into center of 1st scallop, ch. 6, 1 s. c. into center of next scallop, turn, 8 s. c. into 1st hole, 4 s. c. into next, turn, ch. 6, 1 s. c. into center of scallop, turn, 8 s. c. into hole, 4 s. c. into each unfinished scallop, 1 s. c. into center of the 3 s. c., repeat till bar. 1 s. c. into each.
19th row.—4 s. c. 1 p., 4 s. c. 1 p., repeat till center of last scallop is reached, ch. 11, sk. 1, 5 s. c. 1 p., 5 s. c. Continue row till starting point is reached.

To fill in the hole in the center use a needle and thread. Start on the wrong side and after dividing the hole into 8 parts, make 1 buttonhole stitch on each division, then draw thread again through each loop and draw the center up close as shown. Finish off.

The other side of the cosey can be made in the same way. Join by sewing the center picots of both sides together. Make a lining of white or colored satin padding it so as to retain the heat.

Knitted Fascinator

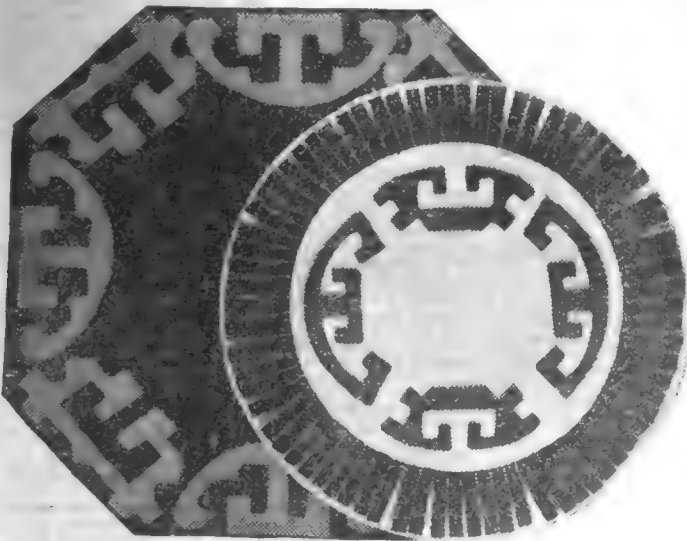
Materials. 5 skeins Shetland floss, 1 pair bone needles No. 5, 1 pair steel needles No. 15, 1 medium-size crochet hook. This throw is in plain knitting back and forth. All increasing and decreasing is done on one side, in every other row, the other side being kept straight.

This will be understood without further reference to it. With steel needles cast on 10 stitches, increase to 20 sts. at end of every second row.

With bone needles increase to 36 sts.
With steel needles increase to 46 sts.
With bone needles increase to 62 sts.
With steel needles increase to 72 sts.
With bone needles increase to 88 sts.
With steel needles increase to 98 sts.
With bone needles increase to 114 sts.
With steel needles increase to 119 sts. Then decrease to 114 sts.

Now narrow to correspond with first half of the work, and bind off.

With steel needles decrease to 114 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 98 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 88 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 72 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 62 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 46 sts.
With steel needles decrease to 36 sts.
With bone needles decrease to 20 sts., and



LEATHER CUT-WORK.

bind off. Finish with a shell of 6 d. c. all around or 2 rows of chains 7 as shown in our illustration.

Handicraft

Original Conventional Designs in Cut Leather, Combined with Silk, Satin and Velvet

This sort of fancy work will appeal strongly to those who have not the time or are not en-

dowed with the nimble fingers and the patience necessary to do the finer and more pattering kinds of handwork. In cut leather work elaborate and striking designs can be comparatively easily obtained in a short time. The material necessary is not expensive either, as leather especially adapted for this work can be bought at moderate prices and one skin will make a surprising number of articles, if the worker carefully plans her designs.

It is generally an economy of material to make the bigger things first, then smaller articles can be made of the leavings. The leather and satin handbag here shown is of reddish tan suede leather and old ivory white satin. The open work design is first sketched on a separate piece of leather, then cut out with a sharp knife or scissors. It is then placed on the upper part of the front of the bag and fastened in place with long stitches of heavy rope silk, the joints and circular center being further decorated with flat iridescent beads. The top of the leather is cut in an irregular outline and the edges machine stitched to the satin with silk matching the leather.

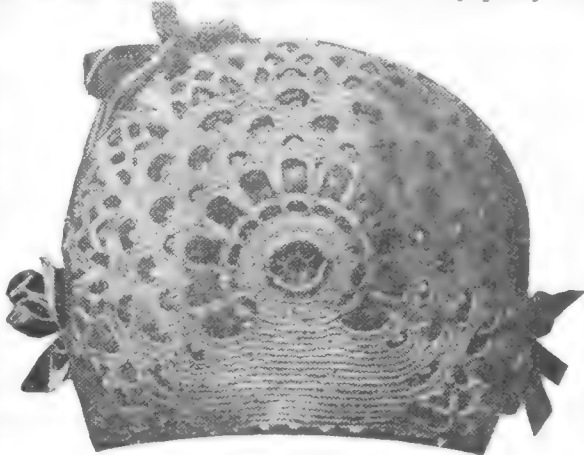
Heavy white silk cords are prettier for drawing up the top than ribbons. Another hand-



CUT-WORK HAND BAG.

some bag was made of strips of white leather cut from long wristed gloves. Figures decorating the front were delicately colored in a mosaic of pink, blue and lavender with water colors outlined with a heavy line of gold paint. A handsome piece of heavy pink brocade formed the top. Mats for a reading table are especially nice made of leather. These can be decorated in various ways. The larger one in our illustration is of hunter's green leather with the cut designs underlaid with old gold plush.

The other shows a combination of tan and brown leather. The under circle of the darker color, being cut in a two and one half inch fringe all around. After the design is cut from the upper piece, it should be glued in place and pressed under a weight until dry. If leather cannot be bought in all localities, similar results can be obtained by using felt combined with silk and velvet. Bits of leather from gloves, however offer great possibilities as dress garnitures. Suede leather is very pretty cut



CROCHETED TEA COSEY.

into open work medallions for hat trimmings, and belts can also be made using silk or velvet as a foundation. A handsome collar and cuff set recently seen, was of light gray kid over two layers of chiffon. Tiny change purses are among some of the other small articles which can be made of material which is really too valuable to throw away.

Tatted Pillow and Bag

More and more is tatted being used in the making of fancy articles of all sorts. Both the bag and pillow which are made by combining two simple designs are very handsome. In these examples coarse cotton was used.

In doing this work there is really only one basic stitch and having acquired that it is an easy matter to work out any pattern.

This stitch, here illustrated is nothing more nor less than a double buttonhole stitch worked over a thread with a shuttle. Having provided one's self with a thread-filled tatted shuttle, proceed as follows: Hold the shuttle between the right thumb and forefinger, and the cotton between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand passing the cotton around the back of the fingers and up between the thumb and forefinger again, then back of the fingers. Let about five inches of the end hang.

Now pass the shuttle into the ring from the right and out between the first and second fingers. Pull to the right with a jerk. At the same time raise the second finger within the ring to raise the latter, when the ring thread will form into a stitch upon the shuttle thread. This is in reality but half a stitch. To make the second half, pass the shuttle from the second finger of the left hand into the ring and above the shuttle thread, jerk the latter, raise the second finger of the left hand and the other half of the stitch will form, completing what is known as the double stitch of tatted. The important thing is to have the stitches form of the ring thread and not of the shuttle thread, as one would naturally suppose. When starting the first half of the stitch always have the shuttle thread lying over the fingers of the left

hand back of the ring, and when starting the second half of the stitch you should always be sure to have the shuttle thread hanging in front of the ring. A beginner will have to be patient and probably practise quite a little before they get the peculiar hand movements of the tatted maker. The directions should be followed very carefully, for tatted though so simple, is something which is rather difficult to learn even with an oral teacher.



A Picot

And even this is in fact very simple if one will only remember that the shuttle thread is the one to pull tight and hold tight after each stitch, and that the stitch itself is formed on this thread and not by it, but by the thread which goes around the fingers, the ring thread. This is the thing to watch, as on it depends the slipping of the stitches. To prove if the work is correct after each stitch, pull the shuttle thread tight and then see if the stitches will slip back and forth on the shuttle thread.

Of the edgings the narrow row of rings is the simplest of all tatted patterns. Try it of No. 24 thread for edging ruffles for under clothes. Of finer thread this is a dainty edge for baby clothes.

In making this edging, form your ring first; in it put 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 3 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., close.

Leave a short space, begin as before, connecting with last picot of previously made ring.

For centerpieces, doilies and edging for any household linen No. 60 thread is usually used.

For trimming personal underwear No. 80 is the standard, but a beginner will do better to practise with coarser cotton.

For the pillow and bag here shown use coarse cotton, either No. 30 spool thread or a regular crochet cotton. One will get over the work much quicker and the coarse tatted is more effective for articles of this sort.

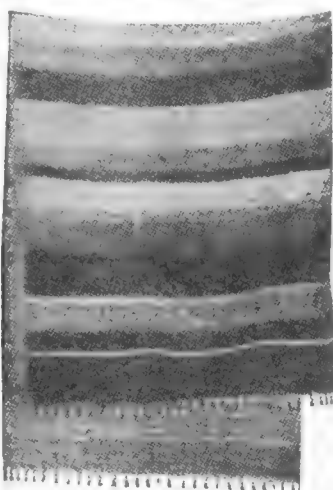
Tatted Pillow

Our illustration shows just half of this pillow which is one of the new oblong ones. To make the daisy like motifs begin, with ring of 8 p., with 1 d. s. between each picot, close. Surround this with 8 rings each of 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., close. Join to center by picot before making the second ring. Repeat making 8 rings in all fasten off and break thread. Join these daisies as made by the end picots of two rings.

The simplest form of tatted is done with one thread, that comes from the shuttle only. More complicated and elaborate designs are done with one shuttle and an extra thread, while still others require two shuttles.

Insertion

This is made with one shuttle and one extra thread. Begin by making 3 rings each of 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., 1 p., 5 d. s., joined to each by the picots as made. These 3 rings form the 2 on the end of each and the first ring in



SILK PORTIERE

the row. Next working with 2 threads, make a chain of 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., then 1 ring as before, joined to first ring in row, next 1 chain and so on. Join these rings to two of the daisy rings by the picots as shown.

Make 2 rings in turn on the other end, work in the same back again, joining the chains by the picots. The ends of both articles are furnished by full 2-inch tassels, made of the same cotton.

Uniformity in design is essential, and accuracy is most important in doing this work, as it is very hard to correct mistakes, practically impossible if one is using fine thread.

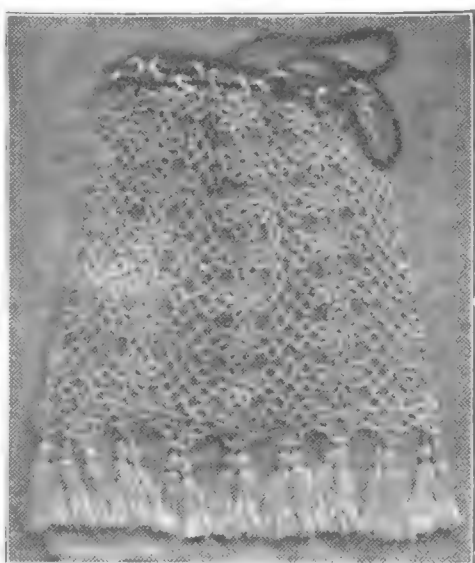
Making Old-Fashioned Rugs.

Within the last few years there has been an immense development in the making of attractive and serviceable home-made rugs. Long ago people used to collect old rags, sew them together, and make up into rugs regardless of the color or texture, but on the whole the rugs of today are of a much higher standard artistically. The color schemes are carefully planned and carried out with most pleasing results.

Some beautiful rugs were recently seen at an exhibition made wholly of new cotton flannel. This can be bought for ten or twelve and one half cents a yard, and comes in a variety of colors. Five yards of this material will make a rug about a yard in length.

The rug here shown was made by an eastern girl of new cotton flannel torn in strips and

carefully braided. A canary yellow center, surrounded with bluish grey, then steel grey

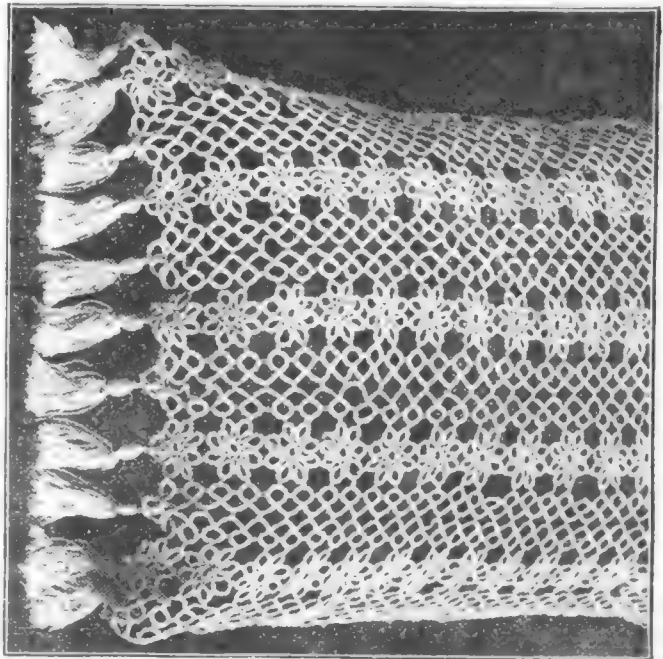


HAND BAG IN TATTING.

and the color once repeated, made a most cheery attractive combination.

Shades of old rose flannel harmonize beautifully with some of the modern wall papers.

But wherever the room or however furnished, there is nothing that lends such an atmosphere of thrift, comfort and hominess as these copies of the old-fashioned braided rugs,



TATTING SOFA PILLOW.

which used to be seen in almost every New England home.

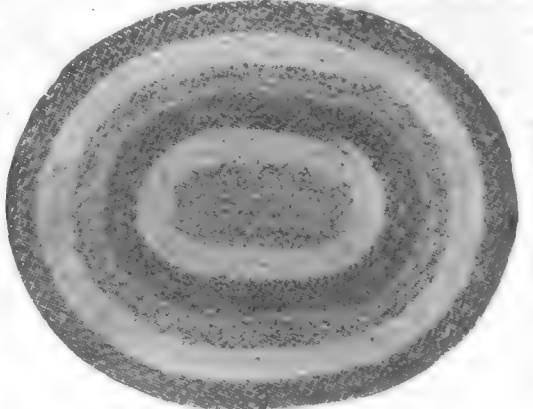
In sections of the country where these rugs are practically unknown the making of them will appeal emphatically to all economical housewives, for otherwise worthless material, can be sorted dyed and used. The process is very simple. A little practise, of course is necessary to find out what width the rags should be torn. A piece of old white muslin might have to be torn an inch and a half in width while a piece of denim would only need to be half that width. The point is that the plait when finished must be of equal thickness and these points are only learned by experience and experimenting.

However the joy of making a rag rug is a very real one, and the work fascinating as it shapes itself and grows so rapidly under your hands.

One of our clever readers very successfully combined the silk from worn waists, dress and petticoats in making this attractive portiere. The colors are arranged as much as possible so as to make stripes. The beginning being an eight-inch stripe of foundation, which forms sort of a foundation for the colors. All the silk should first be cut, sewed together and wound loosely into a ball. Cut taffetas about one third of an inch wide, while China or wash silks should be nearer an inch as they crush up more in the loom. Almost any odds and ends may be used, while tinsel or gilt braids are extremely effective if carefully placed.

From about three and a half to five pounds will be necessary for a portiere. The one here shown measures six feet by forty-two inches that being the width of the average loom.

Warp may differ in color and quality. But the common brown usually gives the best service. It shrinks as little as any upon removal from the loom, and the item of expense is the minimum. While one may choose orange, red, black or other colors of thread, which may be of linen or silk as well as cotton, the latter will be found most reliable, the brighter tones of



BRAIDED RUG.

warp having a tendency to domineer and over-cast the entire color scheme. The average cost for weaving should not exceed five dollars, for warp and work.

Stocking the Home Medicine Chest and How to Use It

By Dr. C. F. Reade

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EVERY home should be prepared for the many emergencies that are constantly arising—little emergencies that do not require the skill of a physician, but which do need immediate and proper attention. A cut finger, a bad bruise, a burn, or possibly a case of fainting—they are all apt to happen in every home, and if the housewife is prepared to meet them with some sort of skill they should not cause any more than a slight break to the routine of the day's work.

For what may be termed an ordinary cut there is little to do beyond washing the wound well, first with warm water and afterwards with some antiseptic, hydrogen peroxide being a splendid medium for cleansing open cuts. Use gauze in washing out a wound, not cotton, for the lint of cotton sometimes sticks and may cause inflammation. When the wound is well cleaned it should be bound up with an antiseptic bandage and a fresh bandage put on every day until it has healed sufficiently to allow it to come in contact with the air. For small cuts adhesive plaster should not be used because it keeps all the air away, and for large cuts or deep puncture holes, such as running a nail into any part of the body, a doctor should be seen at once to guard against poisoning.

In a home where there are small children bruises are a frequent and sometimes very painful occurrence. A compress saturated with arnica will draw out most of the inflammation. To make a compress fold your gauze several times, wet it thoroughly with the arnica, and bandage it over the bruised flesh. Arnica is also used in sprains, though it is not advisable to try to treat a bad sprain without the aid of a physician. If for any reason the doctor cannot reach your home at once, a cold compress, or better still an ice bag will reduce the swelling, and also lessen the pain. For a slight sprain a cold compress and then one of arnica will often be sufficient treatment, especially if the sprained place is afterwards painted with iodine.

The treatment of a burn is simple, and there are various methods of extracting the inflammation from the wound. Rubbing butter on the burn makes it less painful, and equally good is either an application of bicarbonate of soda or weak ammonia. The bicarbonate of soda can be applied either as a paste, or as a solution. If used as a solution, a cloth should be soaked with it, and kept very wet. The ammonia must be diluted before using, and can be applied as the solution of bicarbonate of soda.

Aromatic spirits of ammonia is a splendid all round remedy for the home medicine chest. If one of the members of the family faints, it is very valuable to bring about consciousness. It may be used both for inhaling, and as an internal remedy. As an internal remedy a good teaspoonful should be mixed with a third of a glass of cold water and fed to the patient in small mouthfuls. This drug is very beneficial in cases of slight nausea, and may be given as in the case of fainting. Partial collapse from excitement, heat or fatigue is generally relieved by a half glass of cold water into which a small quantity of aromatic spirits of ammonia have been poured. The dose used varies according to the condition of the patient, whether it is wanted in a strong or weak solution. No more than a half teaspoonful may be considered an average dose.

Stomach troubles of any kind should always be carefully watched, for they may be the first warnings of some serious trouble to follow. Indigestion should never be neglected, for it soon becomes chronic, and the result is years of miserable health. For a slight attack of indigestion, a pinch of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little warm water will generally give relief, as will rhubarb and soda, or charcoal tablets. The charcoal tablets are particularly to be recommended as they are easy to keep in the medicine chest and are always ready. There are any number of reliable laxatives to be bought at the drug-stores, and one of them should always be kept in the house. It is also well to have Jamaica ginger on hand for quick relief in cases of cold or cramps.

There are several drugs which are of great benefit at times, but which are dangerous to keep in the house owing to the fact that they are poisonous. Iodine is valuable for drawing out the pain in a case of neuralgia, and is also beneficial in cases of slight sprains or bruises. However as it is a poison it should not be kept where some member of the family, blundering to the medicine chest in the night, will be able to get it "by mistake." The same may be said of a number of very valuable antiseptics. Bichloride of mercury is very valuable because of the sterile properties that it contains, yet it is one of the most deadly poisons that we have—a poison that carries off hundreds of people every year—and is very frequently taken in ignorance. Carbolic acid can be classed with bichloride of mercury.

The medicine chest should be ready to meet all emergencies and should always contain a small quantity of sweet oil, and also some oil of cloves. This latter drug must be kept apart for it is poison when taken in a large quantity. The sweet oil when heated will generally give relief from the aching tooth will ease the pain for a short time, though it is hardly probable that any treatment short of a visit to the dentist will bring permanent relief. In the case of a prolonged earache it is wise to see a doctor, for the ear is a sensitive member and any gathering of pus may mean deafness or even worse.

If, as frequently happens, a member of the family has a cold in the eye, or if the eyes become tired and inflamed, the use of an eye-cup will bring about relief. Half a teaspoonful of powdered boric acid mixed in half a glass of water is without doubt one of the very best eye washes that can be used. Fill the small eye-cup full of the solution and put it over the eye, holding the head back. Then open and close the eye several times. If this is done a number of times during the course of the day it is sure to have good effect.

To reduce a fever a small quantity of sweet spirits of niter should be kept on hand, and if this does not have the desired effect, call a doctor. A heavy and lasting fever indicates trouble, and should have professional skill to reduce it.

There are numerous headache tablets on the market, but these should not be kept at home for they spell temptation. The majority of headache remedies contain coal tar products which are harmful to the heart, and should not be used except in the case of a very severe headache. Asperin is perhaps the less dangerous headache remedy, but even this should be taken sparingly.

In the case of bleeding, except a nosebleed which is normal in most growing children, call a doctor at once. This is true too of a heavy cold. "Only a cold" sounds like a slight illness, but colds develop with surprising rapidity, and what is a slight cold of the chest or a sore throat of today is pneumonia or worse tomorrow.

Sore throats if attended to at once will not cause trouble. A gargle of half alcohol and half water will generally stop the progress of the inflammation, but if the throat continues to be sore send for a doctor at once. Never neglect a heavy cold or a sore throat, they lead to too many dangerous illnesses.

In arranging the medicine chest you should group the drugs so that those most needed will be near at hand, and those not often used and any that are harmful are away from the others, where they cannot be reached without an effort.

The best cabinet is a small wall affair about

six inches deep and having four or five shelves. On the bottom shelf all surgical appliances should be kept. These should include at least a full roll of bandage, some antiseptic gauze, medicated cotton, and a pair of scissors. There is still room, the eye cup and eye dropper may be kept on this shelf. On the next shelf there should be a drinking glass, also a measuring glass so that given quantities in solution may be properly administered. A medicine dropper should be kept in a place where it will not be mistaken for the eye dropper, and with it may be kept the thermometer and a small brush for painting with such remedies as iodine or arnica. A spoon should always be kept in the medicine chest, and it is now possible to obtain a half spoon, which is very valuable in the measuring of medicine.

On small hooks directly under the medicine chest the hot water and ice bags can be hung. On the very topmost shelf it would be well for the housewife to have a small box with a cover and in it keep all the poisons or dangerous drugs. This box should be marked poison and each member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, should be made acquainted with its contents. If it is possible, it might be well to have this box made of wood with a key so that it can be locked, and the key kept in a place where it will not be available to all the family. Oil of cloves, iodine, paracetic, and any other drug, such as bichloride of mercury or carbolic acid should be kept up here, well out of the way.

The stocking of the medicine chest is not an easy matter, for there are many small medicines that one only wants occasionally, yet they should not be thrown away when finished with. These are generally medicines peculiar to the needs of each individual family and should be kept at one end of the top shelf, out of the way.

On the shelf immediately below can be kept the antiseptics and drugs peculiar to emergency accidents, such as cuts, bruises or burns, hydrogen peroxide, arnica, bicarbonate of soda, aromatic spirits of ammonia, alcohol, and the boric acid to be used as an eye wash.

All medicines which are at all apt to be used with frequency can be kept on one shelf together. The wise mother finds a place in her medicine chest for a good tonic which gives her brood in the fall so as to build them up against the winter colds which come with the first snow fall. Cod liver oil is a splendid tonic for a run-down body, and any of the various maltine combinations are equally beneficial.

A properly stocked medicine chest saves many trips to the doctor, though the minute that the mother sees any sign of a stubborn case that does not immediately respond to her simple remedies, she is wise if she has the doctor as soon as she can get there.

The housewife should occasionally look over her medicines so that in case of emergency she will not find that she has an empty bottle instead of the drug she wishes to use. Each time any of the surgical apparatus is used it should be properly sterilized and put back, always in the place originally designed for it.

NOTE BY EDITOR

Hydrogen peroxide (often called peroxide of hydrogen) is one of the most valuable antiseptics for cleansing a cut or wound; it is also an excellent gargle for sore throat, and is good as a mouth wash and for occasional use after brushing the teeth. It is a colorless liquid, odorless and nearly tasteless. Applied as a wash, to a festering wound it will destroy the pus and dead tissues without injury to the live flesh; yet it is not irritant or corrosive in its effect and causes no smarting. This wonderful substance is the only effective antiseptic that is not poisonous; if swallowed by mistake it is harmless—just drink a glass or two of water, or even if you don't drink you probably will never feel the peroxide. Do not use it as a wash for the scalp or hair unless you wish to bleach the hair, for which purpose it is used by brunettes desirous of wearing blonde hair. Hydrogen peroxide should be kept tightly corked and away from the light, for if exposed to the air it loses strength rapidly and soon becomes worthless.

Always keep a good supply of pure alcohol on hand, a quart is none too much. Besides being an excellent antiseptic for washing cuts and wounds, and a good gargle for sore throat, it is valuable for external application to relieve lameness, soreness and reduce inflammation, and in case of typhoid and other fevers it is indispensable for frequent bathing to reduce the fever. Be sure to get the pure "grain" alcohol—never use the "denatured" or wood alcohol for medicinal purposes nor for bathing.

For sore eyes, especially if bloodshot and mattering as the result of exposure to wind, dust or glaring sun, drop into the eyes two or three times a day a few drops of strong black tea steeped a long time in a cup or earthen teapot (not in a metal dish) and strained through a cloth; bathe the eyes in hot water morning and night, and on retiring bandage them with a cloth saturated with witch-hazel. Use good black tea, not green tea. Witch-hazel should always be kept on hand for relieving soreness, inflammation and bruises, but be sure to get the best quality, regardless of cost, at a reliable drugstore. This advice applies also to all drugs; you can't afford to take chances with inferior or adulterated drugs.

Always keep on hand a liberal supply of epsom salts in a tightly corked bottle. It is a quick, effective and harmless agent for clearing the bowels when clogged; one or two doses taken in time may prevent a threatened bilious attack. In case of acute intestinal indigestion or ptomain poisoning or appendicitis liberal doses to produce thorough evacuation of the bowels may save life while you are sending for the doctor. This or any other salts should not be taken daily as a remedy for chronic constipation.

No household should be without a bottle of syrup of ipecac. In large doses it acts as an effective emetic, not so quick in its action as some of the violent emetics, but sure and safe. With a grown person a teaspoonful will usually produce vomiting, for a child a smaller dose in proportion to age. Syrup of ipecac is an excellent remedy for colds, coughs, hoarseness and croup. For children in doses of ten to twenty drops every four hours (without producing nausea) it loosens and relieves a cough or hoarseness and often will prevent a cold from developing into croup. If it produces nausea reduce the dose. In case of actual croup give a half teaspoonful for an emetic and repeat the dose in half an hour if vomiting (which is the desired effect) has not set in. It is the prudent course to call in the doctor in case of croup; but croup comes on suddenly, and you can't always get the doctor just on the moment, so meanwhile apply your home remedy. For grown people ipecac is equally effective in the treatment of colds, cough and hoarseness, but the dose should be increased.

For earache I have found a half teaspoonful of glycerine and laudanum—equal parts of each thoroughly mixed and warmed over a lamp, poured into the ear and allowed to remain two or three minutes, then permitted to run out—the most effective in giving immediate relief. This was prescribed by a prominent physician. The laudanum and the heat quiet the pain while the glycerine softens the ear wax so that a few hours later it can be easily removed by warm water used through an ear syringe which should be included in the equipment of every home medicine chest. Keep the laudanum bottle in the poison box, it is deadly.

Always keep on hand a plentiful supply of mustard plasters in a tin box.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

thirty-five to forty dollars a month. About homestead land, that is very scarce here in Grant county. Of course there is some vacant land but it is good only for grass. Here in Malheur and Harney counties there is a great lot of vacant land that can be taken as desert land in this way: a married woman can take up three hundred and twenty acres and a man three hundred and twenty acres if he hasn't used his homestead right. This desert land is good if you want to follow dry-farming and drill for the water you use. Land sells very cheap here and people rent for half of what they can make off of it.

We have good schools here, and very good people; in fact, I think this is a good place for poor people like me to live in as it is easier to make a living here than most places.

I think I have answered all of your questions. I have answered some of the sisters and will write to all that sent stamps as time and health permit. Will some of the sisters write me who live near Polo, Caldwell county, Mo., or some who have lived there. I would also like to hear from someone living near St. Joseph, Mo. And remember I will be glad to hear from anyone who cares to write to me.

Hoping to hear from a great many, I am your COMFORT friend,

MRS. ELOE KIRKLAND.

REMFORD FALLS, MAINE.

My DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: After I had read Mrs. Thompson's letter and your kind invitation to Maine sisters I thought I would try my luck. I have been so happy and contented since we came here three years ago from Massachusetts. I have several reasons why I should be happy here. In the first place there are no saloons, or license for liquor, although there are a few kitchen barrooms; the climate is much better for our health, and wages are better; that is in the mills and I think they are better outside, too. My John has learned a trade since he came here. It is hard work, but he makes good money and supports the family well. In N. H. where we came from I had to leave my dear little ones at home in care of strangers and go to work in the cotton mill to keep the wolf from our door. I was so run down and tired that I weighed only one hundred and twenty-five pounds with a heavy suit on, and now I weigh one hundred and sixty-five and I am strong again. We just love this place.

Some of the sisters might be interested to know just what Remford Falls is like. Twenty years ago it was a wilderness, now a city of ten thousand people, located on the Androscoggin river, on line of Maine Central, eighty-three miles from Portland and twenty-five from the famous Rangeley Lake region.

We have seven churches and five schools. The place is lighted by electricity; there is a fifteen-thousand H. P. Hydro Electric power station with the falls right below. It would make the finest snap shot for your camera you ever saw.

We have one of the largest paper manufacturing plants in the world; employing over three thousand people. Some of the pretty colored coffee bags got in the Philippine Islands come from here.

I won't say much about my looks for fear you will take to the woods. I am thirty-six years old; have six children, four girls and two boys, living, and two dead, don't know what I should do without them. I should like to write something about children, but my letter is already too long, so I will close with sincere good wishes to all and may God bless Mr. Gannett and his staff of workers. Your sister,

MRS. MADELINE MONETTE.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT.

My husband is a cripple and suffers much, but he gets along some with two canes; we are poor which is no disgrace. We live some seven miles from Vermont's beautiful and magnificent Green Mountain Range, where lots of snow falls and much lumbering is done. We are five miles from our nearest R. R. station and as we live alone, of course we get lonely.

Years ago I joined the beautiful shut-in society and through its wonderful work blessed rays of sunshine often find us on our rural mail route. Were it not for this we would be more lonely than we are. Some reading comes to us and a dear friend sends us COMFORT this way for a year. Would be so glad to hear from COMFORT readers, if only a card, and dear ones, that isn't much. We both love postage, especially scenery, and never tire of looking at them.

What grand ideas Mrs. Charles D. Thomas and others give us on the solemn duty of child-training. No more sacred work could ever be given human beings than the training, by Godly precept and example, of the wonderful minds of future generations. However dear sisters don't think for one moment that you are alone in this work, for the Great Helper is always near to bless every effort for good.

Yours with best wishes for, and gentle memories of, your labor of love.

OPHIA M. BROWN JOHNSON.

BIRCH TREE, MO.

DEAR SISTERS: Many of you have tried growing ginseeng as a means of procuring money to supply the necessities of life? I have, and with good success. I first planted a small patch at the rear of my chicken-house, and later, planted more along the creek banks in the shade of the timber. It has done well, and I sell several dollars' worth each fall, receiving as high as seven dollars and forty cents per pound for it. To say nothing of the many benefits I get which sell readily at one dollar and fifty cents per thousand seed. I have often seen inquiries in dear old COMFORT, regarding ginseeng, and trust this little information will interest some sister. I would not advise you to invest very heavily in ginseeng at the start until you learn if you have a suitable place to grow it. It will not grow without shade, neither will it grow in low swampy places. If you have good rich soil, well shaded and draining, you may be reasonably sure of very good profits from the culture of this plant.

I fear I am taking up too much space, but cannot refrain from adding a word of praise for COMFORT. It is surely a comfort in many, many homes, and is indeed the greatest paper published for the home. Long live COMFORT! I would like to hear from all the sisters interested in homemaking, and those who know of practical ways of earning spending money. I will try and answer all letters.

MRS. L. E. DOUGLASS.

1117 Sandals Place N. E., CANTON, OHIO. My DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for seven years. We had been getting COMFORT but a short time when I introduced the paper to others and have ever since been sending in subscriptions and receiving useful articles and have several times received cash prizes.

I will now tell you about myself. I was nineteen years old on the fourteenth day of December and am an ardent lover of flowers and love to work in a garden. I wonder how many of the sisters that live in a city, especially the younger set, find pleasure in a garden. I had a most beautiful garden last summer, everyone praised the beautiful flowers it grew. I also was in a contest with girls and boys and my garden received the first prize. The prizes given were a trip to Washington, New York and Philadelphia. The money for the cost of the trip was donated by several prominent business men of Canton. The party of winners in this contest went in connection with the Buckeye Corn boys from all parts of Ohio. They spent five days visiting various places and also were received by President Wilson in the famous East Room, a tour of the White House and grounds followed the reception. I had the honor of being the first prize winner but had to be content at home while the other contestants were having the time of their lives, for I became ill and was not able to make the trip with them, but expect to enter in the contest again this coming spring in hopes of being again a winner of a trip. Will some of the sisters who are interested in my letter give me some advice such as would be helpful to me and also name some good magazines which tell about gardening? I will answer all letters promptly to those writing to me; especially would I like to get the younger sisters interested in city gardening. I am sincerely,

MISS MINNIE SCHAFFER.

Remedies

FRESH COLDS.—When you commence sneezing, taking fresh cold, drink a good cup of poke berry wine, every two or three hours and at bedtime. Next day drink it three or four times a day. It is splendid for rheumatism also, to mix with French brandy and drink three times a day. Good also without the brandy. Both of these remedies have been tried successfully in our family.

CROUP.—Apply kerosene to chest after first greasing to keep the kerosene from blistering. Give a teaspoon

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of honey in which has been stirred about one quarter
of a teaspoon of salt. This will produce vomiting.
Relief is certain in a few minutes.

Mrs. J. H. THOMAS, Marietta, R. S. Ga.

STOMACH TROUBLE.—Roast an ear of corn till brown.
Pour boiling water over it and when cool, drink. If
stomach is very weak, take one tablespoon to begin
with and increase.

RUTH UNDERWOOD, Essexville, R. R. 1, Mich.

SICK HEADACHE.—Take as much ground cinchona as
the point of a knife will hold. Repeat dose in half
an hour if not relieved.

MISS ETHEL KILLION, Cecil, Ark.

When baby has colic give him a swallow of cold
water.

For bowel trouble in infants give them a tablespoon
of beaten raw egg, three or four times daily.

For carbolic acid burns apply vinegar immediately.

For sick headache drink a glass of hot water, to
which has been added, the juice of a whole lemon,
without sugar.

MRS. DELLA CHAPMAN, Clifton, Oregon.

POISON IVY.—Dissolve one half cup copperas in one
cup of sweet milk and bathe affected parts freely.

MRS. M. E. NOOMAN, Greeley, Nebr.

CHILBLAINS.—Apply to affected parts the following:
One half pint alcohol, two ounces of aqua ammonia
and two ounces spirit of turpentine. Mix raw. Dilute
with water.

H. C. WHITLER, Derby, N. Y.

TONSILLITIS.—Gargle the throat three or four times
a day with a teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of wa-
ter. This is a tried remedy.

MRS. R. WELLS, Bridgeville, Cal.

CHAPPED HANDS.—One quarter pound of honey, one
quarter pound of sal-soda and one pint of water. Apply
often.

MRS. JOHN E. DAVIS, Cedar City, Utah.

CHICKEN OR GATHERED BREAST.—One half cup of lard,
one teaspoon camphor, two teaspoons turpentine, a
piece of beeswax size of a thumb and twice as much
mutton tallow and melt together. If breast is sore,
just rub on; if caked or gathered, wash with hot water,
apply ointment and cover with warm flannel. This is
an old tried remedy.

Mrs. F. J. BRADY, Okmulgee, 807 So. Grand St.,
Oklahoma.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Fill several bobbins with thread before starting
to sew. It saves time.

Rub salt in your milk vessel one half hour before
putting milk into it, rinse just before putting milk in
and it will remain sweet longer.

A little sweet milk in water will be enough starch
for handkerchiefs and will whiten them.

Do not throw away old table linen, make tea towels
of it.

MRS. LELIA HAGGARD, Norwood, Ohio.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains from
linen, without injury to the fabric. Wet the stains in
the mixture then put in sun to dry. Two or three ap-
plications may be necessary if stain is of long standing,
but the remedy never fails.

MISS AGNES HALPIL, Scotia, Nebr.

How many know that a tablespoon of vinegar put
in the lard when the fat is set over the fire will
prevent doughnuts from soaking fat.

Soaking pecans and butternuts over night in water
will make the meats come out without difficulty.

Gather green parsley. I also take the leaves from
celery and dry, then rub between hands and put in
a tin can, and it is ready to use in soup, potato
salad, etc.

Dark eyeglasses will protect the eyes when sweeping
the ceilings, also when preparing onions.

MRS. A. B. WEDGEWOOD, Dutch Flat, Cal.

Instead of washing hardwood floors with water, try
wiping with coal oil. It gives a nicer finish. Also
sweep carpets with broom dipped in coal oil and it
will brighten the colors.

MRS. M. E. NOOMAN, Greeley, Nebr.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Helpful Household Hints

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The pasteboard boxes that crackers come in are fine to keep doughnuts or cookies in, as they will not dry up. They can be used to bake fruit cake in, as the oiled paper and stiff outside keep the cake from burning, which fruit cake is very apt to do.

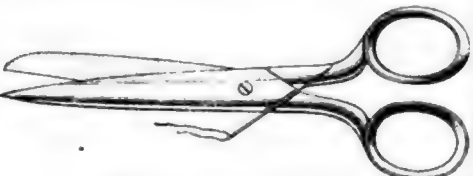
Do not make the mistake of putting hot water on machine oil stains. It will not remove the grease, but it may set it so firmly that it cannot be removed. If the garment stained is washable, rub the grease spot with cold water and soap immediately the accident has happened. If not washable apply a little French chalk or gasoline to the spot, taking the precaution, however, to insert underneath the material a piece of blotting paper. This to prevent a ring being perceptible when the grease has been removed.

Adding a pinch of salt and piece of butter, size of a bean, to coffee will make the flavor much better and also settle the coffee.

In extracting the juice of lemon or orange, much more juice will be obtained if the fruit is first covered with cold water and allowed to come to a boil before the fruit is cut.

Do away with papers on your pantry shelves by substituting for them two or three coatings of white enamel. The effect will appeal to housekeepers on account of its inviting and cleanly appearance, aside from its sanitary qualities.

When the needle sticks in heavy material, and you are unable to pull it through by thumb and finger, place needle carefully in joint of scissors,



NEEDLE HELD BY SCISSORS.

using the scissors as nippers to grasp the needle, as shown in sketch. A slight pressure of the scissors will hold the needle firmly and enable you to pull it through the cloth.

When a box of sardines is opened it should be drained of all oil possible, and then the little fish turned out and sprinkled with lemon juice. The lemon will cut the remaining oil and make the sardines more palatable.

When a wall is so soft that it will not hold a picture hook, mix a little plaster of Paris in a tawny; enlarge the hole to a fair size and fill it with the plaster and, a minute after, insert the hook and let it dry. The hook will be perfectly secure after the plaster has hardened and dried.

If you have difficulty in giving children powders, cut a banana down the middle, scoop out some of the pulp, and put the powder in; place together again, and the taste is hardly ever noticeable.

Plants will grow more quickly if a few drops of ammonia are added once a week to water with which they are watered. The water should be lukewarm, not colder than the atmosphere, when you water your plants.

Old hair brushes which have become soft can be made quite hard and firm by dipping them in a strong solution of alum.

If windows are cleaned with vinegar and water they will be brighter and stay clean longer than if cleaned with water alone. Polish in the usual way with soft linen cloth.

To make a muddy skirt wash easily and look white, take some sour milk, dilute with water and soak the skirt in it over night; then wash in the usual way. It will be found that the skirt washes more easily and looks whiter.

Bread should be kept in an earthenware jar or crock with cover. This crock and cover ought to be scalded once a week, and then carefully dried.

To clean the bean pot, fill with cold water, put in some kind of washing powder and cover tightly, put on stove and let it come to a boil. This will make it very easy to wash.

To save paint and furniture from being knocked and scratched when sweeping, nail pads of velvet or cloth on all brooms and brushes, especially those used for stairs.

To test eggs; put them in water. A fresh egg will sink, a poor egg will float midway and a bad egg will float on the surface.

When making a cup of cocoa put into it (when mixed) a pinch of salt, and you will find a great improvement in the flavor. This also takes the watery taste away.

Handkerchiefs and white clothes that have become yellow from use of too much soap or any other cause may be whitened in the following manner: after washing let them soak overnight in a tub of clear water to which is added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When ironed they will be white as snow.

Mackintosh coats which have become hard and rigid may be easily cleaned with lime and water and made to look as good as new. A handful of the best gray lime dissolved in half a basket of water, applied with a small sponge, makes it better. Repeat after three hours.

When cooking vegetables remember that all vegetables which grow above ground should be put into boiling water, and all which grow under ground in cold water with the exception of new potatoes.

Hang woollens out on the line dripping wet, without wringing them at all. If dried in this way, they will not shrink.

To take stains from hands, use half cupful of coarse cornmeal and one cupful of strong vinegar. Wash and rub the hands well in this; rinse in warm water.

When boiling an old fowl or tough meat, add a pinch of soda to the water. Simmer gently, and the meat will be perfectly tender.

To prevent cheese from getting hard, cut a small piece off for present use and place the remainder in a cool place. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

If your shoe polish becomes hardened in the tin, do not moisten with water, but with milk. It will improve the polish.

If silver is to be stored away for some time, pack it with dry flour; it will remain untarnished.

A little lemon juice rubbed on tarnished faucets will easily and quickly brighten them.

To stop a small leak mix whiting and yellow soap into a thick paste with a little water. Apply this to the place where the leakage is and it will stop.

be instantly stopped. A visit from the plumber will still be necessary, but this will help out meanwhile.

Tumblers which have been used for milk should always be rinsed in cold water before they are washed in hot. When this is done the milk does not stick to the glass, and there is no danger of their looking cloudy.

To preserve the color of green vegetables, put them on to cook in boiling water into which a pinch of salt has been dropped. With green peas or sweet corn use a teaspoonful or two of sugar instead of salt, as salt hardens these.

Coffee stains may be removed by brushing the spot with pure glycerine. Rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side. This will not injure the most delicate material.

Even in summer, if you use a hot-air furnace, and it is not in use then, of course, never allow the cellar to be swept or cleaned up in any way without first covering every register in the house with a damp cloth. This prevents any dust from getting into the rooms.

Stoning raisins is a sticky job, but this can be easily avoided if the raisins are first soaked five minutes in boiling hot water and then plunged into ice water.

When threading a needle with black sewing material hold the eye against a light surface. When threading with white cotton or silk, hold the eye over a dark surface. This will make the threading much easier.

To clean light colored velvet, corduroy or felt, rub the soiled portion lightly with the cut surface of a day-old loaf of white bread, cutting off the surface as fast as it becomes discolored.

To frost a bathroom window make a very strong solution of Epsom salts and vinegar. Apply it with a brush, and afterward go over it with some white varnish.

To improve shiny serge or cloth lay it flat on the table and pass a piece of fine sandpaper very gently over the shiny part. The sandpaper will roughen up the nap again, but be careful not to rub too hard, as it may wear a hole in your material.

In cleaning ivory knife handles rub them well with half a lemon dipped in salt. This will make them beautifully white. After this treatment they should be well washed in cold water and thoroughly dried.

Cayenne pepper is excellent as a means of ridding a cupboard of mice. The floor should be gone over carefully and each hole stopped up with a piece of rag dipped in water and then in cayenne pepper.

Safety matches can be lighted by scratching on a piece of smooth coal, glass or cast iron (but this surface must be smooth), as well as on the safety match-box case.

Grate an apple into your horseradish, and you will have as fine a relish as you could possibly wish.

Put the small pieces of scouring soap that are left over through the meat chopper, using a fine knife, making them into powder. Another good way is to melt them with a little water to make a soft soap, if the soap has no grit in it.

Flowers can be kept fresh for quite a long time by placing their stems in a potato. Bore holes in the potato with a skewer and insert the stems and place the potato in a cork bowl—and no water is required.

Loops for hanging garments are always wearing out and breaking. Take a strong cord, cover it with the kid from discarded gloves and sew this to the garment for a loop. It will last as long as the garment does.

A simple but absolute test as to whether milk is watered. Dip a steel needle in a vessel of milk and immediately withdraw it in an upright position. If it is pure, some of the fluid will adhere to the needle; if there is water in the milk, it will not cling to the needle at all.

When cane bottomed seats sag, sponge both sides of the cane with hot soapsuds in which a handful of salt has been dissolved, then stand the chair in the open air. Treated like this, the seats will become as firm as when new, shrinking into place.

The fly has ceased to be a problem in a certain home since the installation of a set of screens made as per following description and placed in window frames as shown in sketch.

The screen is constructed with the wire netting flush with inner surface of framework so as to afford a straight runway, and the screen placed outside the window and a full quarter of an inch away from the sash-top of screen to reach as high as putty line on lower rail of top sash.

The flies inside will crawl up the screen and out through the opening between window and screen and fly away but will not enter at same point because the opening is in shadow from outside.

The flies which come in through the doorways are soon trapped out in this way.

An important thing is to have the wire netting flush with the framework. The old-fashioned method of fastening the wire by means of fillets forced down into plowed grooves is good or if wire is put on with moldings, to omit the molding at the top of the screen.

When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove and let it boil. No disagreeable odor will then be in the room.

To remove a scorch from linen, cut an onion in half and rub the scorched part with it, and then soak it in cold water. The mark will then disappear.

To prevent stove polish sticking to the hands while polishing a stove, first rub the hands thoroughly with soap and allow it to dry. The polish will then wash off without any trouble.

To prevent a plate from slipping when you set it on a cake of ice in the refrigerator, place an ordinary rubber ring, such as go with fruit jars, under the plate.

After washing your rice and placing it in the steamer sufficiently to allow any small white stones which you would not discover in looking it over, to settle at bottom. When cooked sepa-

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rate lower portion and give it to the cat—you may thus avoid considerable annoyance and a dentist's bill.

A pinch of baking soda added to a berry pie, before the upper crust is put on, will prevent the juice from running over. However only a trace of the soda should be used, sprinkled lightly over the fruit.

A little sugar or even molasses added to stove polish gives a brighter and more lasting finish. It also prevents so much dust.

To clean a stove pipe place a piece of zinc on the coals. The vapor produced carries off the soot.

A pinch of soda added to the scouring brick will clean knives more readily than the brick alone.

It is not necessary to scald tomatoes in order to remove skins easily. Rub the ripe tomatoes all over with back of kitchen knife and you will find the skin loosened and easy to peel off. Thus you retain the rich, fresh flavor.

If your gas plate is crowded and you want coffee and eggs, why not wash the eggs and boil them in the coffee.

Give a little shake to your shades before rolling them up in order to dislodge the chance fly.

In planning the new house figure a little on heights of bowls, sinks, etc. Also kitchen table. These are generally made "standard height" and many a backache might be avoided by adding a few inches to that dimension.

A very simple and satisfactory way to separate cream from milk in a milk bottle is to use a small piece of rubber tubing, costing only a few cents, and to siphon the milk from under the cream—with care almost the last drop of milk may thus be drained off.

A good substitute for cream in coffee is the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Pour the coffee into the yolk, stirring the while.

A few cups of coffee taken without sugar is enough to cure nine out of ten of the sugar habit.

Pour the coffee into the cream.

When your scissors grate—rub the edge of each blade lightly between thumb and finger—you will then find them to work smoothly.

BABY'S COLD

What to Do for It

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg

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THE child that has a cold ought to be separated from other children. One person can contract a cold from another. No man or woman with a cold should careen or kiss a baby. This practice is universally followed by many people and the results are most pitiful. The cold is transmitted to the little, helpless baby by someone who loves him. A massage treatment will give the baby that is suffering with a cold instant relief. The mother gives an olive oil rub, working from the feet to the hips with long, smooth strokes, from the hands to the shoulders, down over chest, over the abdomen from left to right, rubbing gently around repeatedly, with the palm of the hand, down the back from the base of the brain to the base of the spinal column. The room must be

warm, with windows and doors closed. It is better to have the child near the radiator while the treatment is being given. The treatment draws the blood from all the congested areas to the surface and equalizes the circulation. A baby that has been unable to nurse or to sleep for hours will nurse without discomfort and will go off to sleep immediately. A little diluted tincture sprayed into the nostrils will reduce the inflammation of the membranous linings of throat and nose. A little coal oil or turpentine mixed with lard, rubbed into the chest is a good home remedy. One half teaspoonful of syrup of rhubarb will carry off the impurities through the intestinal canal. Baby should be kept warm and quiet in a room that is well ventilated. It is a mistake to give the baby any patent medicines for colds. The majority of them contain harmful drugs.

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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

POLL-ETIL.—I have an eight-year-old mare that has poll evil. Its first appearance was a boil just back of ears, which started last August. I let a veterinarian have her for nearly three months. He thought he could cure her by treatment, failing to cure, there is nothing to do but operate. An operation would cost fifty dollars.

A.—Take the mare to a graduate veterinarian who should operate for much less than the sum you mention. He will open up the abscess and remove the dead cartilage and other diseased tissues. Ask him to inject bismuth paste. He may also give hypodermic injections of bacterin.

SICK DOG.—I have a small French poodle dog that is sick. He does not eat or drink, cannot bark and is too weak to stand. He acts as if he had rheumatism.

A.—The dog will have died before this reaches you and without making an examination we should suspect that poison has caused the trouble, although similar symptoms are seen in the dumb form of rabies. A local graduate veterinarian should have been employed.

COUGH.—I have a mare six years old. She has a bad cough for three weeks. Her throat is not swollen. She does not run at the nose.

A.—The mare is kept clean and well ventilated to prevent formation of irritating gases. Wet all feed and avoid dusty feed. If possible have her teeth attended to by a veterinarian. If the cough then persists give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until she is greatly improved, then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least a week to the work.

ABSCESS.—I have a five-year-old stallion in good condition and eats well. He has a swelling on the inside of left hind leg and is lame. The first time it came it did not break, but disappeared. That was two months ago. It swells and breaks now and is full of pus. The lump is about the size of a small water melon.

A.—The abscess may contain a snag, silver or other foreign body which must be removed after opening freely. Then wash the lump one day with tincture of iodine and inject a little of the tincture every other day. You must make sure, by a veterinary examination, that farcy, or another contagious disease does not exist.

LAME MULE.—I have a mule that has been sick since early last spring. Her hind legs appear to be affected. She cannot stand still. She rests first one foot then the other. The leg she rests she holds out. From lying down so much she has shoe boils. One discharges all the time and the other appears to be getting smaller. I have fed sulphur.

A.—The mule should be supported in slings but the sores and shoe boils should be bathed two or three times a day with a lotion composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake well before use. Give the mule one dram of iodine of potash in drinking water night and morning for five consecutive days a week for several weeks. Keep the bowels active. Stop giving sulphur.

LAMENESS.—I have a dog ten months old, very healthy in every respect until the last six weeks. Her legs get stiff and seem painful. She holds them out at the side and whines pitifully. She eats heartily twice a day, won't eat any breakfast.

A.—The symptoms suggest cramps of the muscles, but it is possible that chorea (St. Vitus' dance) is present. Feed only one small meal each evening. Do not allow any sweets or luxuries. Make her take abundant exercise every day. At time of attack give twenty grains of bromide of potash in a little water and repeat in twenty minutes if found necessary. Rub the leg briskly with druggist's soap liniment.

SWOLLEN JOINT.—I have a mare about eight years old. Two years ago she ran a thorn in front leg at the ankle and I pulled the thorn out, but she has a big ankle still and the ankle has little sore. She also has a knot on her back.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the joint clean, then poultice with hot flaxseed meal for two or three days. Probe and remove any thorn or other foreign body. After disinfecting the poultices swab the sores daily with tincture of iodine and inject a little of the tincture every other day. In all such cases an educated veterinarian should make an examination lest glanders farcy be present.

COUGH.—I have a calf seven months old. It has a trouble that affects the throat, having a strangling or rattling in her throat all of the time. It has been difficult for her to suckle. She has a sleepy look in her eyes.

A.—It is evident that the throat is badly diseased, or the tongue may be affected. In such a case tuberculosis is to be suspected, affecting the glands of the throat, and it is incurable. The tongue and throat ulcerated from another disease (necro-bacillus) which also affects the gums. Ulcers should be scraped, lightly rubbed with a lunar caustic pencil and the mouth then swabbed daily with a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash. It is unlikely that the calf will recover. You might also rub the throat with strong liniment.

ROLLING COLT.—I have a young horse four years old broken to ride and drive. He kicks and rolls all night in his stall.

A.—Let the colt roll out-of-doors before stabling at night. Tie him in the stall so that rolling will be impossible. Use a double rope on the halter, tying him from each side of the manger.

THOROUGHPIN FETTER.—I have a Percheron mare seven years old weighing seventeen hundred pounds. She slipped last spring, hurting one of her hind legs, which is in the form of a soft enlargement. It is not on the cord and is not on the bone, but on the thin part between the cord and hock joint. (2) I have a Percheron mare colt two years old, which had distemper last spring. A sore gathered and broke under her jaw. She seemed better and I turned her out to pasture. When she was brought home I found the sore and it had healed.

A.—Such local distensions tend to prove incurable. Line-irrigation and blistering by a qualified veterinarian would be the best treatment, especially if lameness is present. If you cannot have this done clip off the hair and swab with tincture of iodine every other day, but do not blister the skin severely. (2) A fistula of the part is present and probably due to retention of diseased tissues which will have to be removed by operation. A veterinarian should do the work. If you cannot employ one and do not mind the expense inject a little of a two per cent solution of protargol once daily.

STIFF JOINT.—I have a colt that was struck by lightning about six months ago. His ankle is swollen and stiff. He can hardly walk on it at times.

A.—Clip off the hair and blister the joint and tendons with a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and three parts of lard. Rub the blister in for fifteen minutes then tie the colt so that he will be unable to lick or bite the blistered surface. Wash the blister off in three days and then apply a little lard daily. The colt to be given his liberty in a box stall. Do not blister in very cold weather and be careful not to let the colt stand in a cold draft after the blister has been washed off.

SUMMER ITCH.—My nine-year-old horse breaks out every summer in little spots. He bites and rubs until he becomes raw.

A.—Do not feed this horse green grass or corn in summer. Clip him early in spring. Feed oats, wheat bran and hay. Cover him with a light sheet when at work. Once daily sponge affected parts with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip.

WORMS OF DOG.—I have a dog that suffers from worms.

A.—Starve the dog for eighteen hours or more and then give from half to two drams of freshly powdered

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KAMALA.—I have a little cream or soup. The large dose if for a full grown dog of large breed. No. 13 of course need be given after kamala, but the dose should be repeated in two days to two weeks. If the first dose has no effect it may be repeated inside of twenty-four hours.

SWEENEY.—I have a horse that became sweened in both shoulders about one year ago.

A.—Washing of the muscles of the shoulders often is due to chronic foot lameness. In such cases navicular disease commonly is present and that would require unerring by an expert. Kingbone, sidebone, chronic corn and founder may have a similar effect. If there is no lameness the muscles may gradually grow in again if you massage the parts thoroughly three times a day and at night rub well with a mixture of one ounce each of turpentine and aqua ammonia shaken up, in half a pint of oil. Stop for a few days when the liniment has caused soreness of the skin.

CARPITIS.—I have a mare; the right fore leg is swollen around the knee and has been that way since last June. It came on her while running. She does not limp, except when she runs. The joint appears stiff.

A.—There is deep seated inflammation of the joints and union has taken place among the bones (ankylosis). Such a condition is incurable. Firing and blistering may reduce the enlargement and lessen the lameness a trifle.

THIN PONY.—I have a pony five years old that eats and drinks heartily, but is poor and will not fatten. Its hair looks bad.

A.—Have a veterinarian attend to the teeth as it is probable that molar milk tooth crows or shells have lodged and interfere with mastication of feed; or sharp points, a split molar or diseased molar may be the cause of this condition. If you are sure that the teeth are sound give worm medicine in the feed of oats and bran, twice daily, as so often prescribed here.

So Dear a Foe

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

to know the offender, a laudable resolution, but one not easy to carry out.

As this was Doris's first year out of school, she spent it studying Domestic Science at home, with her mother as teacher, but there was plenty of time left for the social life of the college, and Doris entered into it heartily. Perhaps the avoidance of her secret enemy, who so evidently chafed at his position, detracted nothing from the zest of the winter's amusements.

Day after day, Alfred Cennam and Doris alternated; on the street where he bowed low, only to receive the cut direct; at parties, socials, or balls where he always asked and received an introduction, which was acknowledged with such freezing coldness that he never dared venture to enter into conversation with her; merry and friendly with others, she became an iceberg at his approach. His early admiration had grown into a great and absorbing passion, which Doris felt but repudiated even in her thoughts. But scorned and ill-treated as he was, he seemed determined to ignore defeat. He was a lover and a bold one, even though the case seemed hopeless.

He finally began a regular, though one-sided correspondence with the woman of his dreams. Every Tuesday morning brought her an ardent, tender, though not effusive missive. He wrote that he hoped he would not increase her hatred but he preferred even that to indifference.

Doris read the first letter, but as his initial misdeed remained unaccounted for, she began sending them back unopened. As they still came with undeviating regularity, she simply threw them into the fire. It seemed all one to the writer.

So the months passed away. Doris could not help hearing, on all sides, praises of the obnoxious disturber of her peace. It seemed that to all but her, he was the ideal of a brilliant, versatile, and agreeable college man. He was admired by the faculty for his scholarship; his prowess on the athletic field made him the idol of the undergraduate; no program was complete without his eloquence.

Gradually there grew up in Doris a hurt feeling that replaced the anger she had cherished so long. The weekly notes were always read now and often tears were shed over them. She still burned them and still snubbed their author; but she had grown to believe that there might be a possible explanation, though none occurred to her.

Commencement week was at hand. Doris, for some reason unacknowledged to herself, had refused all invitations for those last few days.

Tuesday night a party was to be given by a neighbor. Doris had promised to go if she might run across alone.

That afternoon, she received another letter from Alfred Cennam:

"My darling:
"I have almost given up all hopes of ever calling you that, dear one; but so I cherish you in my heart. Some day, you may learn all I would tell you if I could, and then, will your heart turn towards me, or will you still be indifferent and cold? I cannot believe in your indifference, sweetheart. I cannot think I could love you so if there were no special affinity between us.

"On my knees, I beg you to let me sun myself in your occasional presence, to give me an opportunity of overcoming your distrust of me, even if I fall to win the sole object of my present and future striving, your love.

"O love, your lover, ALFRED CENNAM."

Doris read it with the perturbation these notes ever awakened, then again with an undefined pain, a vague longing. Finally, she unlocked a small desk and placed it within.

There would be no burnt offering today. The evening's party was large and jolly. Doris gave herself up to the spirit of gaiety that prevailed, and when she drew No. 13 as the number for her partner for the evening, she laughingly exclaimed to those about her: "I know that means Plicher," alluding to a bore who was the pet aversion of every girl in their crowd.

In a moment, however, Alfred Cennam approached and cried imploringly: "Has any one here got No. 13?"

"There!" cried Eleanor Douglas, "if that isn't

the irony of fate! Doris, think of your No. 13 drawing the most popular man in college!"

"Thank you, Miss Douglas," said he. "Since you think so well of me, may I not ask you to introduce me to my fair partner?"

Doris, aside, was vainly trying to exchange cards with Mabel Fairall, who naturally refused, as her sweetheart had just claimed her with the right name.

Before she could speak to any one else, the merry introduction was taking place. It was gravely acknowledged on both sides. With outward ease but much inward trepidation, Alfred offered his arm. Doris, determined to retain her dignity, accepted it and they walked out to their allotted places, which chanced to be in a cozy corner of the veranda.

To the relief of both, the other chairs were already occupied by Eleanor Douglas and Jerrold Benson, a fellow student.

Eleanor greeted them laughingly. "Well, did you two get acquainted on the way out here? You know," she added to Jerrold, "I just introduced them a moment ago."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Jerrold. "That reminds me of the day when you really did meet for the first time. The day after you got home, wasn't it, Miss Austin? Trust old Cennam to lose no time!"

Doris's heart gave a jump. Was it of dismay or of hope?

Alfred had no doubt as to his feelings. If Jerrold would only go on! He mentally uttered a prayer. He tried to will him to proceed.

Nell to the rescue.

"What is it?" looking at each expressive countenance. "There is more here than meets the eye. I don't intend to be the only one out in the cold; so, Mr. Jerrold, you can just tell me all about it."

Accented by Jerrold's laughter, Nell's exclamations, Doris's changing color, and Alfred's unconcealed joy, the tale was told; how Alfred had been bidden as a part of his fraternity initiation, immediately to join the first woman he met and accompany her home; the glee of the boys who were on the watch; the administration, that night, of the oath of secrecy as to what he had done, made more iron-clad because of his frantic pleadings to be excused from taking it; all was divulged.

"By the way," he ended, turning to Doris, "how did he ever fix it up? I remember he said, that night that you were furious and would never forgive him."

Doris gasped for breath. Alfred leaned imploringly towards her, happy yet fearful. She glanced up at him; a slow flush beautified the sweet face. A little smile, the first she had ever given him, trembled on her lips, as she replied:

"Why—you—see—one of the boys told me all about it."

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

Health and Endurance

HEALTH and endurance are the prime
requisites of the human body, and have
more to do with our happiness here on
earth than any other qualities I know
of. To the person fortunate enough to
possess a strong and virile body, the
mere physical or animal state of existence is nat-
ural, happy and unconscious. Every organ works
smoothly and without effort; every function is
performed as easily as seeing or breathing. Such
a person has nothing to fret about in the way of
pains or aches or chronic ills, or dull feeling or
bad luck or poor prospects. He can devote all his
mind, all his interest and enthusiasm, all the force
and strength of his entire body to whatever he
happens to have in hand. If it is play, his enjoy-
ment will be keen; if it is work, his interest will
be intense. He will not only have ambition, but
the necessary driving force back of it; he will
possess not only a strong desire to achieve and
conquer but the will power and initiative to make
a start, and the sustained courage and fine lasting
qualities that will enable him to go the full dis-
tance. Success will not be his portion at the
end of every race, but a loss will only make him
try harder next time. He will be as eager for the
prize as any contestant, but the mere striving
will be almost if not quite as pleasurable as the
actual winning, for when one has run his very



BOY SCOUT UNIFORM.

best over every inch of the course there is an
inner sense of victory which temporary defeat
cannot dampen. Everyone admires the lad who
does his best, even those whom he may consider
enemies.

Now the happy being I am talking about is not
a fictitious boy from the pages of a story book;
it is you, the ordinary American lad with some
spare time and worlds of ambition. All the ad-
vantages I have pictured can and should be part
of your life. They are co-existent with health
and endurance. It may be that you are not en-
dowed with a superb physique, but it is almost
certain that the means to attain one is within
your grasp. To help you to realize this fact and
to put you in touch with truths that will enable
you to gain both health and endurance is the
purpose of this article. Likewise, I might say
that nearly all the big juvenile organizations and
especially the great world movement known as
the Boy Scouts have this same aim as the chief
purpose of their existence. Does not this prove
how vitally important the leading teachers and
educators consider the subject of bodily health and
efficiency? They have reduced it to a definite
science, have dispelled many false notions and
have proved beyond all doubt that regular play
and wholesome amusement are indispensable to
any proper scheme of development for boys. In
short, to gain health and endurance, all you have
to do is to have the right kind of amusement and
recreation.

You need not tie down to a hard and fast sys-
tem of training like a college athlete conditioning
for a certain event. For growing boys, I think
anything like a rigid routine is wrong. To get the
greatest possible benefit from exercise, you must
enjoy it. It should be spontaneous and natural
like the playing of a kitten or the rolling about of
a baby. The nearest approach to this and at the
same time a very beneficial practise is friendly
wrestling or good-natured mauling with three or
four on each side. Of course, you will not indulge
in this sort of play with your good clothes on or
indoors. The Boy Scout uniform is just the thing
for rough usage.

While I think of it, I will mention that every
race under the sun and every species of animal
has some sort of play. It seems to be as neces-
sary and useful as it is enjoyable.
Because human beings are endowed with brains
and have the power to think and plan, they have
broken away from the primitive play habit and
have substituted therefor certain muscle flexing
motions called exercises. Well enough in their
way, they are sometimes at fault because cer-
tain parts are over developed at the expense of
others. For the most of us, big, knotty muscles
are not necessary or even desirable. The strong
boy is not always healthy, but the healthy boy
is always strong. What you want is a sound,
symmetrical body that can stand the strain when
called upon for mental or physical exertion, and
bodily strength and health are as necessary for
brain work as for bodily labor.

I would like to tell you about the many dif-
ferent forms of exercise I have experimented with
but space forbids it. For general development, I
recommend the chart of setting up exercises
shown on page 220 of the Boy Scouts' Hand-
book. Go through them every morning right after
rising, before an open window. They will start
your circulation properly for the day and if faith-
fully persisted in for years will keep your body
supple and strong. But the hard part of it all is
not the time or strength required to go through

the motions, but the will power to keep at it
day after day. The faithful persistence part of
the scheme is the stumbling block for ninety out
of a hundred. After a few days, enthusiasm dies
down, the novelty of the thing is worn off and
we are apt to look for a newer and more enjoy-
able sport. Quite a few will give up in disgust
because they cannot notice any immediate im-
provement; some will lazily admit that life is too
short for such things; some will lay off for a few
days because of colds or muscle soreness and in
the interim promptly forget the whole business,
but the vast majority will lag out and lie down
on the job because they are just naturally weak
and lack the backbone and persistence necessary
to make a success of any worth while enterprise.
The average man of today, looking back over the
mistakes and illusions of his past life knows that
the reason he is still only an average man is be-
cause he failed to persevere in his good resolu-
tions. Many a time he started out full of strength
and ambition and courage, but somehow, he fal-
tered and quit trying and started to drift. If he
could live his life over again, he would not need
any urging to make him give a large part of his
time and attention to building up health and en-
durance. He knows now that upon the solid foun-
dation of a strong, capable body, he could reason-
ably hope to build a successful career and that
without it his chances narrow down to a van-
ishing point.

No doubt you have often heard it said that
the human body is nothing more or less than a
wonderful machine; but do you really take as
good care of it as you would of a fine automobile?
Do you realize that it is the vehicle that is going
to carry you every inch of the road of life? Have
you ever tried to study its needs or to figure out
what is good for it or what is bad? It doesn't
take great wisdom to do this. Common sense and
perseverance are all that are necessary.

Be careful lest your body become the master.
If you were driving a car and it started to skid,
surely you would grasp the steering wheel and sit
tight. Why not do the same with that precious
machine of flesh and blood. It is full of appetites
and passions and weaknesses that are always try-
ing to get the upper hand. You cannot gain
health and endurance if you violate natural laws.
Nature is a stern master and never forgives. It is
silly to try to cheat her.

Take for instance the tobacco habit. You know
full well it is bad and yet you may try to con-
vince yourself that the little bit of harm it will
do in your case will not matter much after all.
What would you think of a man who would tie
two fingers tightly together and explain the
foolish act by saying that he could manage fairly
well even with this handicap? This is just exactly
what the tobacco user does. He takes an unneces-
sary burden upon himself. He ruthlessly squan-
ders his vital force. He weakens his heart, brain,
stomach and nerves and more important than all,
his will power. One bad habit leads to another.
The youthful tobacco user instead of being tough
and hard as he fondly imagines, is in reality a
coward and a weakling and in a measure a traitor
to himself, his school or club and to society in
general. The base of the brain is the source of all
our physical power. It is the reservoir of human
energy. A little bit of it is used up every time we
move a muscle or talk or even breathe. Tobacco
strikes directly at this precious vital spot and
denudes it and robs us of a certain amount of life.
Only a certain amount of this nervous energy ex-
ists at one time and it can be poured out of us
like water out of a dish. Without it we would
be exhausted, nerveless, flabby, and more like a
piece of putty than a human being. Every chew or
smoke you indulge in helps to put you in that con-
dition. Beware of the cigarette. It is a little
paper covered life destroyer. It strikes gentle
blows but keeps at it until you are down and out.
The first one will make you cough and gulp and
sneeze and perhaps cause sickness. This is the
warning kindly nature gives. Lucky is the boy
who will obey it, for if he doesn't the habit may
take hold of him and that is just the same as if
he were inoculated with the virus of some dis-
ease.

For a growing boy or girl coffee and tea are
nearly as bad as tobacco, but unfortunately most
parents do not know it, and permit their children
to drink tea or coffee or both.

The injurious effects of intoxicating liquors,
even of the weaker kinds and though taken in
small quantities, as a beverage, are so well and
generally known that it is hardly necessary for
us to say that no growing boy should ever taste
alcoholic drink—neither should any grown man
or woman—but it is especially ruinous to the
young.

By all means give up the habits that you have
to hide. In a week you will have forgotten all
about them and will find yourself taking interest
in better and nobler things. Your friends will
notice the change and will wonder what has come
over you. Your ambition and strength and knowl-
edge will grow and you will soon begin to realize
the benefit of health and endurance and plan to
increase your share of the same.

Proper breathing should be the first thing to
interest you. Remember your lungs reach to
your waist-line and were made to be used all the
way down. Don't merely sip the air. Take deep
draughts of it. It is the great life giver. You
could live for weeks without food, but not a
minute without air. It is the only thing on
earth that you cannot get too much of. Breathe
through the nose, keeping the mouth closed, and if
you find this difficult it is a sure indication that
you have catarrh, adenoids or other disease that
needs medical or surgical treatment, and a doctor
should be consulted at once. It is beneficial to
practise deep breathing for a few minutes each
day, but this is not enough. Keep at it until your
breathing deeply becomes a habit. The first re-
quisite of deep breathing is an erect carriage.

Hold your body
upright, hips
slightly forward,
shoulders back.
To insure prop-
er carriage you
must see to it
that your shoes
are comfortable
and easy. The
Boy Scouts know
the importance of
right foot wear
on hikes and
marches and have
officially the shoes
shown herewith.

Next to breath-
ing in importance
comes eating. A
growing boy
needs plenty of
wholesome food
three times a day,
but he must chew
it well. Digestion
begins in the mouth. Food gulped down is of
little use and may cause serious trouble. Every-
thing must be chewed fine and thoroughly mixed
with saliva to be properly digested.

To be able to chew your food right you must
have sound teeth. In late years doctors have
brought to light facts which tend to show that
bad teeth cause many diseases which they were
thought formerly to be not connected with. Par-
ticles of food which remain in the crevices between
the teeth decay and form an acid which eats
away part of the tooth and causes pain and dis-
tress. Brush your teeth and rinse your mouth
after every meal. Never pick the teeth with a pin
or any metal point, as it punctures the enamel
and starts decay. Use a wooden toothpick or a
quill or a piece of bread.

As our eyes are in use every waking minute
we cannot be too careful of them. We quote the
following from the Boy Scouts' Handbook, which
every boy should have.

"Most troubles with the eyes come from eye
strain. Styes and red lids are usually due to this
cause. See how foolish, therefore, it is to treat
these conditions as causes, when really they are
only the result of something else. Of course
there are exceptions. Sometimes wild hairs and

the motions, but the will power to keep at it
day after day. The faithful persistence part of
the scheme is the stumbling block for ninety out
of a hundred. After a few days, enthusiasm dies
down, the novelty of the thing is worn off and
we are apt to look for a newer and more enjoy-
able sport. Quite a few will give up in disgust
because they cannot notice any immediate im-
provement; some will lazily admit that life is too
short for such things; some will lay off for a few
days because of colds or muscle soreness and in
the interim promptly forget the whole business,
but the vast majority will lag out and lie down
on the job because they are just naturally weak
and lack the backbone and persistence necessary
to make a success of any worth while enterprise.
The average man of today, looking back over the
mistakes and illusions of his past life knows that
the reason he is still only an average man is be-
cause he failed to persevere in his good resolu-
tions. Many a time he started out full of strength
and ambition and courage, but somehow, he fal-
tered and quit trying and started to drift. If he
could live his life over again, he would not need
any urging to make him give a large part of his
time and attention to building up health and en-
durance. He knows now that upon the solid foun-
dation of a strong, capable body, he could reason-
ably hope to build a successful career and that
without it his chances narrow down to a van-
ishing point.

skin disease affect the eyes. Eye strain should be
removed by wearing well-fitting glasses and then
these other conditions will disappear. If constant
headache is experienced or the eyes itch or become
tired easily, there is possibly eye strain.

"One way to test the eye is for vision. Place
the following letters fifteen feet from you. If you
cannot read them clearly with both eyes and with
each eye separately, consult a first-class oculist.

C L V F
E A C F D L
D V C L A E O T

"Never buy eye-glasses unless fitted by an ex-
pert. Such glasses should be worn in proper re-
lation to the eyes. They should not be permitted
to slide forward on the nose or tilt. They may
need to be changed often as the eyes grow better.

"For reading, a good, steady light is needed.
Never sit in front of a window facing it to read.
Always have the light come from the rear and
over the left shoulder preferably. The book
should be held on a level with the face and not too
close. Sit erect. Reading when lying down or
by the light of a fire is unwise."

Of course this article would not be complete
without some mention of bodily cleanliness. We
really breathe through our skin for it contains
myriads of little mouths called pores. These
pores also exude or throw off the waste matter
of the circulation, which amounts to two pounds
every day and is rank poison. When the poison
has reached the surface of the skin, nature has
done her part and it is up to us to wash it off.
If we fail to do this the pores will become clogged,
the effete matter will be absorbed back into the
system and many evils will result. Bathing daily
is a valuable habit. Here is a method anyone
can try. Have a common basin full of water in
a tub all night. After your quarter hour of ex-
ercising, which is taken immediately upon rising,
strip and stand in the tub, one foot on each side
of the basin. Beginning at the feet wet the
entire body, sopping the water on with the bare
hands or with a rubber sponge. As soon as the
body is wet step out and dry with a coarse towel.
Bring your skin to a red glow by stiff rubbing
or by slapping. Dress quickly and you will feel
fine. The bath should be taken in a fairly warm
room and away from drafts. Besides this a soap
and water scrub, once or twice a week will keep
you in fine shape. Keeping the skin active is
the way to prevent colds and more to the point,
it will give you a zest for outdoor play. The lat-
ter is essential to the upbuilding of a strong
healthy body. The Boy Scouts are so earnestly in
favor of it that they have been called a play or-
ganization. I think it is a pretty good name too
for their chief object is to teach boys clean, bene-
ficial play, for well the leaders know that it is
the chief factor in bringing about health and en-
durance, without which a boy cannot be happy
or successful or of much use in the world.

Cured His RUPTURE

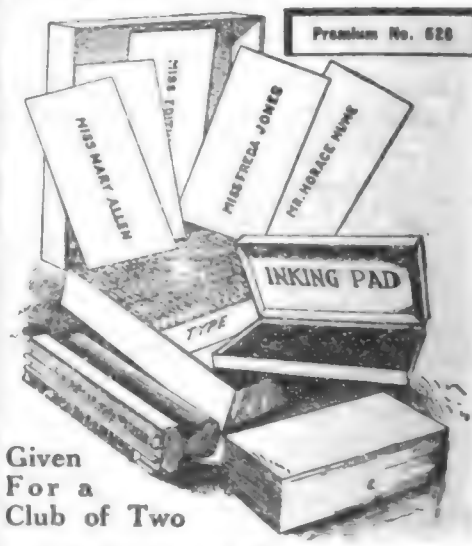
I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several
years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was
an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I
got hold of something that quickly and completely
cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has
never returned, although I am doing hard work as
a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time,
no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give
full information about how you may find a com-
plete cure without operation, if you write to me.
Eugene McPallen, Carpenter, 923-A Marcellus Avenue,
Manassas, N. J. Better cut out this notice and
show it to any others who are ruptured—you may
save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture
and the worry and danger of an operation.

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wants it; tells the time on watch
through cloth. Apparently see best girl,
tattoo, objects through cloth, wood or stone,
any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always
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get lots of pleasure and valuable instruction from it
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composition, type setting, correct use of capitals, abbre-
viations, etc. This outfit is also just what every woman
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tion of some more important letters which have eight
and a few others only four such as Q, X and other letters
which are not used so often. This outfit also contains a
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to separate words)—in all about two hundred separ-
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to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—

to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at \$25.00—

to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducing and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music.

Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection. So you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE.

If for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials. record book and other literature. They are free.

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to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—

to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at \$25.00—

to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducing and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music.

Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection. So you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE.

If for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials. record book and other literature. They are free.

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A Beautiful New Edition of Uncle Charlie's Story Book is now offered as a souvenir of his fifty-first birthday which occurred September 26th. This splendid book of 157 pages printed in good, clear type on fine paper, was gotten up by Uncle Charlie regardless of trouble and expense as a worthy memorial of his fiftieth birthday a year ago.

Besides six unique stories, a dramatic sketch and personal memoirs and thrilling incidents of his remarkable life, all from his inspired pen, there are chapters by "Billy the Goat" and Maria which throw interesting side lights on his character and let you into the mysteries of his daily life. Illustrated with new pictures of him and Maria and Billy.

The immense popularity of this book has exhausted the previous editions and this handsome new edition has been printed to meet the continued large demand for it.

This edition is limited, so this may be your last chance to own a copy. Every home should have one.

It is bound in two styles, both handsome and either good enough. One in heavy, fancy opal blue paper covers known as "cloth of gold paper," will be sent post-paid as a free premium for a club of four subscriptions at 25 cents each, one dollar in all, or for your own 2-year renewal at 30 cents and three 25-cent subscriptions, \$1.05 in all.

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Probably this is the last edition that will ever be printed. BE QUICK and secure a copy while they last. These are the best and most costly premiums that we give for such size clubs.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

on her "sweetheart" for half of her meals, or be in danger of starving to death, as some girls are here in New York according to the evidence given before a state commission recently. The red light districts of our cities will have been banished forever and women will marry for love and not for food and shelter. Poverty will be a thing of the past. There will be a United States of Europe and a United States of Asia and Africa, and you will see Belgian, English, French, Austrian, German and Russian living together as brothers, neither one trying to shove his culture down the other fellow's throat, and all laughing at the thought that they ever could have been such fools as to have fought one another when they had absolutely no quarrel with one another. By the time you are fifty, my little namesake you will see this land converted into a paradise. Instead of boasting of being an American citizen you will glory in the thought that you are a citizen of the world, and you will be saying: "Gee whiz, don't I wish that old sink whose name I bear could have lived to have seen this and have revealed in the glorious times we are now having." Don't worry, my dear Charlie. I'm living today in spirit at least where you are going to live fifty years hence. It is pretty tough to live fifty years ahead of your time, gazing at the promised land as Moses did and watching the boneheads and boobies running away from it instead of marching straight for it. Humanity just needs a few more hard knocks, a little more chastening, a little more experience, and a little more education along right lines, and then it will throw off the sloth of centuries and awake like a giant refreshed and start in with a vengeance to set the world in order. The snow hangs to the mountain-side until the warm winds of spring loosen its hold and then with smashing force, thrusting everything aside, it dashes from the dizzy heights down into the valleys sweeping everything before it. The sun of education, knowledge and genuine democracy (no connection with the fraudulent thing that we have by that name today) is gradually loosening and thawing away the great glacier of ignorance and superstition, which has weighed upon humanity like a pall of death all through the centuries, and soon humanity will sweep like an avalanche from the rocky ledges of poverty to which it has painfully clung, into the verdure clad productive plains of smiling freedom and plenty that await to receive it with open arms. Charlie baby, when the snows of many winters begin to whiten your hair and you are joyously contemplating a world that knows nothing of the poverty, crime and wretchedness that is ours today, I shall be rubbing my eyes at you from the chimney for I and you take an occasional glimpse skyward nightly, you will see me winking at you and waving my hand familiarly from somewhere near the golden gates, and when the time comes for you to move up higher, I'll meet you, and you can tell me then if everything I predicted didn't come true. God bless you little fellow. There's a wonderful future before you. Just thank your lucky stars you were born in this century and not in the last.

ROOSEVELT, ARIZ.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet and two inches tall and weigh a hundred and ten pounds, have blue eyes and brown hair, and dark complexion. The school which I go to is called the Clive school. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am sweet sixteen.

I have a nice horse and saddle. I heard cattle in the summer-time. We live on a large ranch, it is called Greenback ranch. I walk a mile to school. I like the teacher fine. I am the champion forer of Clive. It is very cold here now. It snows up in the mountains, about nine miles from here. My mamma takes the Comfort and we like it very much. I love to read the letters and replies. I have a sweetheart. Do you think I am too young to have one? (Go and play with your dolls child and leave boys alone.—Uncle C.)

With love to you, GEORGIA CONWAY.

Georgia, you say: "I heard cattle in the summer-time." Strange thing, so did I. From your remark I should imagine it is very unusual to hear cattle in the summer-time in Arizona, so unusual indeed that you think it necessary to make the fact known to about half of the United States. Well, my dear, I know when I heard cattle, I too felt like telling all the world. You see I went up to Peekskill on the Hudson years ago for a little rest, peace and change of air. The doctor said I must have quiet. I'd been living with my mother-in-law for about two days and had got my nerves all unstrung, listening to her tell me what her husband would have done to me if he hadn't died just before I made his acquaintance. It was at an old-fashioned farmhouse, called Restville, I got there about supper-time. The waitress wore rubber shoes, and served me a poached egg on a rubber plate. They went out into the woods to break the egg so that the noise of cracking the shell would not disturb me. I retired early and hadn't been asleep more than two weeks when I heard a knock on the door. It was the landlady, who wanted to know the time as he had stopped his watch so that the ticking would not annoy me. I had no sooner got back into bed and gone off to sleep, than there was another knock at the door. This time it was the landlady who had found that the chambermaid had left two towels in my room and the man next door didn't have any. I cheerfully surrendered the extra towel (which was about the size of a female pocket handkerchief and you know how big they are) and went back to bed again and had just got off to sleep when the landlady came up again, knocked gently on my door, and asked me if I said it was twenty-three minutes past eight or twenty-four as he wasn't quite sure. Having settled the time question—this time I hoped finally, I again retired and was soon in the middle of an awful dream. I dreamed the Kaiser was trying to bore a hole through my beaverly with the spiked ends of his moustache. With the perspiration pouring from my fevered brow I sat bolt upright in bed, and as I did so I felt some tremendous monster towering over me, while the noise in the room reminded me of a busy day in a boiler factory. The room was full of mosquitoes. Some of them were so big, they had to crawl around the room on their hands and knees so as to keep from knocking the plaster off the ceiling. I screamed: "Murder!" and finally the landlady and his wife and all the help rushed to my assistance and just saved me as the biggest mosquito of all was trying to thrust me head first into his pant's pocket, preparatory to flying away with me through the window. The landlady apologized for the mosquito's intrusion, which it appears was a nightly occurrence, and after he had left the room, I grabbed the pillow and crawled under the bed, as under the circumstances that seemed about the safest place to locate. Tired to death I dozed off again and began to dream that it was my wedding day. I could hear bells, bells, nothing but bells. First they seemed like wedding bells, then they grew louder and louder until I thought I was in a bella-donna factory or Bellevue hospital. The terrific noise finally awoke me. I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window, for it was in that direction the sounds seemed to come. Under my window was a band of cattle, and two cows with bells around their necks, had come down to give me a bell symphony. I made them a nice little speech, told them all about the troubles I had with my mother-in-law (whereat they all burst into tears) and how the New York noises had broken down my nervous system and how much I needed rest. The cow with the bell apologized for disturbing me and promised not to do it again. Then they went off with those discordant bells jangling on the night air. They'd no sooner departed than a dog began to bark, then another dog, about half a mile away barked in and they kept up an animated discussion in canine language the whole night through, interlarding the conversation with occasional duets which annoyed me beyond endurance. Weary and disgusted I went back to my couch, when something that looked like a high silk hat with wings, hit me in the face. I thought my end had come sure. I struck a match and lit the lamp as soon as I possibly could. The high hat with wings turned out to be a bat. The house was old and there was a large dis-

used chimney in the room and the bat had hired the upper part of the chimney from the landlord at nominal rent for himself and family. At least that was what I surmised until I heard a most unearthly racket coming from the direction of the chimney. It sounded like the moaning of a whole world full of lost souls. It got on my nerves to such an extent that I determined to investigate. After I had been climbing for what seemed to be a couple of months, getting smothered with dust and dirt, I found myself engaged in a deadly battle with a whole tribe of owls. I hurriedly withdrew taking half the chimney with me in my descent and wheeled a bureau that looked as if it had come over in the Mayflower or the Ark, up against the chimney, much to the disgust of the owls. Once more I retired, feeling sure that all my troubles must be over at last, when the wedding bells began to ring once more. But I wasn't going to be fooled so easily this time and I whistled in my sleep: "No wedding bells for me." The racket however, got so fierce I had to again get up and remonstrate with the cows for disturbing my sleep and breaking the treaty I had made with them. They informed me that treaties were mere scraps of paper and they would do just as they pleased. At this juncture I threw a chair and a marble-topped table out of the window and again I "heard" cattle, this time angrily retreating into the darkness of the night. Again I retired, determined to sleep at any cost, but I'd hardly closed my eyes when two cats began a discussion about the war just outside my window. The noise was terrific. I threw the soap-dish and the wash-bowl at Tom and Maria but all in vain. I would have thrown the bureau at them, but I thought if I did the owl family would come down the chimney and that would only be making a bad matter worse. There was a big chromo of George Washington over the mantelpiece and out of the window it sailed sweeping Thomas and Maria in opposite directions. Back I once more flopped on the bed thoroughly exhausted and was half in dreamland, with a pillow stuck in each ear to keep out any noise that might arise when the wedding bells suddenly returned again and the cows began to talk about the price of milk and the high cost of beef. You see if it wasn't cat it was cattle. By this time however, I'd got used to the cow bells, and was nearly asleep when there came a knock at the door. It was the landlady. His watch had stopped and he wanted to know if it was time to get up. I presented him with my watch and told him to stay up all night and watch it, and not to bother me any more. I thought surely this would settle matters and I would be left in peace. Poor creature that I was, I had just drifted nicely into dreamland when I heard another awful racket. It sounded like a lot of children calling for their mothers: "Ma, ma, ma." Dazed and disgusted I staggered to the window and in the gloom made out a band of sheep, also armed with bells. As I gazed at them they greeted me with a yell of "Ma," and right there I informed them I was not their ma, neither was I their pa. By this time I was a nervous wreck, and what was more I'd had enough of the country and was going home to Broadway to get a little peace and quiet, so I went and woke up the landlady and got my watch and told him what I thought of Restville, and asked him to direct me to the depot. I started off with a heavy heart and shattered nerves, lost my way, knocked over a beehive, walked into a duck pond, and had all the ducks yell "Quack" at me, a mean insinuation for I never engaged in the pill business in my life. Then I climbed over a fence, and fell slap bang on top of the cow with the bell who was lying down chewing the cud and taking a rest after the strenuous musical exercises of the night. I was too exhausted to go further, and grabbing the tongue of the bell with both hands so that it could not disturb my slumbers, I fell asleep in Bossy's arms. In my dreams I "heard" cattle all night. That experience didn't end pleasantly, for when I woke up I was arrested for trying to steal a cow. When I finally landed back in New York it seemed like a city of the dead, a regular morgue in comparison with the dreadful racket of the noisy, nerve-racking country. Georgia, the goat informs me you didn't mean "heard" cattle, what you meant to say was you were in the habit of rounding the cattle up and herding them. I'm so relieved. If you had only left the a out of that fateful word, I would have been spared a whole lot of painful reminiscences.

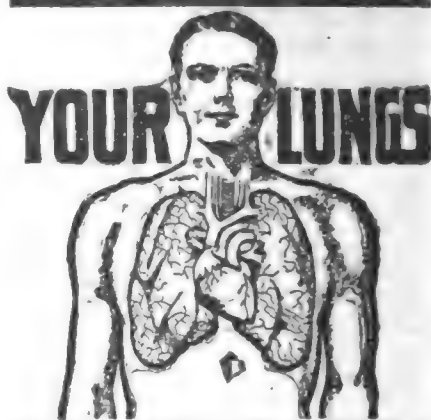
TENN.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS: Last Saturday morning our house and most everything we had was burned, so if any of you have ever had a similar misfortune you can imagine how I feel, with winter here and my little children not clothed sufficiently and my beds were all burned up but one. Pray for me each and all of you and write me a good letter or card or send me some good reading as everything I had to read was burned. Everyone here has been so kind to me. I never can repay them for their kindness. We hope to get enough to begin housekeeping again soon, but times are hard with us; we have had so much sickness and cotton not worth anything. What with our house burning and all our other troubles, it seems more than we can bear, but the good Lord never puts more on us than we can bear. "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

This is the eighth day of November, and we are having nice weather here.

Mrs. G. H.

How would you like to get bunches of letters like that? Make you feel badly wouldn't they? I must confess I felt all broken up when I received the first letter of this kind, but when in a few months I'd reached the thirty-first, I was no longer sad, but mad. People who own homes and



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do your lungs ever bleed?
Do you have night sweats?
Have you pains in chest and sides?
Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually hacking and coughing?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

These are Regarded Symptoms of

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won't insure them haven't even the instincts of self preservation. They say: "Oh, don't let us bother about insurance. There's Jones across the road, he has had his house insured for thirty years and never has had a fire yet." So they comfort themselves with the thought that because Jones has never had a fire they will never have one. They know very well if fire did come along, they would be swept clean of everything they had in the world, have probably to beg for clothes to cover their half naked bodies. In vain the fire insurance man goes from house to house and farm to farm trying to induce people to insure their property. In the majority of cases only to be laughed at. Then one sorry day up goes the home in smoke and nothing but ashes and a dismal heap of ruins remain. Then you hear the usual lamentations to which the thoughtless, careless and heedless always give vent: "Oh, why didn't we insure our home? If we had only spent two or three dollars a year, we'd have from one to three thousand dollars in hand to build a new and better home than we ever had. Now we've got to depend on the charity of neighbors for food, shelter and clothing." Vain regrets. We can always see the wisdom of doing a thing when it's too late. When the steed is stolen we are ready to lock the door, but before it is stolen we'll see creation darned before we will lock up the stable. Again let me din into your heads that in this life it is always better to be safe than sorry. Just a little thought, a little precaution, a little horse sense would automatically do away with at least half of the suffering and misery in this world. There's an old saying that two things are sure in this world—death and taxes. There are a lot of other afflictions that are almost as sure, enemies that ever threaten our existence, our health, happiness and life. When the soldier goes out to battle he takes along his gun. He digs trenches, spreads wire entanglements, destroys bridges to impede the enemy's progress, has ambulances near to pick him up when he is wounded, and uses more sense, thought and science in war than he would use in peace in a thousand years. He can realize that a Jap or Mexican armed and in uniform, are enemies, and he goes out to kill them so they won't kill him. In peace time he's too big a clump, too big a bonehead, to recognize the fact that he is still surrounded by enemies. He doesn't realize that fire is his enemy, so he doesn't in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

ful sympathy the next. How beautiful she looks, like a wax flower, like—oh, God! she shudders—like a dead child!

White himself under the thought, he carries her to the little fountain on the cathedral square, and sprinkles some water upon the sweet face; the Holy Mother, from her niche above, looks down pitifully, the crowd murmurs in the distance. Cyril sprinkles the white face and unpins the antimacassar; and in a minute or so the dreamy eyes open upon him.

Very dreamy for a moment, and then she recognizes the fair, handsome face—not careless and nonchalant now, but wretched with anxiety and—what? A faint flush, like the first streak of sunrise, creeps into her face, and she sighs—sighs and nestles, all unconsciously, still closer to his heart.

At this sign of returning life Cyril's heart gives a great leap, and his face reddens. For the life of him he cannot refrain from pressing her to him; he cannot keep back the most grateful words:

"My darling—my little Edna!"

With a little, timid, frightened start at the dream—for he cannot have spoken, she thinks—Edna stands upright and draws away from him.

"Are you all right?" he asks, frightened at her movement of withdrawal. "Quite all right?"

"Yes," she says, looking up at him with a soft, little ashamed laugh, that quickly melts into a few silent tears.

"Don't look at me! I am so ashamed! I have never fainted before in all my life—I have fainted really? Don't say I have it! I haven't quite! And all for a stupid, foolish man—"

Cyril grows.

"Oh!" she exclaims, turning pale. "I remember," with a shudder. "You," catching his arm, and turning a suddenly wild and terrified face up to him—"perhaps you killed him!"

"No such luck!" says Cyril, laughing, as he wraps the antimacassar round her.

"Oh, don't say that!" she pleads, with a little shudder. "I saw the blow, I heard it," glancing at his hand. "How strong you must be!"

"Not half hard enough," says Cyril, regretfully. "Brutal cad! Another moment and he would have—"

Edna interrupts him with a shudder.

"I know! I shall see his face all night. It was all in a minute, too," she adds, ruefully. "What should I have done if it hadn't been for you?—yes, but you did hit him very, very hard," and then, with genuine inconsistency, she bent her sweet head and lightly, swiftly, touched with her lips the hand that had dealt the blow.

Cyril quivered in every nerve; but he controlled himself; something, the new, sensitive honor that had been born within him, gave him strength to protect her own innocence against himself, and he did not take her in his arms, as the childlike caress made him long to do.

But no words were possible for some minutes, and it was not until they were stumbling through the garden that Edna said:

"Aunt—what will aunt say?"

"You will tell her?"

"Of course; I tell aunt everything," she answered, quite simply.

"Then tell where you have been, everything—but the—accident," said Cyril.

Edna hesitated.

"It is no fault of yours or mine," said Cyril. "There is no harm in keeping from her what would only distress and annoy her for no good reason or result. Tell her everything else and throw the blame—if there is any—on me."

Edna laughed softly.

"Ah, you would find your strength all weakness before aunt—you see, you could not knock her down—"

"Although she could blow me up," says Cyril. And, so they reenter the pension as they had left it, laughing.

Edna finds Aunt Martha half asleep in her own room, easy in the belief that her charge has been safe in the drawing-room. There is only one candle in the pretty bedroom, and Aunt Martha has given up even the pretense of reading for an hour past; her eyes are dim and she does not notice the bright flush on Edna's face, and the strange, abstracted restlessness of Edna's manner. She is a little startled at Edna's account of her jaunt to the town, and inclined to be slightly rebuked, but Edna looks tired and it ends in a good night kiss.

Edna's room is next to her aunt's, and communicates with it by a door. As Edna passes into it she bolts the door—a thing she has never done before. Then she drops into a low chair before the glass and bides her face in her hands. When it comes up from this concealment it is redder than ever, and there are tears in the sweet, brown eyes which seek their reflection in the glass, and having found it sink again suddenly, as if fearing the story that is written there.

What is the matter? Only this: that the child is trembling on the brink that divides maidenhood from womanhood; trembling, not so much at the little harmless brook, that is indeed no obstacle, but at the figure of love which stands on the other side and beckons her.

Yes, love! For the first time in her life Edna is hiding and shrinking from herself; for behind that self is the shadow, more than the shadow, of another.

"Yes," she murmurs; "he is handsome! How stupid, how blind they must be to doubt it! There's no one in the world handsomer; and how strong he is! Is he cross with me for being so weak and silly? No, he is too kind for that, he only looks upon me as a child—a child! Shall I never grow old and a woman," she sighs. "He has called me 'child' twice, and tonight—tonight! No! No! I dreamed that. He could not have called me—what I fancied he did."

But though she refuses to believe that he ever uttered them, she murmurs the words, "Edna, my darling! My darling!"

"How sweet, how nice it sounds! It was a beautiful dream. 'Perhaps'—looking at the bed wistfully—'perhaps I shall dream that he said it again! How I wish I could! They say that if you think of anyone upon going to sleep, that you are sure to dream of him—or her—I'll think of him—Ah! how can I help doing so, when I remember how he saved me tonight; how kind, how good, how gentle, and he so strong—he always is to me! Edna! My darling! Oh!'—hiding her face again—'How I wish that it had not been a dream; that it was true!'"

Not very far from her sits Cyril, his head resting on his hand, a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes fixed ruefully on a piece of paper upon which he has scribbled, with much labor, some complicated calculations.

"Poor! I'm as poor as a church mouse; and to think that I've got through all this in such a short time! Is there enough left for me to marry on? Something—some mad idea—seems to tell me that I could make her happy even with this remnant. I've read of clerks and that kind of people marrying on a good deal less than this; I wonder if she could ever be got to care for me? Dear, sweet little Edna! Oh, God! what a fool I have been! I am not fit to look at her, and I might have been less unworthy of her—not worthy of her? No man could be that! Could it be possible for her ever to—care for me! Pure little Lily, she turned to me tonight; to me!" he added bitterly—"who am not fit to touch the edge of her dress!"

"On the right rises the majestic Pilatus, close behind it is the snow-capped range of Titlis, while in the distance—"

and so on, reads Miss Robinson from the inevitable guidebook, and the group of listeners who are standing on the top of the high, listen with that overdone air of attention which is so palpably the result of politeness, rather than interest.

They are all here—the baron, the professor, the Robinsons, Aunt Martha, Edna—and even Sir Cyril, who has often been heard to declare that nothing should induce him to travel in herds and flocks. And being here with the avowed object

of seeing the "magnificent panorama of sunlit lakes and snow-clad mountains," as the guidebook says, they are all clustered together, staring their eyes out, and wonder at what hour the big hotel, which some enterprising folks have built and furnished up here among the clouds, holds its table d'hôte; for though they have come up in the wonderful train instead of climbing as they ought to have done, they are all hungry and interested in the luncheon question, Cyril feeling particularly empty of everything excepting good humor, of which he deals out a supply at regular intervals.

"Wonderful—quite too wonderful!" exclaims the youngest Miss Robinson, as her sister finishes the usual guidebook dose.

"Splendid view!" murmurs the authoress. "How full of noble suggestiveness—how—"

"Jingo, there's the dinner bell!" breaks in Cyril, irreverently. "Come along—they'll cram the upper end of the table if we don't get there in time. I know them. Here you are, Mrs. Weston—now, Miss Edna—"

and away he strides, the group only too willing to follow him.

Prompt as Cyril's action had been, the long table is filling fast, and there is a little rush between him and another party of hungry tourists. But utterly regardless of the others, Cyril secures a seat on each side of him for Edna and her aunt, and then, as is usual with him, relapses into his ordinary cheerful serenity.

Two days have passed since that night of the fete, and they have seemed to Cyril long, never-ending ones, for as might have been expected, the escapade had resulted, as far as Edna was concerned in a feverish cold, and in the quietude of own room she has been afforded a valuable opportunity for reflecting on the insufficiency of an antimacassar as a protection against the night air and the humors of a holiday crowd. Two horrible days for Cyril, during which the sun seemed to have left the sky, and a dull, dreary despair to have taken its place. But it is all bright again today, and though she is unusually quiet and a little, just a little, pale, she is here, close by his side, within reach of him, the sleeve of her dainty ulster touching his, the whole of her under his wing, and Cyril is happy. And when he is happy, how difficult, how impossible it is to resist the power of his lightheartedness! He has made them laugh—all but the baron, who slept soundly—all the way up in the train, to the utter disregard of the exquisite scenery above, below and all round them.

He makes them laugh now, calling for unheard-of dishes in unheard-of languages, grumbling good-humoredly over the wine list, keeping up a running commentary on the strange and awful costumes which the gangs of ever-arriving tourists, male and female, have arrayed themselves in. It is impossible to be glum—to be even serious, under the straight downpour of his sunny humor, the baron, who does not understand one word, included; and it is not until the bill comes that they sober down sufficiently to think of the hour of return.

"Now there is one thing I may be permitted to say," says Cyril, breaking in upon a babel of contradictory chatter concerning the starting of the trains, "and that is that, of course, we shan't all be expected to go down by that very clever but confounded train—"

"How will you go down, then?" comes a general question.

"There are three ways—to walk on your own legs, to roll on your own back, or ride on a pony."

"How glorious!" exclaims Miss Robinson, the younger.

"What, to roll?" queries Cyril, dryly. "Now I propose that those who intend to adopt either of my suggested means of locomotion start at once, and meet those who go by train at Wegli's—down below you know."

"Capital!" exclaims the baron, when this is translated to him—"and I will go by train!"

"Very good," says Cyril, when the burst of laughter had subsided. "Now, how many ponies?"

In a quarter of an hour all arrangements are made and the parties have started. The descent, so says the guide who has engaged to lead them to the bottom in safety, will take three hours. There is a good path for the ponies, there is also a pretty plainly marked track, leading by a little further way, for the pedestrians. Cyril has picked

out the best pony for Edna, has placed her on it with as much anxious care as he could have displayed if she had been Dresden china; he lit a cigar and now strides alongside, one hand upon the pony's neck, the other wielding a little twig, with which to admonish him.

It is exquisitely clear, surprisingly lovely, but for the life of him Cyril cannot be got to study the scenery, and tramps on, occasionally looking up to see if Edna is comfortable, or to tickle the pony into something exceeding a snail's crawl, but is silent. They go on for some few miles, and then arriving at a turn in the path, catch up the "caravan," as Cyril calls it, which has been up to this time a little ahead of them.

Then the guide explains that now is the time for those who walk to take the short road, if they so choose, to see the waterfall and great, overhanging rocks.

Some of the party have already gone on; the path is quite distinct, there is no danger. Cyril looks down it, and then up at Edna, and meets her eyes above looking down wistfully.

"Which will you do," he asks; "will you take the narrow road," the guide beautifully remarks, "or stick to the pony?"

"I should like to walk."

"Hurrah!" says the pony, and so say I," says Cyril; and he lifts her off.

"Keep to the right," says the guide, as they commence the descent, "and do not leave the track, shentleman. We will await you at the bottom."

And then the equestrian cavalcade disappears. "Ah, this is better," says Edna, laughing. "Do you know—I can confess now—that I didn't like the look of that pony? I hadn't an odd way with his ears?"

"Poor beast!" laughs Cyril, "there wasn't an inch of vice in him from nose to tail. Dab half-a-dozen black spots on him, and he'd have done for a rocking-horse. Yes, this is better."

It is, the guide says, quite safe, but it is rather steep; and after they have "chopped"—no other word will explain the sort of quick half run half walk that is necessary—down for a little while, the path gets steeper and more uneven; and once Edna's feet slip slightly.

They have been going independently of each other till now, Edna seeming rather shy of accepting any assistance; but now Cyril holds out his hand, and without a word she puts hers into it.

"Hold fast," he says, and her little fingers cling tight. "That's better—now we shall get on. I'll admit this is glorious scenery, now we're alone, and Miss Robinson and the guidebook is out of sight and hearing; simply glorious—almost as nice as England," he adds.

Edna smiles.

"Are you laughing at me again? Isn't it delightful—I am so glad the pony has gone!"

"Look at the lake shadowed by that cloud!" says Cyril.

Edna glances down and then looks up quickly shading her eyes with her hands, and Cyril, who is watching her face, sees it grow suddenly grave.

"Haden't we better overtake the others?"

"You can't go any faster than you are going unless you roll. What is the matter—rain?"

She shakes her head.

"All right!" responds Cyril, with the cheerful indifference of ignorance. "You've got your ulster."

Edna laughs softly.

"That wouldn't help us to find our way."

"I see," he says. "Mind that stone. What's that moving down there—our party? Yes; there is no fear of losing them—if we cut off the corner we shall keep them in sight."

It is a very palpable corner, at a distance; but it would have been wiser to keep to the path, perhaps, for when they are half across the near cut they are brought up by a rock, and have to make a detour. They can still see the heads of their party beneath them, five or ten minutes will bring them together; but in less than five minutes the thick cloud comes stealing across the blue, and the mist is gradually blotting out the scene.

"I expected this," said Edna, cheerfully. "We must be quick."

"Let us wait until you have pulled the collar of your ulster round your throat," Cyril says, as the fleecy cloud-shower settles on them.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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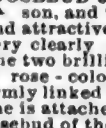
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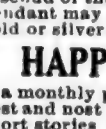
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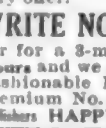
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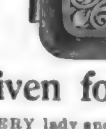
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Prize Winners in January Contest!

THOSE of our readers who won a January Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the February Prizes. The names of the winners in our February Contest will be printed in April COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still two months of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the two remaining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes. These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the March prizes. It costs you nothing to try. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the March Prizes.

We Have Paid The Following Prizes for January!

The 44 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following January Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a January prize DOUBLED OR THRIPLD.

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Henry N. McCord, Ga.,	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Macos A. Green, Tenn.,	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
E. Waggoner, Ill.,	4th Prize doubled	10.00
Miss Almena R. Hartpence, Pa.,	5th prize	5.00
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Mrs. Mary F. Crothers, Ill.,	7th Prize doubled	6.00
Miss Florence Baritz, Ala.,	8th Prize	3.00
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We Paid Each Of These Women A \$1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. C. A. Hood, W. Va.; Mary E. McConnell, Missouri; Mrs. D. V. Ruckman, Indiana; Mrs. Bessie Raymond, Iowa; Mary Coleman, Ohio; Mollie Ehrler, Texas; Mrs. H. C. Williams, Tenn.; Irma Dice, Kans.; Miss Mary Manwarren, Iowa; Mrs. Bettie Anderson, N. C.; Mrs. J. Kelly, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Wehner, N. J.; Sadie Denham, Missouri; Mrs. Elsie Simmons, Ohio; Mrs. W. C. Criss, W. Va.; Amanda Kitchen, W. Va.; Mrs. J. L. Hicks, Missouri; Mary Breeden, Missouri; Mrs. R. C. Stone, Pa.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Allen M. Shepherd, Missouri; Miss Natalie Bodem, Calif.; Mrs. A. N. Lusk, Texas; Mrs. Vesta Hayes, Calif.; Mrs. Harvey Powell, Ky.; Mrs. Alice Marsh, Ky.; Ora B. Mohon, Ky.; Mrs. O. M. Garry, Va.; Mrs. C. F. Connell, Neb.; Mary E. Well, Ark.; Manda Courtney, Okla.; Mrs. Jane Melott, Ohio; Marion Woods, Missouri; Mrs. Bessie Price, W. Va.; Miss Ella Spry, Ky.; Clara Bryant, W. Va.; Callie Dennis, Okla.; Mrs. Jennie Mosley, Texas; Mrs. Elsie Heath, Kans.; Mrs. Georgia Perkins, Texas; Mrs. Prentice Beach, Pa.; Mrs. Clara V. Fish, W. Va.; Florence Harrington, Wash.; Mrs. Harriet Haseltop, N. Y.; Mrs. Fred Myers, Idaho; Mattie B. Borge, Ga.; Mrs. Alta Candiff, Oregon; Mrs. Blanche Flagg, Texas; Mrs. Norman Boyer, Mich.; Julia Carter, N. C.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. T. E. Vinson, Kans.

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M-J-R

This pony—with cart and harness too—will be given to some boy or girl who joins the Pony Club. Here is a hint: If you can't guess the missing letters yourself, perhaps you know some one who has been a soldier. The name is a military title.

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Set your brains to work and fill out the pony's name right now. You are just as smart as the boys and girls who win ponies every year in the Pony Club. Clip the Coupon and send your name and address to the Pony Man right away and get the Free Votes and become one of the first members of the Pony Club. The Pony Man will send you pony pictures and tell you all about the other boys and girls who have won Shetland ponies. It will take but a few seconds to fill out the Coupon, and think what a grand reward you may get! Act quick.

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"Kross-Keys" Puzzle

PERHAPS you think you are good at solving puzzles but here is a new one that will keep you guessing for a while. It can be done in six seconds but the chances are it will take you six hours if not longer, to "get it." We will of course send you directions how to do it, but if you are "game" you will not even look at them. You will work it out yourself if it takes a week. As its name implies this puzzle consists of two keys on a key-ring. To all appearances they are locked together in such a manner that it would seem to be a perfectly hopeless task to try to separate them. But as we said before, it can be done and you can do it in a few seconds after you know how. "Kross-Keys" is new—just out—entirely different from any other puzzle ever invented and in our opinion beats every other puzzle we have ever seen. Thousands of them are being sold in the stores and by agents on the streets in the cities. Any energetic man, woman, boy or girl can make good money selling "Kross-Keys" puzzle in their respective neighborhoods because it is something that sells on sight. We are going to give you an opportunity to first secure one of these puzzles for yourself. Then after you see it and try it, you know that you will want more of them to sell to your friends and neighbors at a good profit. We will supply the puzzles free, you can easily sell them for 10 cents apiece and every cent you take in will be 100% clear profit to you.



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FREE OFFER

OFFER NO. 7221A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you one "Kross-Keys" puzzle with directions free by Parcel Post prepaid.

OFFER NO. 7221B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you one "Kross-Keys" puzzle with directions by Parcel Post prepaid.

Special at 35 cents each, we will send you one half dozen puzzles, or for a club of five 15-month subscriptions we will send you one dozen by Parcel Post prepaid.

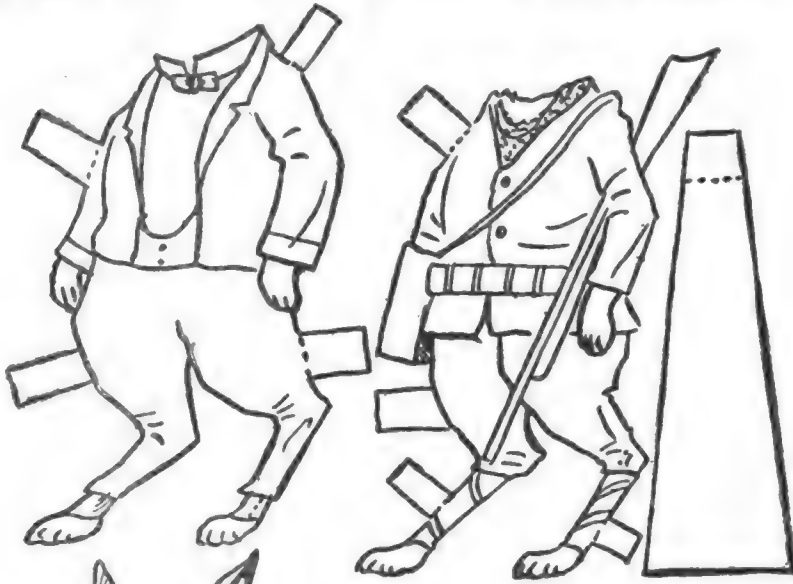
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Bunny Rabbit Dolly

HOW happy I am to greet all you little children with such happy faces and shining eyes. I want to give you all a big hug and kiss and when seat you on my knee to have a nice talk. How did you enjoy dressing up the Teddy Bear doll we had in January COMFORT? A great number of you tots and some of your mamas wrote kind notes in which you expressed yourselves as very well pleased, and asked that the cut-out feature be continued. Of course, I gladly consented, but in thinking the matter over I could not decide just what kind of a dolly you would like best. Then a happy thought came to me. I knew everyone of you liked Bunny Rabbit, so why not draw him up and have some cute little suits to cut out and put on him. No sooner said than done, and, presto—here he is.

DIRECTIONS:—Before you do any cutting at all paste the picture on cardboard and put a heavy weight such as a large book on it so that it will dry, flat and smooth. The white of an egg is good paste or you can use the common cooked mixture of flour and water. Mucilage is not very good for this. Press first upon the middle and work toward the outer edges gradually to smooth it out. The surplus paste that is squeezed out must be wiped up before the sheets are placed under the book. Cut with shears and bend back the little wing like tabs to hold the dress on. A nice effect is produced by tinting the costumes with water colors, crayons or chalk. The small end of the long tapering piece should be stuck to the doll's back and bent away at the dotted line. This is for a back support so Bunny can stand alone.



See DIRECTIONS Above



Story about Bunny Rabbit

Once there was a little girl who lived away out on a farm in a lonely region where there were no other children with whom she could play. To make matters worse she did not even have a doll because they were many miles from a store and, too, her parents were too poor to buy her one. Her heart just ached for a dolly and lots of times she was so lonesome that she would cry herself to sleep under the big maple tree that grew in the yard. One autumn day as she lay sleeping amid the dead leaves with tears still showing on her cheeks a little bunny rabbit, whose mother had been shot by a hunter, came hopping along and

snuggled up against her soft, warm cheek and went to sleep. The child was having a beautiful dream and did not awaken. She dreamed that while she was playing all alone and sighing for a dolly, a real live bunny rabbit came up to her and adopted her for a mother. This made her feel so happy that she awoke with a start, and sure enough there was the furry creature sleeping right beside her. With a glad cry, she began to fondle and pet him, and soon they were the best of friends. With the help of her mother, she made some dresses for him and they made him look a good deal like the picture I have drawn for you.

UNCLE JOHN.

Cubby Bear and the Baby Bunnies

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I HAVE come to ask a favor of you," said Bunny Rabbit, one sunny September day.

"What is it?" asked little Cubby Bear.

"I am always glad to do kind things for my friends."

"I knew it, and that is why I came to you. I have to go away to be gone a night and a day, and my Baby Bunnies must not be left alone. Could you stay with them, Cubby Bear?"

"I would love to take care of them if Mamma Bruin is willing. I will ask her."

Mamma Bruin was glad to have her little Cubby Bear kind and helpful, and said he might go.

When Bunny Rabbit had kissed the Baby Bunnies three times around, and gone hurrying away, Cubby Bear gathered the little ones around him and told them stories. He felt quite grown up and important. His heart swelled with pride to think that Bunny Rabbit had thought him old enough and wise enough to be left alone in charge of the dear little Bunnies!

He fed them carefully, washed their little faces and hung their little bibs away on the nail in the corner.

"Now, please take us walking," said one.

"Yes," cried the others, "we love to go walking! We will be very, very good, and not slap or pinch one another all day if you will take us!"

So good little Cubby Bear, wanting to make them happy, took them walking. Soon they came to the Big Brook. Busy Beaver and Molly Muskrat were swimming in the sparkling water.

"Come and play with us, Cubby Bear!" they called.

"Oh, no! I cannot play," said Cubby Bear. "Can you not see that I am taking care of these Baby Bunnies? Bunny Rabbit has gone away to stay a night and a day."

"Let the Baby Bunnies play too," cried merry

Molly Muskrat. "I will teach them to swim, and it will be great fun!"

"Yes, yes, we will swim!" two Baby Bunnies said with glee, but the other Baby Bunnies said: "No, no, we will sit on the bank and watch."

Cubby Bear sat on the bank, too, while Busy Beaver took one Baby Bunny and Molly Muskrat took the other, to teach them to swim. They all laughed a great deal, and were very happy.

The September air was warm and beautiful, and a tiny breeze blew in and out among the leaves, which kept up a gentle whispering.

By and by Cubby Bear said, "Come now, we must go home, for it will soon be supper-time."

The Baby Bunnies politely thanked Busy Beaver and Molly Muskrat for their good time, but shivered as the little breeze touched their wet fur.

Baby Bunnies should not be shivery and wet," thought Cubby Bear. Feeling a little troubled, he took them in their little cart and hurried to their home, where he made a good fire and put them to bed.

"Too early, too early!" they wailed. "We want to sit up and watch the pretty, pretty fire!"

In the night little Cubby Bear woke, and rubbed his eyes sleepily. What was it he heard?

One of the Baby Bunnies was coughing—a big, choking cough. Then another Baby Bunny coughed—a bigger, harder cough!

Cubby Bear was wide awake now. The two Baby Bunnies had the croup! And they were the two who had gone swimming in the Big Brook!

Oh, oh, what should he do? He could not leave them, poor, sick, choking babies, to go for help. Never had Cubby Bear been in such trouble as this.

Then he heard the voice of a night bird calling. "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

"Oh, I will ask Brownie Whippoorwill to go for Squilly Porcupine, who is a good doctor, and will know what to do for choky, coughy Bunny Babies!"

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Brownie Whippoorwill stopped his lonesome song and kindly went for the doctor, who lived not far away.

Such a long, unhappy night it was!

"You will stay with me until Bunny Rabbit gets back, please, Dr. Squilly," asked little Cubby Bear and Squilly Porcupine stayed.

When Bunny Rabbit came home next day the little Bunnies were almost well, and were playing "Bean porridge hot," sitting in their little cradle. When he heard how sick they had been, tears were in his eyes as he held Cubby Bear's paw in both of his.

"How good you are, Cubby Bear!" he said. "Only think—if it had not been for you, my Baby Bunnies might have died! Some little bears would have been afraid, and left little sick Bunnies all alone. Oh, Cubby Bear, you are a hero, a real hero!"

Cubby Bear could not look into Bunny Rabbit's eyes. Cubby Bear was blushing guiltily. He liked to be praised—he did not want to tell Bunny Rabbit that the babies were sick because he had not taken good care of them! But he must tell! It would be no better than a lie to say nothing.

Then little Cubby Bear was a hero, because he told the truth when it was hard.

"No, no, Bunny Rabbit," he said. "Do not praise me. I was not good! I let your babies play in the Big Brook, and they were shivery and wet. Oh, you will always hate me now!"

"I shall never hate you," answered Bunny Rabbit. "You are a dear, good little Cubby Bear, and I shall always love you!"

"We love Cubby Bear, too!" cried the Baby Bunnies, "and we want him to stay with us all times when you go away!"

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The Family Doctor
 So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.
 Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name, address, initials, or a fictitious name. If requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. J. R. Huntville, Ala.—The pains in your back, shoulder, sides and abdomen may have been from strain originally, but they are rather neuragic now as a result of the weakness. Neuragia is a very difficult ailment to handle and any definite cure for it is not known. Hot applications over the seat of pain will be of benefit, or chloroform liniment applied on a cloth and held tight until it almost blisters, then removed for a minute, will be found a good remedy to have handy for use at any time. If the pain is persistent, last over a day, take a five grain tablet of salicylate of soda morning, noon and night, for two days. Don't continue it as it will do your digestion more harm than it will do your neuragia good. By the way, have you any indigestion? Nerves respond to that very quickly and neuragic pains will follow, especially about the sides, back and abdomen.

M. B. Walthill, Neb.—The chances are that the quantity of galeka is too small to be injurious, but in the case of all drugs, whenever you have any doubt of the efficacy of one stop using it. Galeka, or goat's rue, in an over-dose is poison and deadly.

O. B. Hebron, N. Dak.—Try red precipitate ointment on your frost bites. Better have a doctor examine them and see if they are not chilblains requiring more particular treatment.

Mrs. A. E. Bonita, Ariz.—After being frozen half to death in a mining camp and exposed for a long time to the cold besides, you must expect to have a great variety of rheumatic and neuragic pains, with the chances that they never will leave you. No definite remedy can be given because conditions vary. Part of your trouble is carelessness and you have indulged in cold, stop. Stop. Stop. Eat a diet of milk, rice, eggs, stewed fruit, brown bread and cold slaw as a salad. Chew every mouthful to a pulp before swallowing and once or twice a week take a dose of Epsom salts, strong, in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

W. S. L. Bonner, Mont.—The trouble with your back is an affection of the intercostal and chest nerves which is in your case mild lumbago. It results from cold or dampness but just why and just what to do with it puzzles most doctors. Chloroform liniment applied on a cloth until it almost blisters and removed for a minute affords temporary relief. So also will hot, wet applications. But lumbago is too serious an ailment for anyone to attempt self-cure and the sufferer should get a physician's treatment at once. It may be staved off if the person is of good health otherwise, but there must be no delay in going after it promptly and properly. With your weight it will give you much pain and trouble if you neglect it.

Mrs. A. P. Douglas, Alaska.—The cold, damp climate of your part of Alaska would give you a stone catarrh and unless your husband gets into the interior where the climate is dry, he can't be cured and it is a waste of money to buy medicine or pay doctors. Our advice is to leave Alaska and go to Colorado or Arizona, where the air is dry. If his catarrh continues to grow worse. That huge mountain of damp darkness across the channel from Douglas is enough to give a man catarrh just to look at it every day in the year.

Miss L. M. Berryburg, W. Va.—It isn't uric acid that makes the pains in your joints and the shrinking in your arms and the numb feelings and the dull pains all over your body. It is simple ignorance of how you should live. You don't eat the right kind of food and you don't eat right what you do eat and you don't follow any of the rules of health that you should know something about and live according to. Ignorance of yourself is what kills you more than anything else, and it is what kills more country readers than anything else. Now go to a doctor, tell him how you ache and pain and ask him not to give you medicine, but to tell you how you ought to live to have the least amount of ills of the body. You are bound to have some, but with a fair constitution, you should keep them at the minimum if you will learn how and use the knowledge you acquire. One trouble with people who know is that they won't do what they know is right and will do what they know is wrong. Give advice for six months and see how much better you will feel and will be.

Mrs. H. D. Cadillac, Mich.—There is no one cure for constipation as there is no one definite form of constipation. It is due to many causes, some curable and others only to be remedied temporarily. You should study your diet and learn what you can digest and assimilate and you should be careful to eat nothing that will not digest properly. A dose of salts, or other laxative, may be taken at intervals, but not often as that only interferes with nature. In addition to the dieting, such exercise should be taken as will reach the muscles about the stomach and intestines as far as possible in order that they be kept active. Massaging the abdomen and sides is good to get action. Deep breathing is also of value in keeping the blood in good condition, that is plenty of oxygen in it. It's no easy matter to overcome constipation and all your attention will be necessary. Read up on the subject in various health magazines.

Julia, Greenville, Texas.—You are large for seventeen, but a woman five feet, five inches tall may weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, though one pound heavier is the maximum and one hundred and forty is the minimum. If you wish to reduce, eat less than you now eat and eat no fats or sweets and no potatoes.

E. M. M. Infanta, Tayabas, P. I.—If your wife is as well as usual, being fairly active and no definite complaint, it is well not to worry about lack of weight. In fact she is pretty sure to become thinner if she worries. She might gain in flesh by a diet of red meats, potatoes, sweets and plenty of milk and cereals, as much sleep and rest as possible. Probably the climate, unless she is accustomed to it, has something to do with keeping her thin. As for the child, any ailment it has now at seven years should have the attention of a physician who can make a personal examination and determine the proper treatment. Attention at this time may save her many years of suffering during her later life.

Troubled, Hannibal, Ill.—We don't know what kind of shoes you wear, or how you are eating, or what you have been doing to your feet to make them look small, but whatever it is a sixteen-year-old girl should not have bunions. It must be from bad foot wear, unless there is something else wrong, and we advise that you wear bunions-proof shoes having two pairs so that you may change them every day. No matter if they do look less pretty than you wish, you had better be comfortable with healthy feet, than be pretty and a cripple. Did you ever talk to a doctor to find out if it really were bunions that was causing the trouble?

Mrs. H. T. New Cumberland, W. Va.—Prunes, or prune juice, is a mild laxative for the baby and pure olive oil is good, say a teaspoonful morning and night more or less as the need may be. At the same time watch the child's diet and see that she gets nothing that will be binding. Talk to a physician, not to get medicine from him, but advice as to the feeding of the child and other care of it. Constipation beginning as a baby may continue through life if not prevented now. The cure of a disease is less to be sought after than the prevention of it.

S. Z. Lexington, Va.—If the swelling, or enlarging of the neck in front, is incipient goiter, ordinary massaging or other mechanical treatment will not be of value, as goiter is not superficial and requires constitutional treatment. See a physician at once and have the matter decided positively whether you have goiter or not, and if you have, begin treatment to prevent its growth. Unless you do this, the goiter will grow and permanently disfigure you if it does not worse. It is not a matter for you to attempt to treat yourself.

Subscriber, Kiron, Iowa.—Climate, as a rule, has little or no effect upon kidney and bladder troubles,

though with other complications the climate might have some effect. Probably in a warm, dry climate, as catarrh is so prevalent in the cold and damp, you might have a better degree of health than in Iowa or Illinois. Florida might be some improvement, as it is at least warm down there, but you would probably find Arizona or New Mexico better as they are drier. However, do not move to any location until you have looked it over yourself, or have positive information from someone who knows and has nothing to make out of you. Going from the North to the South you will have to become acclimated, but it usually takes only a short time and no serious effects are experienced.

G. H. Winslow, Ind.—The peculiar feeling of worms crawling around your toes results from disordered nerves. The pain is neuragic, which is also more nerves. When your baby is older and you have regained your normal health, this will all no doubt disappear, but in the mean time you should see a physician and have him determine if there is any other cause why your nerves should be affected. Your good appetite is a favorable indication, but because you can eat "most anything," don't do it. Watch your appetite and your stomach and eat only what you need and can digest thoroughly. Bad digestion is sure to make bad nerves.

J. M. W., Milwaukee, Wis.—Epilepsy is a disease which is practically incurable and when several competent physicians have decided that any particular case is beyond their power, about the only thing that can be done is to give the patient the best care possible at home and await the end. Sometimes epileptics live long lives and, barring the one trouble, are quite up to the average and often above it, but they must always be watched and aided over the difficulty when it becomes acute. Attacks are often at long intervals and such patients usually live long, but when the attacks are frequent the mind becomes affected and the body as well and death follows within a comparatively short time. Knowledge of how to care for an epileptic patient is of more value than medicine, except certain established tonics or other specifics.

E. M. P., Sparks, Neb.—Asafetida is good for the digestion and also for depression, but its odor is so rank that it is very seldom used, except in small quantities in connection with other ingredients. Ask your doctor about it.

E. A. E., St. Louis, Mo.—The bursa on the back of your wrist is not uncommon at that point and it usually may be reduced by a sharp blow with a wooden mallet. This breaks it up and it is absorbed, but it may return, in fact, it usually does, but the same treatment will remove it again. You had better have it done by a physician than to try it yourself. You have let yours continue so long that it may have assumed a ven form and will require the knife, but in any event the operation is a simple one.

Worried, Fairdale, N. Dak.—A mail carrier in North Dakota driving thirty-one miles a day, six days in the week should get all the fresh air he needs and with that as a base he should build up a very good super-structure of health. You have constipation and back-ache because you sit too much, get out and walk about or ten miles a day—not all at once, but up the hills—if you have any—where walking will be some effort. Or let the horse trot and run alongside of your wagon. That will get your blood to going, warm your feet and start the peristaltic action in your stomach. Stop eating meat and potatoes and take rice, eggs, milk, raw cabbage, brown bread, cottage cheese, stewed fruit, and drink cocoa, with plenty of pure water between meals. Your weight, one hundred and forty-two is just right for five feet, seven, at twenty-one years. For your weak wrists take some kind of exercise requiring grip. Begin with a little and gradually increase. Your doctor was right when he said your nerves were out whack, but he should not have given you medicine, he should have told you pretty much what we have told you and also told you to stop thinking about your condition and worry because you weren't as well as you thought you should be. Get your mind off of yourself and you won't have any nerves.

D. G. Lake Arthur, La.—You say you would be willing to do anything for your husband's health, a big, strong, young man, with some kind of growth in his nose and you ask us a whole lot of questions which we can't answer by guessing, but you don't take him to a physician in your neighborhood who can make a personal examination and remove the obstruction, with nearly every chance of making him well? Why don't you do that? Why haven't you done it long ago? Such nasal growths are very common and a simple operation nearly always removes the trouble, especially in the cases of children, as his should have been done when he was a child. Take him to a doctor now it will cost you much less than moving out to Arizona for catarrh—and have whatever is obstructing his nasal passages removed and he will be all right, unless it has run too long. Anyway, he will be greatly improved. And to all other COMFORT readers we want to say that when they find they can't breathe well and think they have catarrh, if they will submit to a physician's examination and have the real obstruction removed they will save themselves much future suffering and a lot of expense for catarrh and cold medicines.

C. C. D., Union, Miss.—The consensus of medical opinion seems to be that the best anti-catarrhal climates are in the cold dry air of Colorado, or the warm dry air of Arizona or New Mexico. Certainly dry air is a prime factor in improving, if not always curing, catarrh. As to the hot of the cold, that depends upon which the patient likes better for his personal comfort. Northern New York and the highlands of North Carolina are also given as of the proper dryness. For that matter, anywhere that is thoroughly dry, catarrh does not thrive, though there may be individual cases anywhere and everywhere. Arizona or New Mexico would be our personal choice. But before deciding upon any location, first go and look it over to see for yourself and know what you are getting.

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

E. E. W.—I have a bunch of mixed chickens. All seem to be laying fine. One of my Plymouth Rocks passed a long worm about twenty-five feet long, thin like a number ten thread. What is the cause of this and what can I do for it? They are pecked up most of the time. Don't see how I could get along without COMFORT.

A.—Fowls and birds of all sorts are liable to have worms. They don't seem to do very much damage unless they are very plentiful, but it will be a wise precaution to examine all your birds and pick out any that are thin, have pale combs, or show any other signs of debility. Confine them in a comparatively small coop, the bottom of which is made of slats. Put short legs at each corner, or raise it above the ground by means of bricks or blocks—anything so that the bottom of the coop is a few inches above the ground, so that the droppings will fall through out of the birds' reach. Give a very light supper, and the next morning, while still fasting, give each bird from two to thirty drops of the following mixture: Oil of turpentine and olive oil in equal parts. About two hours later give each bird two tablespoonfuls of castor oil. If you have many birds to doctor, the best plan is to mix a little ground grain with the oil. Roll it up into pills, and see that each bird gets an equal share. Examine the droppings, and satisfy yourself that the treatment was necessary, and then burn them. If there are signs of worms in the droppings of the first few birds you take out of the flock, continue the dosing until you have treated every bird there is on the farm. As worms are transmitted from bird to bird by means of their droppings, keep the henhouse scrupulously clean, and remove droppings after it is light in the morning, as soon as possible, for several weeks.

F. R.—As I have not seen anything like our chickens have, I thought I would ask your advice. We have one hundred chickens in a very small house. We have Black Spanish, Rhode Island Reds, Black Leghorns, Mottled Anconas, and a few mixed. They are all mixed. Their heads and eyes get sore, and inside their mouths are big white sores. One rooster's windpipe was full of white sores. We scrape the sores out, and they bleed. Is this contagious? And what is good for it? I know they are two-crowed. Could that be the cause? Please tell me how much and what corn to feed one hundred chickens at night, and how much to feed during the day. They have often pecked all the time, and free range. We feed them Alfalfa in their mash. We don't get any eggs.

A.—It is worse than useless to keep more hens than can be comfortably housed. When birds are crowded they sweat at night, and receive a chill when they go out into the cold morning air. This of course affects the egg organs, and usually ends in the development of some disease. It is better to have ten profitable, well-housed hens than a hundred half-sick drones. From your description, the birds have canker, which is mildly contagious, and being caused usually by a cold, is apt to develop into roup if neglected. In fact, the sores in the mouth and throat are one of the symptoms of roup. The only sure distinction between the two diseases is an unmistakable offensive odor which is always present with roup. If there is no odor on your birds' breath, you can safely treat for canker. Use equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid and sub-nitrate of bismuth, all well mixed. Partly fill a stiff, clean straw about ten inches long, and blow the mixture into the birds' throat and nostrils. Give the bird plenty of green vegetable food and light nourishing diet. It is impossible to tell just how much to feed any given number of birds, as every breed and individual fowl varies in the matter of appetite. The only way to find out what a flock really needs is to test it one morning by giving them all the mash they will eat up in fifteen minutes. Then, for the future, give them half that quantity. At night, however, I believe in their having all they want to eat. Feed slowly, and scatter all the feed wide enough to give every bird a chance to get her full share.

O. M. N.—Will you please tell me how to get rid of the red mites? They have killed about ten of my hens. I have used ashes and coal oil, but it does not seem to do any good.

A.—Red mites live in the woodwork and the walls of the henhouse; not on the birds themselves. The only way to get rid of them is to clean, thoroughly, disinfect, and whitewash the henhouse, using freshly slaked lime, with a good supply of crude carbolic acid, and kerosene in it. Scrape the perches, and paint them with strong sheep dip, and wrap rope around the ends where they come into the walls of the house, and keep the cage saturated with kerosene oil. Clean out the nests, burn all the old bedding, and then paint thoroughly with dip, being careful to go into all the cracks and crevices. Or, you can turn the nests upside down over the burning bedding so that the flame and the smoke are forced through the cracks and crevices of course, being careful that the birds are not burned. When the house is clean and aired off for an hour or two, go over them with whitewash. Put clean hay in, and destroy once a week at least, giving the boxes a dose of dip for each time. It may take several weeks of constant work to get rid of these pests, but until you do your hens will not be profitable.

O. S.—What is the cause of weak leg among young chicks, and also the cure? I hatched some chicks in December and they were getting along fine until lately they have shown signs of weak legs. I always start hatching chicks in December and January, and never had any trouble with my chicks. I keep the chicks indoors in a moderately heated room, but there is always plenty of Alfalfa for them to scratch in on the floor. They always have grit, and I gave the few cracked ones and baby chick feed. When one day old, they were one and one half weeks old, chick feed. They are now one and one half months old, and I give them the old and the new mixed corn. I also gave them boiled milk when one half to two weeks old.

A.—There are many causes for leg weakness; in-breeding of parent stock, want of proper exercise; too much or too little heat in a brooder; rheumatic tendencies transmitted from breeding stock; which has at some time suffered from roup. But in this case I think it is due to too heavy feeding. As you say they are only a month and a half old, and you are giving them the same mixed grains that you are feeding to the old hens. Little chicks confined to rooms or brooders must be furnished with a constant supply of green vegetable food. Sprouted oats, chopped lettuce, chard—in fact, greens of any sort. They also need some animal food to take the place of the worms and bugs which they would get if they were running about with the hens. There are several good brands of beef scraps and bone meal on the market, specially prepared for small chicks. If your feed man keeps none of this, buy a little liver, partly boil it, and chop fine. When you first commence to feed animal food of any description, give very little at first, and increase the quantity slowly, otherwise you may have trouble with their bowels.

A. P.—Will you please tell us, if you can, what to do for our chickens. We have the large Buff Orpingtons. During molting time, they fail to lose their feathers and go drooping around. They don't seem to get very sick, but gradually die. They eat with the fattening hogs, corn, kafir, milo-maise, cane and broom corn seed. Before dying, their feathers get very rough. We have other hens which have a cankered sore on their windpipe, causing them to gasp for breath all the time. One lived three days after we noticed it on her.

A.—Orpingtons, being of the heavy type of fowl, are very liable to contract liver trouble if allowed too much fattening food. Your hens, feeding with the hogs, have naturally eaten more than is good for them, especially of fattening food. Your only course is to confine the birds in yards, feed very lightly on grain and plenty of green vegetables, and give each bird a teaspoonful of castor oil, or add one half teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to the drinking water for each bird. Repeat the treatment once each week until they have had three doses, after which you can go back to ordinary rations, but their morning mash should be composed of corn meal and ground oats, wheat bran and clover or Alfalfa hay; equal parts of each. At noon, give them vegetables of some sort, and a very small quantity of greens, Kafir, corn or barley, scattered over the scratch material in their house, so that they will have to scratch and exercise for every grain they get. If you cannot yard your birds, or safeguard the hog feed, you had better give up Orpingtons and keep Leghorns, for they are light, active birds, which won't suffer so much from the heavy food.

W. M.—Could you tell me what was the matter with my chickens last year? I had a couple of hens that seemed healthy, but they would grow weak in the legs. They would try to walk and just fall over. One hen—Rhode Island Red—would even get off the nest and lay, and at times she couldn't get off. I would have to take her off. She would eat and drink good. I fed corn, wheat and scratch food. Another one of my hens went to setting, and sat about two weeks. She left the nest with the same complaint as the other hen. They grew weaker and weaker; wherever they died. I would like to know what the disease was, and whether it is contagious or not. I have one more question to ask. I ran an incubator last year and set my own eggs; had good hatches. After the chicks were three or four weeks old, they seemed to take fits. They would go round and round as if they

were trying to catch their tails, and then fall out with a stiff neck. Their heads would be turned around over their backs. They would lie out that way for an indefinite length of time and would come to again. I had quite a few die from this trouble, and some did recover. We fed the small chick-feed and cracked corn. Had good brooders, well ventilated.

A.—The general condition of your fowls is very poor. This is undoubtedly, from your description of the old hens and the young chickens you hatched in an incubator for last spring, for it leaves little doubt that the old birds have tuberculosis in an advanced stage. One of the last symptoms is lameness. Eggs laid by hens in the first stages of this disease would produce chickens with weak legs and epileptic tendencies, which would show the symptoms you describe in your brooder chicks. Your only course is to kill old hens that seem unduly thin, have pale combs, dull eyes, or any other sign of want of strength and activity. After culling out the flock, clean up the henhouse and yards. Have the latter plowed deeply, and sown to some quick crop, like oats or rye, that the birds can eat. Put a little nux vomica or tincture of iron in the drinking water, for a week or two, to tone up the constitution of the birds you keep for this spring's breeding pens.

N. McL.—I have just an ordinary canary bird past four years old. Each time he molts feathers, it is a longer period before he commences singing again, but the last time he began in the middle of July. He still is moulted, or rather he picks them out, as though he is oiling them, so there are new feathers coming in all the time. If there are lice or mites on him I can't see them, as I have looked close. He bathes regularly enough. He eats apples, cabbage, bread, cookies, cuttle bone, sand, crackers, peppers but he has not had as much pepper as usual. He doesn't seem to eat and what I buy I gave him a drop of nuxvomica on cabbage leaf, root, candy in drinking water, as I read in a recent paper to restore his voice, but he does not sing. One of his toes turned purple over a year ago. His toe-nails grow so long they are a hindrance. I clip them off some. Do you think a warm or cold room is best for him? He can't stand much heat. He begins a few notes as though he was going to sing, but then he quits. How long do canary birds live?

A.—Give the bird's cage a thorough disinfecting. Unscrew the plates at the top which hold the ring for the cage to hang by. It is usually the place where red mites congregate. If these pests get into a canary's cage, they irritate his skin so much that he is sure to pick and pull out feathers during the day. Add a good quantity of household ammonia to some boiling hot soapy water and dip the whole cage up and down in it. The poor little chap may have indigestion. As cage birds get older, one has to be more careful with their diet. Cakes, and such rich treats, are altogether too heavy. Give him a little hard-boiled egg now and then, and put a little saffron in his drinking water. Canaries thrive best in a moderately cool room where the temperature is even. They often live to be fourteen or sixteen years old when not overfed.

C. H. D.—Will you please tell me through COMFORT how to remedy dampness in my chicken coops? The cheapest and best way? I have three coops. No. 1. Matched lumber with matched floor; tar paper roof, slatted by twelve feet. Slanting roof, five feet back and seven feet front. One window, forty-eight inches by thirty inches, always out. No. 2. Matched lumber, covered all over with tar paper, and dirt floor and slanting roof, size eight by twelve feet. This coop has an open window, twenty by twelve inches, covered with cloth. No. 3. Rough lumber covered all over with tar paper, dirt floor, slanting roof twenty-four by eight feet. This coop has two open windows, one twenty-four by twenty-four inches, and one twenty-eight by thirty-two inches, covered with cloth. All of these coops have other windows on the south side or front, and have sunlight on clear days. All of these coops get white frost on the inside from the hens' breathing, and I think and remain damp, causing the hens to catch cold. Do double wall coops with air space ever get this way?

A.—The ground on which the coops stand is poorly drained, most probably, or you have got too many birds crowded into the house. Try putting small ventilators in the corners of the back wall, high up near the roof. Even double walled houses will get damp if not properly ventilated.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

sure. He doesn't realize that poverty is his enemy, and so he doesn't organize with his fellow workers to get a wage that will support himself and his family comfortably. He doesn't realize that alcohol is his enemy (a deadlier enemy than any armed soldier he will ever confront) and so he swallows gallons of whiskey until it puts him under the sod. He doesn't realize that sickness is his enemy, and so he doesn't force his government to give him national insurance. He doesn't realize that old age, with its accompanying dependence, is his enemy, and so he doesn't cry out for old age pensions. All he does is to act like a first-class nut, then when trouble, sickness and misfortune come, he either gives up and perishes or starts to try and use the one thing he has scarcely ever used before, his brains. Does his brain reproach him? Not a bit. He begins to pity himself and the only thought that his diseased thinking box produces is a suggestion that he convert himself into a suppliant and a beggar, for all his thinking box can tell him is to throw himself on the mercy and charity of those who have used their brains a little more than he has, with the result that one gives up a blanket, the other a chair, another a few platters, still another a frying pan and some moth-eaten duds. Other people have to make up his deficiencies because he would not think, and there is not one thinking person in this world who has not got at least a hint of how thoughtless persons leaning on him or her. You don't think for a moment that you are a hero. If my junk were burned up, I would have to beg. Every stick I have is insured. When a man can get two thousand dollars' worth of insurance on his goods and chattels, manuscripts and other possessions for three or four dollars a year, if he doesn't insure them he should have neither pity nor help when trouble comes. Now get busy you people who have not insured your homes nor your lives. You are constantly menaced by fire. Fire is a good friend but a bad enemy. Give it a little encouragement, be a little careless, and up goes your home and out you go. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts you. Fire is a fact and not a dream. Men with more brains than you, have given you an opportunity to set fire almost at defiance. It only costs a trifle to get protection. Get it and make yourselves safe, and not throw the burden of your stupidity on those who have enough troubles of their own. The value of property that is burned up in this country every year by careless people would pay for the construction of the Panama Canal. Will you never think? Will you never wise up and use a little common sense?

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have just finished reading your letter in the COMFORT and think they are so interesting. I have decided to write one. I am a country girl fifteen years old, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. I have light hair, dark gray eyes, and have dark skin. My mother and father are living, and also have three brothers and no sisters. I can do all kinds of house work, and can hitch horses. Now Uncle Charlie don't you think I am smart. We have lots of fruit in Virginia. Wish you could be here to get some of our nice June apples. Can you ride horsesback? I can. We have three horses and one cow and about three hundred chickens and fifty young turkeys. Tell Billy the Goat to correct all of my mistakes but please don't eat my letter. If this escapes the waste basket I will come again. May God bless you and all the cousins forever. I remain your niece, OLIVE NEW.

P. S. Please send me your advice about being a train nurse. Give my love to the turkeys, Olive. It does not seem right that you should have fifty turkeys while we haven't one. Times were so hard this year and business so fierce that the only thing we got in the turkey line at Thanksgiving and Christmas was the turkey trot from Billy the Goat. They always have Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, but we don't always have turkey where we live. Billy the Goat got me to buy an atlas for Christmas. Do you know why? Because it had Turkey in it. When this war is over there won't be any Turkey in Europe. If we want Turkey we'll have to go to Asia for it. We'd have starved to death last Christmas if it hadn't been for a lady who gave us a canary, but a canary

don't make much of a meal for three, especially when one is a goat. So Olive you want my advice about becoming a "train nurse." I'm sure I shall be very glad to give you any information I can on the subject, though to tell you the truth I don't know much about it. Of course if you were a train nurse your duty would be to take care of the train and see it didn't get sick. You'd have to wrap the cars up all snug at night, so they didn't get cold. You never can tell what would happen to a freight car that got cold. The car might get pneumonia and die. The car might also get a carbuncle on its carcass, and if it did you'd have to dose it with carcase. After you graduate from the car hospital, Olive, we'll all come and watch you, when you're putting a sick pullman car to bed, feeling its pulse or taking its temperature and applying a hot water bag to its feet. I mean its wheels. If a day coach gets a cough we'll all hop round to see you rubbing goose grease on its chest. When you put the pullman car to bed you must see that it does not get bed-sores and kick off the clothes when it gets delirious. If there's a train wreck you'll have to bandage up all the wounded cars so they don't bleed to death. You see the work of a "train" nurse is quite varied and strenuous. You must particularly watch the dining car, as it is usually so chock full of grub, it is liable to get dyspepsia. Keep an eye too on the pullman sleeper and see that it doesn't snore too much. Now if you do all this Olive, I think you'll make a first-rate train nurse. What's that Billy? Olive means trained nurse? Oh, if that's the case Olive, I suggest you go to school for another couple of years and stay there until you have graduated from high school, for no hospital of any repute nowadays will admit a girl to training, unless she can show a high school diploma. We place our lives more in the hands of the trained nurse than we do of the doctor, and the better educated the nurse the more she will know about her business, and the better chance she will have of pulling us through and keeping the doctor from murdering us. Most of the girls who write to me about being trained nurses have not enough education to take care of a sick umbrella. People who want to wear smart uniforms and earn twenty-five to thirty dollars a week must at least be able to spell simple words. If they can't do that they had better take up general housework, as trained nursing of all things calls for an education.

MOTT, NORTH DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I take the liberty of writing to you to pray for me with all your heart, mind and soul to our Father in Heaven. I am afflicted with those terrible noises in the ears, and my eye sight is poor. You do not know how I suffer. I know you are a good man and love God and I hope He will hear my prayer. Please drop me a few lines. My affliction is something awful. Pray for me. Please insert this in COMFORT and ask for the prayers of all its subscribers in behalf of your suffering sister. With love, MRS. CHARLES ROBSON.

Here is a cry from a soul in distress, and I hope you will implore the aid of heaven in her behalf. Her affliction may seem very trifling, but there is nothing under heaven more maddening or more hard to endure than these terrible noises in the ear of which she complains. I speak from experience, for I have for many years had the most terrific noises in my ears. If you have ever heard a dozen engines blowing off steam, half-a-dozen threshing machines running at full pressure, with four or five boiler foundries thrown in for good measure and all joining in chorus and trying to drown each other out, you will get a faint conception of the kind of aural concert I have to listen to day in and night out. When that racket first began, and I'd endured it for about seven minutes, I began inquiring about various makes of revolvers and their prices. I wanted to make a target of the place that noise was coming from. This dreadful scourge which has never let up for eighteen years drove me at first almost to the verge of insanity. There was no getting away from it for a second's relief. Relentless and cruel as fate it gripped and never let go. The angry waves of the ocean sometimes rest, there is at times a lull in their murmuring, but the aural safety valve blows off steam from one year's end to the other, and the more you pay attention to it the worse it becomes. There is only one thing to do and that is to learn to shut out and ignore it, seems incredible that anyone can ever school himself, and by a supreme exercise of will power get this torturing racket at defiance. I however have succeeded in doing just this and I know a lady who has been completely deaf for a number of years who has also learned to do the same thing. This is another instance of the triumph of mind over matter. Sometimes the bodily anguish is too great for the mind to conquer. I fear that is so in Mrs. Robson's case. Prayer is a good thing, so is an aurist, or ear specialist.

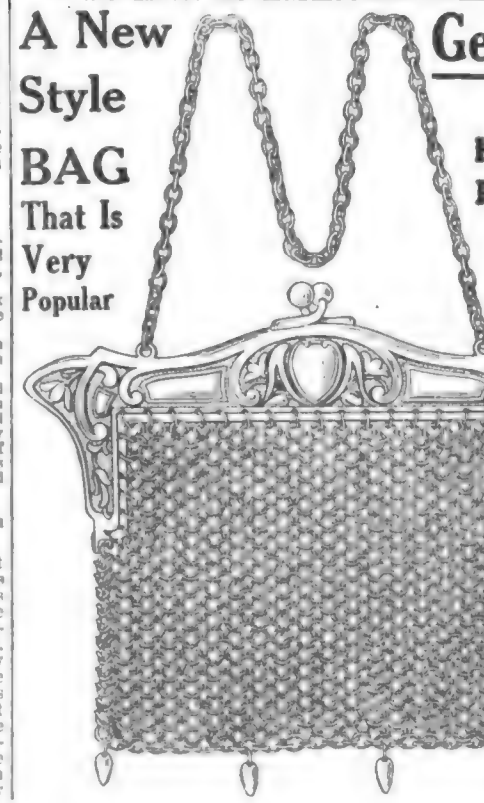
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, all cousins must ask more than three questions in one month.

WELL, well, my dears, here we are at the first spring month and the winter hardly seems to have been at all. Still, we can't be too sure that March is as full of spring as it might be and we might as well keep on our winter dannels until the April showers come along with the flowers. Anyhow, those of us who live to the North of Mason and Dixon's line. If you don't know where that is located, suppose you ask your school teachers or your cyclopedias. But it won't be long till the warm sun will be shining and the whole world will be in bloom and make us all feel light and cheerful. Also will come spring fever when we won't want to work, so to get ahead of it, I'll begin now.

The first is from Loneliness of Wyndemere, N. Dak., and she is a school teacher aged nineteen and in great trouble. And she should be, for she says she met a young man on a train, entire stranger to her, and she became "deeply infatuated" with him on the spot. I wonder if she teaches her girl pupils to be as foolish as that. However, the young man now wants her to marry him and she doesn't know what to do because she doesn't know a thing about him, except what he tells her. I'm sure I can't tell her, for I don't know the young man any better than she does. I know though that she hadn't better marry him until she knows more about him than he tells her. But what makes grown up young women, so utterly silly about the men?

Troubled, Norfolk, Va.—Let me see—you met him seven years ago, and it was a case of love at first sight. Then five years elapsed and during that time he never saw you, but was forced by another girl to become engaged to her. Next, two years ago, you met again and he realized that he loved a way of demanding the exclusive attention of girls and never say a word or show a sign of having any right to do so. Even if you become engaged to him he has no right to make a hermit of you. I'd hate to marry a man of that disposition. If you like that kind, it is none of my business, but remember I warned you in time.

Blue Eyes, Bryan, Texas.—Better not be popular with young men than sacrifice your self-respect to do so. If other girls get all the beans that way, you let them have them.

Sister, Castle Rock, Colo.—Many times a man who has known a woman for years suddenly realizes that she is the one for him and at once falls in love with, or lets the latent love break out, as this one has done. I think it is sincere. As to whether you can live with his mother or not, that can only be settled by trial. As far as he is concerned, I think you can risk him.

Cousin E., Osborn, Idaho.—I think you are ever so much better off without a sweetheart than with one. You won't say you love him, when he knows you do. Give him back his presents and letters, get yours back and have nothing more to do with him. (2) Practice is the only way to write a good hand and some people can't ever learn. I am one.

Clehm, Olympia, Wash.—Accept all the attention you can from other young men and if this particular one objects, tell him he has never proved any claim on you and you are free to do as you please until he does. Lots of young men have a way of demanding the exclusive attention of girls and never say a word or show a sign of having any right to do so. Even if you become engaged to him he has no right to make a hermit of you. I'd hate to marry a man of that disposition. If you like that kind, it is none of my business, but remember I warned you in time.

J. C. J., Allardt, Tenn.—By all means give him back the engagement ring, if he wants it, and give it back to him anyway. A man who drinks and refuses to stop when his sweetheart asks him to, is the very kind of man no sensible girl would marry and no other kind of girl should. Let him go, quick.

Blue Eyes, Billings, Mont.—Indeed, there are exceptions to the rule that the husband should be older than the wife, and enough of them to prove the rule. If your young man is really in love with you and you with him, don't let your being the older prevent your marrying.

Doubtful, Wapato, Wash.—It is not proper for a girl of fifteen and a man of twenty-three to exchange "cool, but friendly letters." The girl of fifteen should be putting in her time over her school books.

Virginia, Trevilians, Va.—A young man of good family and good habits who has been devoted to you for years is, I think, the very kind to make the best kind of husband. But he is too young yet to think of marrying. Wait until he is at least twenty-five. Both of you will have saved money, too, in that time and have a nest egg to start with. You have my blessing.

Lonely, Moneta, Va.—A seventeen-year-old girl in school has no business whatever to be disturbed in her mind, or heart, about which of two young men she should choose. Her books are her business and there will be plenty of time for bean troubles when she is done with her books. Cut out the beans for the present, my dear.

Undecided, Hancock, Wis.—When you don't know which one of two to be happy with, don't try to be happy with either, and you stand a much better chance of being happy.

V. V., Tennessee, Texas.—Unless you wish to be as your mother is, wholly devoted to society and her clubs don't marry the city man, but choose the quiet country lad, even if you have to wait a dozen years until he overcomes his bashfulness sufficiently to tell you he loves you, as you know he does now in silence.

Blue Eyes, Whigham, Ga.—You say, "I love him to my very soul," and ask me if you should tell him so. Well, my dear, don't if you don't want to scare him clear away. Let him do the telling. And don't let him give you the tender little love taps on the cheeks. He wants to be too familiar and you should have better sense than to permit him.

Teacher, Jonesboro, Ark.—You did quite right. I think in sending back all letters, presents, the ring, etc., when without explanation or apparent cause your fiancé stopped writing and paid no attention to your inquiries as to the cause. He may be all right, but he takes a wretchedly poor way of showing it. Continue your correspondence with his sister, if you like her and she likes you. There is a reason why you should lose a good friend, because she happens to have an unworthy brother.

Sunny Day, Hunt, Ill.—Perhaps you would be happy with a man who as your sweetheart never took you any place, or went any place himself, and didn't want you to go with anyone else, but I doubt it. Still, if at seventeen, you think he is your only chance and you feel that you must marry, maybe you had better take him. But I'd hate to be you.

Unhappy, Ashville, N. C.—I certainly would not go with a young man who not only would not buy my box at the box supper but wouldn't even go to the supper. And he never goes any place with you, or ever makes a date to come to see you, and gets mad if you talk to other young men! Well, he sure is the limit and I'll never forgive you if you don't throw him over, right away. And don't be unhappy any longer over one like him.

Faithful, Howard, N. Y.—Don't worry, my dear, and don't get married until you are eighteen at least, even if your present home isn't just what you wish it to be. Very many of the cousins have written me to say how glad they were that they had taken my advice and not married at sixteen, and some of them had far more disagreeable homes than yours, for yours seems to be fairly nice. The young man is all right and I'm sure he doesn't object to waiting until you are old enough to marry. And while you are waiting, take up the study of spelling and grammar. No girl in the state of New York should lose all the opportunities of education that that state offers. You write a good hand and a well expressed letter, but your grammar is

faulty and your spelling worse, both of which you could easily correct.

Dred, Allardt, Tenn.—Don't elope with him, and if he loves you right he won't insist on it. You haven't a year to wait until you are of age and then you can assume the responsibility yourself. In any event, don't marry to suit your parents unless it suits you. Parents should know better than to ask that of a child.

Lonely, Santa Fe, N. M.—You would be ever so much better fitted to be a wife if instead of marrying now at eighteen, you waited until you were twenty-one and put in the extra years securing the education you are so desirous of having. If the young man doesn't want to wait that long, tell him kindly he doesn't have to. An ignorant wife means an ignorant husband and ignorant children. Do you want a record of that kind?

Blue Eyes, Pineville, La.—School girls should not have beans on Sunday afternoons, but if your parents have no objection I don't suppose I should make trouble about it. I know if I had daughters in school the beans would be few and far between. At the same time I should want them to associate with boys and girls of their age and have a good time without any bean business and regular callers. (2) The best way to cure the flirting youth is to laugh at him when he tries it on you. This is for now and when you are older.

Troubled, Shady Lane, W. Va.—The girl who offers herself as a reformer for a young man that drinks is taking about one chance in a million that she won't be making a serious mistake with herself as chief sufferer. (2) An eighteen-year-old boy had much better be sent to the nursery than to the marriage altar.

Troubled Heart, Ishpeming, Mich.—For goodness sake, don't think marrying a boy only sixteen years old. You are old enough to know better, or ought to be. If he hasn't any more sense, you insist on waiting until he is twenty-five and see what he thinks about it by that time. If he wants to marry you then, and you twenty-eight, it will be lovely and you may have my blessing. And don't you do the card writing and sending for him and other courting. Haven't I said a thousand times that it is the man's place to do the courting? It isn't for you to chase him, but him to chase you. My, but you are slow to learn!

There, my dears, I've answered all the questions that were for me to answer and I've been perfectly sweet about it, haven't I? Scolded just enough and where it was needed, didn't I? You see I know. Now be good little girls, remembering that while you have hearts to throb you also have heads to have some sense with. May the good Lord watch over us all and lead us aright. By, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

Possibly an operation would relieve her. The ear is an exceedingly delicate and important organ. Ear noises may come from a variety of causes. Often wax adheres to the ear drums. When this is the case the ear should be syringed with warm boric water. Don't be too strenuous in the operation. Use half a teaspoonful of boric powder to a pint of warm water. If one has a steady hand and will go to work very gently he or she can get a piece of absorbent cotton and wind it round the end of a toothpick, then dip it in warm glycerine, and any accumulated matter in the ear can be easily removed. Often with the removal of wax, the noise subsides. If there is pain in the ear, there is nothing better than warm glycerine dropped in the outer ear. I have known this constantly, and often have to lie with my head on an ice bag to prevent inflammation of the inner ear. One cannot be too careful about the ears for if inflammation starts in the inner ear, one is liable to get that most terrible of diseases, mastoiditis. The mastoid bone is that big bone behind the ear and necrosis or rotting of this bone quickly takes place when an inflammatory condition arises. It is a delicate and dangerous operation to have the mastoid bone chiseled open and the brain exposed. Of course if you are a democrat or a republican it is not so dangerous, as there is no brain to be exposed. ("Uncle Charlie" you'll get hammered for that—Billy the Goat.) People who have any discharge from the ear are considered a bad risk by an insurance company. There is a passage from the back of the throat that leads up to the ear called the eustachian tube. There is a good deal of sympathy between the ear and the throat as you will readily understand if you think you know about that connecting passage. Quite recently that great genius Edison had mastoiditis. When there is an acute catarrhal condition of the throat or nose it is apt to extend up the eustachian tube and involve the middle ear. In this way the tubes become choked and obstructed with the over secretion or by swelling. The air in the middle ear then becomes absorbed in part and a species of vacuum is produced with increased pressure from without on the ear drum; the drum membrane will be pressed in, and through the little ones pressure will be made against the sensitive nervous apparatus irritating it and giving rise to deafness, dizziness and the sensation of noises in the ear. Every fresh cold in the head and throat has a tendency to start trouble in the ear. Mrs. Robson should consult an ear specialist in Minneapolis or St. Paul, or pay a trip to Rochester, Minn., where the greatest surgeons in the United States will be found. Perhaps by the time this letter appears in print Mrs. Robson will by sheer force of will power have learned to shut out and ignore those dreadful ear noises to a certain extent. It is an awful task, but it can be done. The shutting out process can be applied to many of the hard, unpleasant things of life. I've got it down to a fine point, but sometimes pain is too terrible, too agonizing to conquer and subdue. Perhaps Mrs. Robson has reached that point. I fervently hope not. Give her the benefit of your prayers and any advice that from experience you have found helpful.

MILNER, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have black eyes and light brown hair. I am four feet eleven inches tall. We are old subscribers to COMFORT and I like to read your's and the cousin's letters. I have one little sister and three brothers. I can churn iron and milk the cows, and cook and sweep the floor up. I go to school. I know to walk about two miles. I like to ride a horse. My father lets me ride one of his horses sometimes. Well Uncle Charlie I hope to see my letter in print next month. I remain your niece, ROSA TOOP.

Rosa, you are quite a cute clever little girl, and can do some remarkable things. I used to

have quite a few accomplishments myself, but I never succeeded yet in ironing and churning a cow. I surely would be exceedingly cruel to iron a cow, especially if the iron was good and hot. I should think that would be a case of pasteurizing the milk at the source. What methods do you use in churning a cow? Do you give her an anesthetic, and while she's under the influence of the dope, dreaming of the happy days of calthood, turn the crank until you get her all buttered up? If you don't do that what do you do? Well I hope after you've churned the cow, she churns for you, for as you know "one good churn deserves another." Rosa, you'd better go to the punctuation box and dust a few commas into your sentences, and save that poor cow a lot of needless torture. You also inform us that you cook and sweep the floor up. What is your object in cooking the floor? Billy the Goat says he thinks you do it to keep your feet warm. Excellent idea, but why do you want to sweep the floor up? The girl who does a job of that kind must be some sweeper believe me. You must be a regular human cyclone. I've seen a cyclone sweep a floor up and drop half of it in the gulf of Mexico, the other half in Hudson Bay, but I never saw a young lady sweep a floor up. You must keep the folks pretty busy putting floors down, for it is not very pleasant to be walking around a room that has no floor, especially when there's a cellar under it. The Goat says you mean that you sweep the dirt up and leave the floor in its usual position. I sincerely trust that the Goat's surmises are correct, as I hate to see such astounding energy employed in such destructive methods of housekeeping. You sweep the floor down next time, Rosa. Instead of sweeping it up. If that does not get results you sit on the floor and sweep it with a tooth-brush. I like to see a nicely manicured floor, but don't be too strenuous when you are doing the job.

BANON, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a boy seventeen years of age, five foot eleven inches short. I have light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion and my weight (what's weight? Uncle C.) is one hundred and fifty pounds. I have four sisters and one brother two of my sisters are married. I live on a farm with my mother and father and two sisters. We live eight miles north of the Northern Pacific railway. My youngest sister has been teaching school. The land around here is rather poor for wheat and the hot southwest wind comes some years and burns growing plants. But they did not reach us last year, for we got rain and it cooled them. There is lots of cattle raising done in this country. Would you be as kind as to give me a little advice in reporter work. I have written a few poems but they have come back from the places I have sent them with the unavailable mark. Could I learn the trade without going to some town or city? Is there any difference in learn the author or fiction work to that of the reporter work? I close with my best regards to you and the cousins. I remain, OLE NEWLAND, JR.

So Ole, you want to be a reporter do you? If not a reporter, then a poet or an author. I've been standing on my head for about half an hour trying to read your letter, and my poor eyes are still aching and so are Maria's. Why didn't you mix a little ink with the water that you used, or why did you put so much water in the ink? Now the last sentence in your letter and a word which is the key to the whole sense of the matter have got me woozy. Now fancy a would-be author who wants to spread his thoughts before the millions of earth addressing such a query as this to a man: "Is there any difference in learn the author or fiction work to that of the reporter work?" I have unraveled some mighty knotty propositions, but you have my acrobatic brain tied in empty steen knots. I suppose you want to know if the terms for making you an author would be greater than those that would be charged for making you a reporter. I don't see that there is anything else that you can mean. Let me tell you right now Ole you can't learn to be an author, and judging from your letter I am rather doubtful whether you can learn to be a reporter, though you might have a good nose for news and be able to get the skeleton of a story for other hands to write out. Authors are born, not made. It's wonderful what humanity can do in the development of poor material at times, but you cannot make something out of nothing and what is the use of trying? If there were any seeds of authorship in your composition you would have been writing bright, new stuff four years ago, and at your present age you would be doing creditable work. No matter what line of effort you enter today, you will find it crowded with brilliant and clever men, men who even in the cradle develop a talent for one or other of the arts or professions they are to follow in later years. Before I could speak and while in the cradle I hummed some of the airs my father played on his violin and piano. My mother foolishly wept for she felt this infantile precocity meant my early decease. Now Ole if your mother had found you with a pad and pencil when you were three weeks old writing sonnets to your nurse's eyebrows, you would have been well on the road to authorship by now, and you would not have needed the aid of a correspondence school to help you achieve success. The plodder can do wonderful things, though almost devoid of talent, but he can never rise above mediocrity, and there is absolutely no market for mediocrity—that is the merely good. The world is full of clever people, people with a vast amount of natural talent, and with a great deal of education and culture to give the polish that even talent requires to make it acceptable and marketable. The plodder is an excellent man in business and trade and he may get there to a certain degree as a reporter, but nobody ever won distinction in literary work unless nature gave them a dash of genius, a spark of inspiration, or a modicum of talent when they entered the world. What I would advise you to do Ole is to learn to spell simple words first of all, next read good books, and keep on reading good books, just revel in them and glory in them. Far better live and walk with the great minds of all the ages, than

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

This Wife and Mother Wishes to Tell You FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her And Learn How She did it.

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The first five figures of the above line spell a word, the next eleven spell another word. The two words constitute articles that everybody wants. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the two words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE TWO WORDS, ACT QUICKLY. Write the words on a slip of paper, make it immediately with your name and address and 4 cents in stamps. And you will promptly receive as your reward this SURPRISE PACKET, which is a handsome assortment of 33 BEAUTIFUL SEALS, STAMPS, POST CARDS, etc., enough for all your EASTER letters, together with a copy of a New York Magazine, also a CERTIFICATE OF ENTRY in our GRAND \$5,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST, which closes May 1, 1915. Act promptly! This is your opportunity to enter this great contest in which we give away THREE AUTOMOBILES, A CONCERT GRAND PIANO, with many other prizes, and a \$150.00 PHOTOGRAPH, A LADY'S GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, A GENTLEMAN'S GOLD WALTHAM WATCH, SIXTY-THREE CASH PRIZES, ETC. In case of a tie between two or more persons for any Prize, a Prize identical in character and value will be given each person so tied. TRY AND WIN. Address E. A. KEMP, Mgr., 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 121, NEW YORK



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Miss B. M. Y., Kingston, N. Y.—For information concerning the Philippines, write to Hon. Edw. T. Williams, Chief, Far Eastern Affairs, State Dept., Washington, D. C. Ask him for all the information you want, special and general. Whatever he tells you will be authentic. If you want direct information you might get it by writing to Governor General Francis Burton Harrison, Manila, P. I.

N. R., Taylorsville, Ky.—We hardly think you would be justified in attempting to raise guinea pigs unless you had your market in advance. Guinea pigs are chiefly used in medical laboratories to try out serums on and the demand is not rushing. Write to some animal dealer in Cincinnati or Louisville and get a few to start a local demand for them as pets. The cost per pair is small—just what we can't say, as prices vary.

Kiddle, Owensboro, Ky.—Your question about the Salvation Army was answered. The national headquarters in New York City, Mrs. Evangeline Booth in charge, with Col. William Pearl as Chief Secretary, write to either of them. As to the others you ask about, we do not know of any persons of the kind who are reliable. Glad to hear your married son has been reading COMFORT ever since he was a small boy. We'll venture he is a good citizen.

B. E., Commerce, Mo.—Last Leap Year was 1912 and the next will be 1916. 1900 was not a Leap Year. Every year that is exactly divisible by four is a Leap Year, except those that are divisible by 100 and not by 400. Now figure it out for yourself.

Mrs. C. E., Elkhart, Kans.—We cannot tell you where you can find a market for home-made things such as tea and counter aprons and other sewing, because there is no definite market. The only way to do is to build up a local trade among the women of your neighborhood who would prefer to buy such things at reasonable prices than to make them themselves. There is a very fair field for such sewing if you can get in touch with those who want to buy. In many cities and towns there is a "Woman's Exchange" established and maintained for the purpose of selling needlework, home-made bread, cake, pastry and other products of woman's labor. Under proper management these "Women's Exchanges" are successful, a great benefit to the community. Every town of any size should have one.

H. D., Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—We suppose a man could be a fair sort of Christian, and be a detective, but the work is such as does not tend to develop a man's spiritual nature. Don't know about Allan Pinkerton's religion, if he had any. Born in Scotland in 1819; died in U. S. in 1884. (2) A person of real ability can qualify as a member of the U. S. Secret Service as soon as he is of age. But he will have to have some pull to get the job. Write to W. J. Flynn, Chief, Secret Service, Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C. for detailed information.

Miss V. H., Rumford, Maine.—There is no difference in meaning between Yours truly and Truly yours. Couldn't you have guessed it without asking?

Mrs. S. P., Pocahontas, Idaho.—Property laws vary in different states and we advise that you consult a lawyer and have him draw a will just as you want it between you, making all the provisions you wish for your children. With the good and regular state there will be no trouble in the future that cannot be very readily remedied. If the property is all in the husband's name he can secure the widow for life, if he should die. What difficulties might arise if he died without a will depends upon what the property laws are in Idaho. A will should by all means be made and at once. No one need know its contents, except your husband, yourself and the lawyer who writes it.

V. B., Richardson, Ky.—You are like a good many other COMFORT inquirers who being entirely ignorant of a certain line think by asking a few questions they will be competent to handle a business in which competent persons are engaged. You must learn from those in the business. Unless you have the capacity and energy to find out from whom you can learn the necessary knowledge and then learn it, you certainly haven't the capacity or energy to do anything about it. We don't know an earthly thing about rosin and pine needles in Kentucky, but if we wanted to know we never would write to Maine to find out. We would go right after the people in Kentucky who knew and find out from them. Suppose you try that, if you really mean business.

F. P., Clark, Wyo.—Mr. Andrew Carnegie of New York and Pittsburgh has established a Hero Fund and if you will write to Chas. L. Wilmut, Secretary Carnegie Hero Fund, Pittsburgh, Pa., you may secure the information you wish. The money and the hero medals are there, all right, but it is not an easy matter to get either, unless you have the goods to deliver and can come highly recommended.

Subscriber, Greenwood, Ark.—The ruling religion in Germany is Protestant. There is a strong Catholic party there and it is not at all short of political affairs, though it does not rule, nor can it. There were by latest returns 35,400,000 Protestants and 29,300,000 Roman Catholics in Germany.

Mrs. G. H., Ravenna, Ohio.—Jeremiah Curtin, translator of "Quo Vadis" and many other works in foreign languages, was born at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1841 and died in 1908. He was said to have known seventy languages and was one of the best known translators in the world. For several years he was connected with the Smithsonian Institution. Stop in at the Ravenna Public Library some day and read up on him from any encyclopedia.

X. Y. Z., Caldwell, Texas.—Our silver dollar weighs 412.5 grains, 371.25 grains silver, 41.25 grains alloy. The value of the silver bullion is at present between 48 and 49 cents, varying with the market, so that our silver dollar, without the United States back of it, would be worth a little less than fifty cents. (2) It is proper and better for one seeking employment to meet the employer himself, unless the position is a very small one, or the firm is a very large one, where each department has its individual manager. (3) Cats with different colored eyes are not uncommon and there is no especial demand for them.

Inquisitive, Waukegan, Wis.—The Civil War widow had better write to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., and state her case for adjudication. That is the quickest way to get at it. (2) If the estate is good for the debts of the deceased it must pay them. The just debts come out of it, before the heirs can divide it. (3) Any place big enough to have a name as a post-office is usually called a town, though in New England it is called a village, as a town there is what a township is in western states. Write COMFORT's Home Lawyer for answers to your law questions.

Miss M. G., Gambler, Ohio.—The headquarters of the American National Red Cross are at 1624 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Charles L. Vane is Secretary. The Red Cross was incorporated by Congress in 1905.

E. R., Eurus, Tenn.—The only way to find out if the Secretary of the Treasury will give you a list of the names of makers of counterfeit money is to write and ask him for it. His address is Washington, D. C. and the Secret Service Chief has the list.

A. R., Milan, Ind.—You are doing your detective work too easy by writing to COMFORT for information which you should have before thinking about becoming a detective, just like a lot of other COMFORT

young men have done who have the detective bug. If you have got detective stuff in you you will find out these details through their proper sources. Now go to it and detect.

Miss M. L., Shelton, Nebr.—We advise you to let hypnotism alone unless you can study it under the personal direction of an expert. It is a peculiar power much more apt to do harm than good if one possesses it without the knowledge of how to use it properly. If you haven't the natural faculty it is money wasted trying to learn it, for it cannot be learned. It is valuable only to a physician, or to a man who can use it in the show business. Amateurs have frequently seriously affected the health of persons whom they could influence and measures are being taken to restrict its practice to those only who pass examination and are duly licensed by law.

A. D. Z., Mossyrock, Wash.—It's a long way from Maine to the Pacific coast and we really are not informed and have no means of ascertaining as to whether the turtle raising business would pay where you are, or not.

W. J. L., Lemonsville, Missouri.—Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arkansas, Arizona, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, S. Dakota, Washington and Wyoming and in some of them is declared to be incestuous and void.

D. R. T., Independence, Mo.—You'll find just the information you are looking for by reading the advertising columns in COMFORT. We suggest to inquirers in this column that by reading COMFORT advertisements they will frequently find answers to what they ask us and thereby save time, labor and postage.

The Alligator Pear

By C. B. Irvine

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TWENTY-SEVEN hundred dollars from a single tree in one season—twenty-seven hundred big round dollars—just think of it! That is the record of one avocado or Alligator pear tree near Whittier, Cal., for the year. But perhaps you do not know what an avocado is? Some call it alligator pear; but the name is meaningless, since its fruit is neither alligator nor pear. The proper name is abacate, though it is commonly called avocado or alligator pear; but of the name, more later on. With the neat sum aforementioned already in hand, the tree still contains more than one half of its crop, in different stages of maturity. It is estimated that the yield of the one tree for the year will be not less than thirty-five hundred dollars, including the sale of fruit, seeds and bud wood. The harvest up to date has consisted of four hundred fruits, which sell readily at five dollars per dozen. The bud wood is worth ten cents for each bud and the seeds command the same price, but there is only one seed in each fruit. This marvelous tree, which is fifty feet high and thirty feet across, promises to yield for many years.

This splendid tropical fruit has recently been attracting much attention, since it has been found by experiment that it can be grown with success in sections where the orange and lemon thrive. The results have been such that the planting will no doubt be on a large scale and it will become one of the best paying orchard crops. It is one of the most wholesome and nutritious of all fruits and in those countries where it is grown extensively it is a staple article of food. Owing to the high price of the fruit it is consequently enjoyed by the wealthy class only, but being as easy to grow as other fruit crops it will without doubt be planted on a large scale and the fruit will fall to a price that will bring it within the reach of all. The profit of production will still be large, as the trees are generous producers, the variety being such that specimens may be grown which will ripen their fruit during every month of the year. As the fruit stands shipment well the market is almost unlimited. The tree is of rapid growth and particularly handsome, ever green, with large, deep green leaves.

"Persea gratissima." That is the name under which you will find the avocado listed in the catalogues of the nursery folk, should you be successful in finding it at all, and they will tell you that it "bears a large, pear-shaped, green or deep



purple drupe, with firm, yellowish-green pulp of a pleasant flavor, used as a salad. The pulp contains an abundance of oil, which may be used for illuminating purposes, or for soap making. The seeds yield a deep, indelible black stain and are employed in marking linen." But these descriptions of the fruit are wholly inadequate. To taste it is to like it; to devour one calls for more. That the taste, when once acquired, amounts to almost a craving is attested by the prices paid for the fruit on the market, good specimens selling readily at from fifty to seventy-five cents each. It is destined to become one of the leading commercial fruits and a staple article of diet, for so appetizing is it that when once known and its worth appreciated it becomes a household necessity.

So far as records go, the first abacate was planted in California in 1871, but the fruit has been slow in being generally introduced. The tree was brought to California from Mexico, where it seems to be a native, and the name abacate came direct to us from the descendants of Montezuma.

The Whittier tree is eighteen years of age and has for a number of years been yielding rich returns. However, such enormous profits cannot be hoped for with the increased production, even though the supply today is not sufficient to give everyone even so much as a taste. Practically the entire supply on the market today is imported from Mexico. Several hundred acres are being planted each year in Southern California. For the most part these are of budded varieties, which mature earlier and produce a larger fruit than the seedlings. There are at this time at least a dozen named budded varieties, although there is but little difference between them.

THIN FOR YEARS—"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"

Remarkable Experience of
F. Gagnon. Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is just a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?



Plump, well developed men and women attract attention at the beach as well as in the city.

50c BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 12-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON

This Coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter today with coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-C Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

1928 TEXAS TWINS.—The vital statistics department of Austin, Texas, reports that during the last two years 870 sets of white twins and 94 sets of negro twins were born in Texas. During the same period, eight sets of white triplets and two sets of negro triplets were born.

FIRST OPERATOR OF SEWING MACHINE.—Miss Elizabeth M. Kilbourn, eighty-six years old, the first woman to take a stitch on a sewing machine, died at the home of H. L. Streeter in Winsted, Conn., following a few days' illness. In the early 50's she was teaching in a private school in New Hartford, when Elias Howe was experimenting with his invention. She became interested and Howe invited her to operate it.

NEW RUPTURE CURE

Don't Wear a Truss.



Brooks' Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Holds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet FREE.

C. E. BROOKS

1702 D State St., Marshall, Mich.



TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Use one in 10 cases use tobacco without apparent injury; to the other 9 it is poisonous and seriously injurious to health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, yawning, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, hemorrhoids, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, emaciation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by sudden stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membrane and nerves and gradually overcome the craving. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 8 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Don't delay. Keep this; show to others. This advt. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew. Address: **EDW. J. WOODS, S 147, Station E, New York, N. Y.**

Sister: Read My Free Offer!



I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give me home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315 - - - NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.

Things the Modern Farmer Must Know

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

have never heard of the application being given without beneficial results in preventing worm infestation of animals. These remarks of course apply only to pastures which cannot be plowed, worked to crops and seeded down again and to districts where rock salt is plentiful and consequently cheap.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

BABY BEEF.—I am a boy reader of COMFORT and would like to have you tell me anything you can about the raising of "baby beef." As I understand it, "baby beef" is produced by feeding steer calves from the age of a month or six weeks to the time they are yearlings on a heavy balanced feed, and that by this means the animals are in prime condition when a year old. I would like to know the best and cheapest ration to feed a steer calf during the different periods of its growth to make baby beef.

D. E. W. Kennardell, Pa.
A.—Breed is the first requisite. The tendency to fatten quickly and at an early age is hereditary. It would be waste of time and money to feed a scrub or common steer calf with the hope of making a profitable carcass at twenty months of age. If you can start with a cross-bred steer calf, between a Shorthorn and Hereford (pure bred) or between a Shorthorn and Aberdeen-Angus or Galloway, or with a good calf by a pure bred beef breed, but out of a high grade beef breed cow you may succeed. We cannot give specific advice about the feed except that the calf should have lots of milk as well as meals when it is quite young and then all the good grain and meals and clover hay it will clean up daily as it grows, adding roots or silage and also feeding grain on grass. You will have to decide the matter on the basis of the feed you can meet cheaply by or provide at home. Ask your State Agricultural Experiment Station for free bulletins on the subject.

TO GET RID OF MOLES.—Kindly advise me how to rid my lawn of moles. They are destroying my lawn and young fruit trees and the bulbs in my flower bed. Our cat used to catch three or four every day until some bad boys shot her, and now the moles are so numerous and active that I can't keep anything in the ground.

Mrs. F. K. Elm Grove, W. Va.
A.—It will be necessary to use special mole traps in the runs. The traps may be bought at the hardware store, or ordered there. It often is possible to see a mole at work, by watching the movement of the earth of the burrow, and quickly throw it out of the ground and kill it by means of a spade or fork. We think the moles are not likely to injure your fruit trees, as they would hardly dig deep enough for that. Although moles are a nuisance in lawns and flower beds, on the whole they do the farmer more good than harm by eating multitudes of destructive worms, grubs and insects that infest the soil; that is what they live on and what they burrow for. Moles do not feed on roots or other vegetation.

TOMATOES FOR CANNING.—I am thinking of raising tomatoes and canning them (by the steam pressure method) for the market. How many bushels ought a thousand plants to produce? How many No. 2 cans could I fill from a bushel? J. E. ...

A.—One thousand plants should yield not less than 250 bushels. If the season is favorable, the soil suitable and the plants are of a good variety this yield may go to 400 bushels. With tomatoes, as with all other crops so much depends on soil, variety, climatic conditions, methods of planting and subsequent culture that no accurate estimate can be made. A bushel should fill about eight quart cans if there is not too much waste in canning.

FEEDING COWS.—Do green corn stalks feed to cows dry them up? (2) Is there any nourishment in bean pods after they have been thrashed? (3) Is it out straw good feed for milk cows?

W. K. Machin, Maine.
A.—Green corn fodder is an excellent feed for dairy cows in the dry weather of July and August when the pastures tend to become brown and bare. Feed them lightly at first. It is the sudden feeding of large quantities of green stalks or any other feed that does the harm. As the milk matures and the cows get used to the more or less feeding, (2) bean pods and straw and get some good out of them. If they have plenty of other good feed, but they cannot be considered of much value for such feeding and are unit feed for other animals. (3) Let the cows eat out straw in the yard when let out for water. Such straw, if bright and fresh, is a good adjunct to other hay, fodder and grain or meals. It is fine for like horses and growing colts.

ALFALFA HAY FOR HORSES.—Can you give me any information as to the effect of feeding alfalfa hay to horses? Is it the growing of alfalfa that makes the Argentine a great stockraising country?

R. B. Easton, Pa.
A.—In some of the mountain states alfalfa hay is the sole roughage ration of work horses. In those states alfalfa cures perfectly without mowing. This rarely is the case in states where rain is plentiful and the sunlight less strong and prevalent. Mowing alfalfa is bad for horses. It may cause colic poisoning or act too strongly on the kidneys and bowels. Feed alfalfa hay as a part ration with other sound hay under ordinary circumstances and reduce the amount if the bowels loosen too much or if the kidneys are irritated. Do not feed any hay that is moldy. The Argentine is famous as a grazing country on account of its natural pastures or pampas as well as its fine crops of alfalfa.

FOAMY BITTER CREAM.—I have a good milk cow about six years old. She has had three calves and in about four months with calves has had the last two weeks, although she has given her usual amount of milk and the cream looks nice but it is impossible to get butter from it. It will get thick in the churn so you can scarcely turn the dasher, but instead of the butter coming it whips up as light as sea foam and has a bitter taste. I have tried it with fresh sweet cream and with older cream, also with sour buttermilk added, and have churned it at cool and warm temperatures but with the same result. Is something wrong with the cow or is the trouble due to the feed? She has good alfalfa hay, raw potatoes, beets and carrots of which she eats heartily. W. H. West Bishop, Cal.

A.—Often this trouble is from bacteria in the milk utensils and so you should scrupulously cleanse, scald and sundry the vessels or the germs may get in the milk during milking if care is not given. Give the cow a pound dose of epsom salts with a cupful of molasses and half a cupful of salt in three pints of warm water as one dose, and then mix and once each of powdered wood charcoal and half an ounce of granular hypophosphite of soda in her feed twice daily for a while. Stop the roots and add wheat bran, corn-meal, gluten or hominy and oilmeal to the ration for a time. If possible feed alfalfa only as a part ration of roughage.

WHERE TO GET THE INFORMATION.—I have a nice colt just weaned and I want some remedies to keep off diseases such as the distemper, worms and others. I also have a nice flock of hens and I want a remedy to make them lay. Give me full information on doctoring all kinds of young stock such as calves, pigs and colts. Please give me the best remedies to keep off disease and keep them in a growing, thrifty condition, remedies that are not poisonous. A. Roy, Ky.

A.—Do you realize what you are asking? Your questions cover the entire field of veterinary medicine and surgery, and all that is known about breeding, feeding and care of the various kinds of farm stock. To give you the full information you request on these subjects would take up every page of this issue and of every issue of COMFORT for months and years to come. Very many books and government bulletins have been issued on these subjects and we must refer you to these for information concerning so extensive a field of inquiry. Write to the Department of Agriculture of your state and the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for their bulletins on the subjects in which you are interested. They may be had free for the asking, but take care to name the subjects you wish to be informed about. We are glad to answer specific questions and give advice in regard to particular cases and special conditions, but of course we cannot print such extensive and general information as you ask. Another great mistake you make in asking for "remedies that will keep off disease and keep them (young stock) in a growing, thrifty condition" and "a remedy to make them (hens) lay." There is no such remedy or set of remedies that will keep off disease and keep young stock in a growing, thrifty condition or that will make hens lay. A remedy is medical or surgical treatment to

restore diseased creatures to health and should never be administered to healthy animals, except a few well-known preventives such as, for instance, the hog cholera vaccine, to be given only when the animals are threatened with some particular disease. Proper feed, care, shelter, good air and good water and clean, sanitary conditions are the only reliable and effective means of keeping stock in growing, thrifty condition and of making hens lay. If your stock and hens are healthy this will keep them healthy, growing and thrifty. Drugs are only for the sick and are injurious to those that are well. When your stock is sick employ a good veterinarian if there is one within reach, if not, then treat the animal yourself the best you can with such remedies as you understand. This is sound advice for all farmers. If you would start a scrap book and cut out and paste into it, month after month, all the articles as they appear in this department and the questions and answers in COMFORT's Veterinary and Poultry departments, and index them for future reference, you will soon have quite an extensive and thoroughly reliable source of information ready at hand.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Add a tablespoon of sugar to starch; it produces a fine gloss. Mrs. DELLA CHAPMAN, Clifton, Oregon.
Chill the dough of which cookies are made and they will be crispier and it will keep the dough from sticking to the board when it is rolled.

When baking sponge cake sprinkle with granulated sugar and it will form a thin crisp crust.

MISS CLARA LOFGREN, Ponca, Nebr.
For cooking purposes, if sour milk is not available, two tablespoons vinegar added to one cup sweet milk, may be used exactly the same as that amount of sour milk. If one has no sweet milk, water will do just as well.

To keep green corn from turning yellow and tough, put one tablespoon vinegar and three tablespoons brown sugar in water and it will be tender, juicy and delicious. Always put corn in cold water and let come to a boil.

Mrs. C. M. HILL, San Francisco, 1121 Guerrero St. Cal.

To clean paint. Save tea leaves for a few days and when sufficient are collected, steep, not boil them, for half an hour in a tin pan. Strain and use liquid to wash all varnished paint. It removes spots and gives a new, fresh appearance.

Try flavoring your apple pies with one teaspoon of lemon extract.

MISS ANNA HEDLUND, Elmira, R. R. 1, Mich.

Requests

Mrs. F. H. Bussie, 338 West 69th St., Chicago, Ill., would like to correspond with sisters living in the South.

How to make Peppery Pot with tripe.
Mrs. C. Anderson, 410 So. First St., DeKalb, Ill., would like to hear from some sister who has successfully grown Feijoa Sellowiana, the new fruit shrub, and also to know how far North it can be grown.

Cure for rupture.
Will Mrs. McRie of Thomasville, Ga., kindly send her complete address to Miss Elaine Harriger, Du Bois, R. R. 3, Va.

Full directions for honey and sulphur cure for rheumatism.
How to make Mexican Chili and hot tamales.
How to make hominy with soda instead of lye.
Mrs. James Fairweather wants to know where she can get the book, "Lady Isabel's Daughter."

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 15-months 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a subscriber, add a club of two new 15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of George Van Patten, last heard of in Grand Rapids, Mich. Five feet, six inches tall, dark hair and mustache, brown eyes, blind in one eye. Notify, T. E. Van Patten, Owasso, R. R. 5, Michigan.

Wanted—Information of whereabouts of Gottlieb Munz, born in Unterwiesack Beckenand, Germany, came to America in 1886. Inform Mrs. P. Gehring, Bucyrus, 324 S. Spring St., Ohio.

Wanted—To hear from or of my cousin, Emmet Little who was a Great Bend, Kansas in June, 1911. Write to Jessie McDaniel, Beloit, R. R. 2, Ohio.

Wanted—Information of Thomas Benj. Thompson, age thirty, last heard from in Alliance, Nebr. His mother wants him to come home. Esther Ann Grey, Stockton, Box 136, Kans.

Wanted—Information of my sister, maiden name Ann Nicholson, last heard of in Bolton, England; thought now to be in America. John Nicholson, Centerville, Iowa.

Information of Miss Stella Zepp, Mrs. Nora Zepp and Mr. Albert Adams, have not heard from them since 1902. Wm. Zepp, Beach, N. Dak.

Information of John Adams, last heard of at Camden, Ark. Detailed from war about fifty years ago for gunsmith. Write Mrs. G. G. Haneh, Ballinger, Texas.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange is necessary to the receipt of two fifteen month 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

James Smith, 205 Delmar Ave., Alton, Ill. Mae Vickery, Box 79, Altmore, Ala. Miss Carrie Wiggins, Care Russell's Ranch, Owensmouth, Cal. Allen Richmond, Greenfield, Tenn. Mrs. E. M. Siddons, Sandy Hook, Va.

Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Edna pulled up her collar and gave him her hand again, and they pass on; but the mist had longer legs, and overtook them, throwing a wet blanket over the hills, hiding the lake, then the trees near them, then the stones at their feet, and then—

"Bad as a London fog," said Cyril, trying to proceed. "I can understand some of the stories they tell you about people being lost."

Edna, who has been looking down at her feet for some time in silence, stopped dead short, and crept a little closer to him.

"Yes," she says, with a little, soft laugh, "for we are lost now."

"Cyril pulls up as if he had been shot."

"What?"

"Where is the track?"

Cyril stoops down—he does not lose his hold of her hand.

"By George! we have missed it!"

There is a moment's silence; then Cyril feels for his wax matches and strikes one. It is about as much use as a glowworm.

Edna smiles.

"We must wait," she says.

"How long?"

"Until it clears."

"It is coming thicker still, why—" feeling the sleeve of her ulster, which is not so thick as it looks—"you are nearly wet through already; and you were in bed—well in your room yesterday with a cold! Here—" slipping off his ulster—"put this on."

"No," firmly.

"Yes," decisively.

"No, please!" imploringly.

"Edna! I insist. This coat I have on is quite thick enough—here."

With anxious care he brushes the light, feathery moisture from her, then wraps his sister round her. She seems very small in the great thing.

"I'm doubly lost now," she says, with a merry laugh.

But Cyril is in no laughing mood.

He is answerable for this sweet, innocent, peerless child.

"How long will this confounded mist last?" he says; "you know something about them."

Edna thinks a moment and crosses her arms over her bosom.

"It is so thick, it may last till night."

"What?" says Cyril, then he says in an altered tone—"Child, I must get you home before night if I die for it—"

Then, after a moment's silence, he can feel that she is trembling; her own words have brought a dread to her hitherto fearless young heart. All night! They may be lost all night! And Aunt Martha—what will she do—what will she say? All in a moment her mood changes from courageous to timid and imploring.

One hand goes to her face to stem the tear that suddenly springs to her eyes.

Cyril literally shakes with agony at her sudden misery.

"Don't!" he says, sharply; her tears stab him.

"It all my cursed stupidity! Edna, I'll take you home before night or—that brook, we must be near it! If I could think—Ah! where is that ball of crocheted cotton you had in the train?"

"My crocheted cotton! What do you want with that?" Edna says, but she takes it out of her pocket and hands it to him.

Cyril takes the ball, unwinds a round of the cotton, and tries it; it is not very strong, Edna waits, and watches, after a fashion, in smiling curiosity.

"See here, child," he says, "I must find that track, and we must push on—we must! There is no use waiting for this beastly mist, it may last for hours; there is only one resource. You take hold of this end and hold tight, I'll go with the matches and hunt for the track, and run out the ball as I go, so that I can feel my way back to you."

Edna shudders.

"Oh, no—no!"

"Yes," says Cyril. "Courage, my child! Keep tight hold of the cotton. You don't mind being left for a few minutes. If you know how I hate leaving you; but it can't be helped."

Edna chokes back her tears and shakes her head.

"No you think I am afraid to be left? It is not that."

"What, then? Have you got it tight?"

"No! You don't know which way to go! We may be on the edge of a precipice—"

Cyril laughs carelessly.

"Oh, I shall be all right. I must find the track; keep hold of the cotton, and if I happen to slip, or it should break, stop where you are—don't move an inch; the ulster's warm."

As he speaks he presses her hand, and then loosens his hold of it.

Edna clutches his arm and holds it like a tiny vise.

"No—no! I don't mind staying!" she sobs.

"You must not go—I—"

Cyril puts her hand away tenderly but firmly.

"Child, you don't know what you say. I'd rather die than you should stay here all night."

She puts her hands up to her face and shudders; then she catches him again, and, in a low voice, says:

"Give me the ball a moment—it isn't strong enough."

"Yes, I think so," he says, and puts it into her hand.

With a long breath she holds it aloft a moment, then flings it boldly into space.

"What's that?" exclaims Cyril. "The ball—good God! you haven't thrown the ball—"

For answer she falls on his breast, her hands upon his shoulders, her sweet, piteous face upturned to him.

"Yes—I have thrown it away! I would rather stay here forever—I would rather die here than you should go."

The strong arm trembles like a leaf; he clasps her to him with a low cry, and hides her sweet, fair face upon his bosom.

"Oh, Edna! my darling—my darling!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FREE! The Whole Story in BOOK FORM

"Edna's Secret Marriage," COMFORT's great new serial, will hold you entranced from the first chapter to the last. It is a wonderful story by a wonderful writer. Regular installments will appear in COMFORT each month, but you needn't wait in order to get the whole story as we will give you free the complete story in book form splendidly printed in a handsome colored paper bound edition. Send us only one new 25-cent 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT, or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription at 25 cents and 5 cents additional (30 cents in all) and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid. Don't wait for the installment. Read the whole story now by taking advantage of this offer at once.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PUT PLANTS TO SLEEP.—Dr. J. C. Bose, a British botanist, before a distinguished gathering of the Botanical Society of America in the medical Laboratory of the University of Pennsylvania successfully anesthetized a mimosa plant and then measured its "nerve" currents. By means of a microscopic lantern Dr. Bose showed that a poisonous solution injected into the plant by means of a small cylindrical instrument of his own construction produced the same effect on the mimosa that it would on animal life. "Plant nerve tissue corresponds with animal nerve tissue," he said. "There are constant rhythmic movements in these plant tissues resembling rhythmic movements in animal muscles."

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YOUR HEART

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. C. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day

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Dr. F. C. Kinsman, Box

Four Wheel Chairs in February

268 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Four wheel chairs in February isn't bad, though I had hoped it might be six as it was in January. But in January we had two wheel-chair clubs of full 200 subscriptions each, and that just accounts for the difference.

Following are the names of the shut-ins who are made happy by the four February wheel chairs. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients sent in their behalf.

Lucy Fuller, Tacoma, Wash., 100; Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, Owensboro, Ky., 96; Harvey Martin, Dallas City, Ill., 90; Miss Golden Gertrude Fippen, R. F. D. 19, Atlanta, Ind., 87.

Lucy Fuller sent the 100 subscriptions, that put her at the head of the February list, all in less than one month which seems to have kept her so busy that she has not found time to send me a description of herself.

Fitzhugh Lee Johnston is a bright boy of sixteen crippled by paralysis of the right side of his body which has checked the development and growth of his right arm and right leg and rendered them nearly useless. He bears his affliction patiently and makes the best of what facilities he has by pushing himself about in a rocking chair, but never gets out of the back yard. You can imagine what a blessing the COMFORT wheel chair will be by enabling him to get out of the back yard and see something of the world about him.

Harvey Martin is another smart little boy cripple of ten years. Although he cannot walk at all his arms and hands are strong and he manages to roll himself about in his little express wagon. His mother thinks he will be able to handle the wheel chair which I have ordered for him.

Miss Fippen is a young woman. For the last three years she has suffered severely from rheumatism which has drawn up her lower limbs to a sitting posture so that she is unable to walk or even stand. She has the use of her arms and hands with which she expects to be able to move herself about in the wheel chair which is on its way to her.

I need scarce remind you that on our list of shut-ins is a host of other poor unfortunates whose sufferings are as acute as either of these, all needing your help to get a necessary wheel chair. Will you not help them, and do it now? Send one subscription, at least, this month to be credited to COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

We have an interesting Roll of Honor this month, printed below. And in this connection let me correct an error in last month's Roll of Honor which should have contained two names omitted by mistake; they are Mrs. E. M. Henninger, Pa., 9 subscriptions, and Miss Sophronia M. Day, Pa., 5, and Mrs. Henry Crawley, Texas, should have read Crowley, Okla.

The gratitude expressed in some of the letters of thanks from recipients of COMFORT wheel chairs is touching. I wish especially to call attention to the letters of J. E. Carter and Mrs. S. C. Jones. They did not stop working for the Wheel-Chair Club as soon as they got the chair for Mr. Carter, but have kept on sending in subscriptions to help provide chairs for other shut-ins. I am happy to say that some others do likewise, though some stop work the minute they get what they are after for themselves or their friends.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Hope Other Shut-Ins Will be Fortunate as he is Getting a COMFORT Wheel Chair

DUBLIN, Feb. 1, 1915, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT:

This morning I received the rolling chair well crated and in good order. I am thankful to COMFORT for a substantial, well built chair and I hope to be faithful to get enough more subscriptions to make a full 200 for my chair, and I believe my friends who have worked to get mine for me will stay with me until we get you the full 200 and maybe more, as I want to do all I can to help other invalid shut-ins to get wheel chairs, and I hope they will be as fortunate as I am to get a nice wheel chair free by the aid of COMFORT subscribers. So wishing COMFORT the good work for the unfortunate invalids, I am, Yours very truly,

J. E. CARTER.

Thanks from Those Who Worked to get the Wheel Chair for J. E. Carter

DUBLIN, Feb. 2, 1915, TEXAS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

We are all thanking you very much for the nice wheel chair you sent Mr. Carter. He is almost overjoyed with it. We will continue to send subscriptions as we can get them. I am with you in trying to help suffering humanity. Sincerely your friend,

MRS. S. C. JONES.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. Addie Skillman, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 48; Lucy Fuller, Wash., for own wheel chair, 40; S. J. Varner, N. C., for Sarah Varner, 35; Mrs. H. J. Ball, Miss., for own wheel chair, 26; Hattie Burleson, La., for Robt. Springer, 20; Julia Saunders, Ark., for Mrs. Gallie Grubbs, 20; Mrs. Luella Munkel, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 20; Greasely Hensley, N. C., for James Roland, 20; Mrs. Sarah Fanner, N. J., for Mrs. Louise or Mrs. Clifford Fanner, 20; Mrs. M. V. Hartman, N. J., for Mrs. Louise or Mrs. Clifford Fanner, 20; Mrs. S. C. Jones, Texas, for J. E. Carter, 20; Mrs. Rosa Hewitt, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 18; Mrs. C. A. Furtie, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 17; Sadie Jordan, Miss., for Lawrence Bosch, 16; Mrs. Harry Newer, Okla., for Edwin Hale, 15; Delia Briggs, N. C., for James Roland, 15; Floyd Malott, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 14; Mrs. O. H. Burr, Ill., for Harvey Martin, 14; Naomi Roll, Kans., for George Weil, 14; Mrs. Calvin Hale, Okla., for Edwin Hale, 12; Carrie Titler, Iowa, 11; Mrs. Florence Tuell, N. Y., for Fitzhugh Lee Johnston, 10; Louise Watson, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 10; Miss Lucinda Munkel, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 10; Mrs. S. B. Luley, Ohio, for own wheel chair, 10; J. C. Carter, Texas, for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. J. Smith, Mich., for Mrs. M. Bongardner, Pa., 9; Mrs. Carrie B. Goran, Okla., for child or old person, 8; Mrs. S. P. Manley, Okla., for Edwin Hale, 8; Mrs. Florence Newcomb, Neb., 7; Mrs. Adella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. Jerry Wilmstead, N. Y., for Winterringer, Mont., 6; Mrs. T. J. Macoon, Ga., 6; Mrs. W. L. Helyer, Ore., for Margaret Newton, 5; Mrs. Dora Wilson, Kans., for Mrs. M. E. Willard, 5; Mrs. Anna Vanasol, Ohio, 5; Miss Annin Davis, Va., 5; Mrs. Mary F. Grothers, Ill., 5; Mrs. Dottie Arbaugh, Va., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. S. F. Parker, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 5; Mrs. R. Burgess, Mich., 5; Vivian Carter, Okla., for J. C. Carter, 5; Miss Edith Standley, Utah, for Adella Porritt, 5; Mrs. W. W. Shock, Texas, 5; Mrs. Alice Morse, Wis., for Pearl Knece, 5; Maye Mattox, Texas, 5.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upholding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

C. M., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the laws of your state require that, an alderman, magistrate or justice of the peace shall not drink intoxicating liquor during the term of office.

O. B., Washington.—Under the laws of your state we think that except for some provision for the widow and minor children, the just claims against a decedent's estate must be paid before any share therefrom goes to the heirs at law or next of kin; we think that if a creditor accepts the individual note of some other person in payment of his claim, he releases the estate and must look to the maker of the note for the payment of such claim.

A Subscriber, Indiana.—We think it customary for the holder of a mortgage to be secured by a fire insurance policy or policies which read that the loss, if any shall first be payable to such mortgagee as his interest may appear; we think that it is necessary for the mortgagee to have the policy properly drawn in order to hold the insurance company in case of loss.

A. M., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the estate would go three quarters to the surviving widow and one quarter to the father or mother of the intestate or the survivor of them, except that if it is provided that if the estate does not exceed ten thousand dollars and there are no children or descendants of children the whole descends to the surviving widow absolutely.

R. W. S., New Jersey.—Under the laws of Massachusetts we are of the opinion that an executor should pay claims after one year and within ten years after his appointment, and that he must render an account at least once a year and at such other times as shall be required by the court, but may be excused in any year if the court is satisfied that it is not necessary or expedient, and that he must pay legacies at such times and in such proportions as the court may direct in a judgment or decree entered upon such accounting, but we do not think an executor can be compelled to pay legacies, in any event, in less than one year from the time of his appointment.

L. A. H., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow would receive dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate and a one third interest absolutely in the personal estate, the same rule holding in cases where the children belonged to the deceased by a former marriage. We think life insurance is payable to the beneficiary named in the policy, and if the man's estate is named as such beneficiary, the same would be divided according to the rule for the division of other personal property.

L. M. S., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that the usual grounds upon which to base a will contest would be lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will was legally drawn or executed or that same did not express testator's true intent; we can form no opinion as to whether the testator you mention possessed testamentary capacity, or whether undue influence was exercised upon him, these questions being questions of fact and proper ones for a court or jury to decide after hearing the testimony of the witnesses produced by both sides on the trial. We think that the tenant should produce evidence at the time payments are made to her, to show that she is entitled to receive same; we think the executor or trustee would be personally liable for over payments made to her or her estate; we think that in case fraudulent payments are made to the life tenant or her estate, the persons guilty of the fraud could be punished.

Miss L. O., Oregon.—We think the postmaster, who borrowed from you the papers concerning the company you mention, should return the same to you, and if the same are of any value we think you can compel him to return them or to reimburse you to the extent of your damages.

F. J. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the payment of a judgment will be presumed after twenty years, and that the statute of limitations runs against an action for slanderous words spoken one year or more previous.

B., California.—We think that in disposing of the property, owned by you and standing in your maiden name, you should sign your present name and write below it or after it the word "formerly" followed by your maiden name. To illustrate: supposing your present name to be Mary Brown and that your maiden name was Jones, you would sign Mary Brown formerly Jones. It is not necessary for you to execute a deed from yourself under your maiden name to yourself under your widowed name.

E. E. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is necessary for a wife to survive her husband in order for her to acquire any vested or alienable interest in the property owned by him and standing in his name, except that he can be compelled to support her; we think, in your state, if she survives him, and he leaves no will and leaves no child or descendants, she would receive the whole estate both real and personal to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars, in addition to the widow's exemption; and that if the estate exceeds such sum she will receive absolutely five thousand dollars, and in addition one-half of the balance of the personal property absolutely together with one-half of the balance of the real estate for the term of her natural life, except that if he leaves no heirs she takes all in fee.

Gus., Maryland.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the husband can release by deed his interest in his wife's property similar to dower, but that such interest can only be released by deed and that in almost all cases the husband's signature is necessary to the conveyance of his wife's property; we think if no provision is made for after born issue, in the will you mention, it would be better for the woman you mention to execute a new will.

Jennie, Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that there is no limitation as to the amount a husband or wife may, by will, leave away from his family except that a husband or wife cannot deprive the survivor of them of the right to a one-third of the surplus of the personal estate absolutely, and to dower to the widow of a one-third interest for life in the real estate in any event; and courtesy of a life estate of the whole of the real estate for life to the husband, provided they leave issue born alive; we do not think the signature of either is necessary to the will of the other; we think the rights to dower or courtesy may be waived by acceptance of the terms of the will, or by any proper instrument in writing. We think that in cases of intestacy children share equally regardless of whether they are children by a former wife, or children by the surviving widow. We think that the claims of a child for services performed for the decedent would have to be proved as a claim against the estate in order to legally entitle such child to payment of same.

B. J. J., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married

man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts, would descend to his surviving spouse.

E. S., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that no signature or acknowledgment of the wife is necessary to the sale of the husband's real estate, except it be a sale of homestead; we think, in your state, the husband can, during marriage, dispose of the community property without the wife's consent.

TOBACCO HABIT CONQUERED

Improve health, prolong your life. Relieve stomach or kidney trouble, hoarseness, headaches, irritability, nervous worry, heart weakness. Avoid blindness! Gain lasting vigor, clear nerves, better memory, clear eyes, superabundant strength. Banish spells of melancholy; avoid collapse. If you chew, dip and/or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting free book. Just what you have been looking for. Proved worth weight in gold to others; why not you? Overcome nicotine habit, start now and be genuinely happy. Book mailed free. EDW. J. WOODS, T 147, Station K, New York, N. Y.

I Save Kidneys

Cure Backache, Bladder Trouble Rheumatism.

My New Three-Fold LEXOID Treatment has relieved Thousands From That Back-Breaking, Digging, Twisting, Terrible Torturing Agony, Stiff Joints, Heart-Wringing Rheumatic Pains and Unbearable Bladder Troubles.



I Want You to Try My Treatment

Don't spend another needless day of suffering. I will send you my regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid, combined course of treatment on trial without a penny's expense, charges paid, just as my unequalled offer states. I don't mean a small, worthless sample, or a trial test treatment, that you can't tell anything about. I mean a regular, full treatment, and when I say a full treatment, I mean a full treatment, just as I say. I will send it to you complete—charges paid—delivered to your door—ready for you to use—so you can commence it at once.

My treatment has helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing, obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they tried had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.

If you have backache, kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism; dizziness, puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if the urine is light and pale, dark colored or cloudy, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smart and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands write for my treatment without a minute's delay.

Don't Continue Suffering

My specialty is such diseases. I treat thousands of cases—helping them after all else they tried had failed. I am successful in my life work, because I love it. I love to feel I am helping people to enjoy life, and I want to help you to see the bright side of life, and enjoy true health and happiness.

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, and run, and jump without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My new scientific course of medicines—soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.

SPECIAL NOTE. Every suffering reader should write at once for Dr. DeWorth's wonderful treatment. The remedies he sends have helped thousands. The fact that he sends his treatment, on trial, not only shows his confidence in the treatment, but also, that he is a fair, just, broad, liberal, honest man as well, and worthy of the utmost confidence.

My Unequaled Offer

Now here is my offer—I will send you a regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense, just as I promise. Remember, I don't mean a sample or a trial, or a test, such as others call proof treatments. I mean a regular, full, complete course of remedies.

Take it when it comes. Use half of it, and see just what it does. Then when you know it is helping you, when you know you are getting better, just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me. It should help you quickly. But you are to pay nothing unless it does. Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, not before. When you have used half of it, if you are not satisfied, return what's left and pay nothing. It doesn't cost you a penny to try my treatment—I will send it to you, charges paid, take it, try it, and find out.

A Full Treatment on Trial

I am the only one to-day making this offer, sending a full treatment, on trial for each disease. You know I could not afford to do it, if I did not feel sure it would help you—if I did not know what it would do. That's why I can afford to send it first—but you are the one to decide: you are the one to be the judge, it must help you, it must satisfy you—before you send a penny. And you are the one to say. I will take your word. It's all left right with you yourself what you say goes. That's all I care for. I don't want a penny unless it helps you. I would not take a cent that I am not entitled to. I believe in giving everyone a square deal—in being honest—I want to do what's right—that's why I am making you the broadest, most straightforward, fairest, most liberal one-sided offer ever made. When I have confidence enough in my treatment to send it to you this way, I know you'll be willing to try it and that's all I ask. Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp. Just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this, DR. H. MICHELL DEWORTH.

264 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Send No Money; Just this Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DEWORTH,

264 Lexoid Building, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment as you promised above, all charges paid, so I can try it without a penny's expense to me. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My Name is.....

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St. or R. F. D.....State.....

Please write Name and Address Plainly.

Reading Glasses Gold-like spectacles \$1 pair. State age. By OPTICIAN CO., Dept. A, PORTLAND, MAINE.

43 COMIC POST CARDS (Bushels of Fun) big bargain. MAUSEY A. HENS, 827 Ashland Boul., Chicago.

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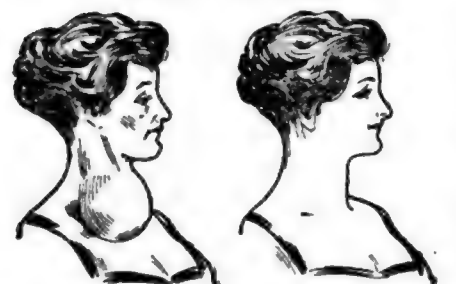
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A Beautiful Neck Again and Perfect Health. No Danger.

Let Dr. Bebo's simple and safe home treatment remove your Goitre disfigurement and danger quickly, easily. Successful in both acute and chronic cases where other means have failed. Immediate results. Hundreds of letters from grateful people like this one. Mrs. H. Rebecca Thompson, Linville Depot, Va., who says, "There is no sign of Goitre on my neck now, and I only took one treatment." Quickly stops choking, shortness of breath and other disagreeable symptoms. Prevents operation. No interference with your work. Prove without paying. No obligation. Complete \$2.50 Test Treatment mailed in plain package free on request from anyone afflicted with Goitre.

\$2.50 Test Treatment FREE

This coupon when filled out and mailed to Dr. W. T. Bebo, 915 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., is good for one \$2.50 Test Treatment FREE by mail in plain package.

Age.....How old is goitre?.....yrs.

Nervous?.....Hands tremble?.....

Do eyes bulge?.....Does heart beat too rapidly?.....

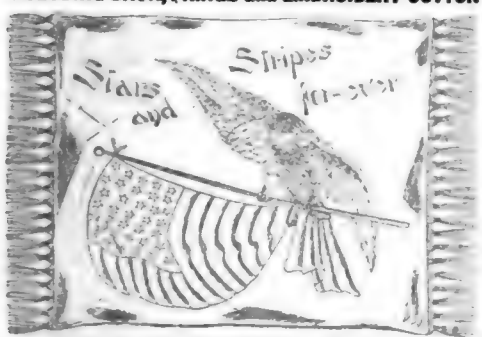
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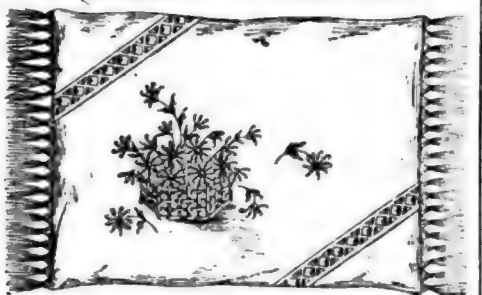
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One Given For Two Subscriptions!

YOU can have your choice of the American Flag, or the Rose, or the Daisy Pillow Top, or you can have any two of them or all three of them if you desire. Each top is 17x21 inches in size, made of good quality art cloth that will stand lots of wear and the designs are stamped and tinted in colors that are correct and true to nature. We include free the back, three-inch wide fringe and sufficient embroidery cotton to work each top, also a lesson in embroidery. No home is complete without lots of pillow tops scattered about living-room and parlor and no matter how many pillow tops you may already have you certainly can find room for three more, especially as these are bright, new attractive designs. You may have your choice of any or all of them by accepting the following:

Club Offers. For a club of two 16-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one pillow top free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or for a club of three 16-month subscriptions, we will send you two pillow tops, or for a club of four, three pillow tops. Remember, that with each top we also give you the back, a yard of 3-inch fringe and enough embroidery cotton to work it with. When ordering be sure to specify number or numbers of tops wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

to be trying to turn out crude stuff of your own. The world is full of square pegs which are trying to get into round holes because the majority of the human race will insist on thinking they are square pegs when they are round, and round pegs when they are square. It takes education and lots of it before we find out just what we really are, and if you had a little more education Ole, instead of dreaming of authorship you would be turning your attention to agriculture, a far more important and necessary calling.

UNCLE CHARLIE: In reading in COMFORT the article on "Our ten billion dollar harvest," it came to my mind to ask you some questions. What does this wonderful crop profit the day laborer? His wages are no higher, but four (of which there is such a great plenty), is higher than ever before. Think of paying one dollar and fifteen cents for a twenty-five pound sack of flour. The farmer can get one dollar a bushel now for his wheat. That's a dollar for a ten-hour day's work and that's a dollar for a bushel of flour. I really can't see where the wonderful crop benefits the poor fellow. When women vote we'll see if they have better judgment than the men. I hope so at any rate.

A COMFORT reader from the unprogressive state of Michigan where the men don't let their women vote.

PRESCOTT, MICH.

You ask what a wonderful crop does to help the day laborer and mention that he has to pay a dollar fifteen for a twenty-five pound sack of flour. You are not looking at the matter in the right light, my dear friend. The big crop has helped everybody indirectly if not directly, and it has helped you. If there had only been half a crop instead of a big crop that twenty-five pound bag of flour would probably have cost you two dollars instead of a dollar fifteen. If we had had a crop failure most of us would be starving to death, so let us be thankful for that big crop whether the profits that accrued from it reach the right hands or not. Don't be hard on the farmer if he is getting a dollar for his wheat, and isn't able to pay big wages. The average income of the farmer is only six hundred and forty dollars a year, that's twelve dollars a week and a man can't pay very high wages on that sum, though according to government statistics the workers on the farm are getting more pay, and country wages are increasing faster than those paid in the factories. Farm wages differ a great deal of course according to the locality. A farm hand in Nevada without board gets fifty-six dollars a month, in South Carolina he gets seventeen dollars and ninety cents. It would be some fun to note how the farm laborer in South Carolina blows in that princely sum of seventeen dollars and ninety cents. My rent alone is twenty-five dollars a month and I have the cheapest kind of a flat. If I lived in the suburbs of Pittsburgh I'd have to pay more still. The wage earner in Nevada however, has not any cinch for when I lived out West board was a dollar a day in any old kind of boarding-house, and you couldn't get a room bigger than a dog kennel for less than fifteen dollars a month. You must remember that the farmer only gets thirty-five cents of the consumer's dollar. That's what Governor Glynn of New York State told the Co-operative Farm Societies at Utica, N. Y. Another thing dear friend, you must remember, not all farmers own their farms. Many pay rent, or farm on shares, and at that rate perhaps the farmer in your vicinity got fifty cents a bushel for his wheat instead of a dollar. If you turn to Senate Document No. 847, Vol. 2, page 410, you will find a conversation between Senator Smoot of Utah and a Mr. Eubank that is very interesting. Senator Smoot: "Do you think the wages you pay have advanced as much in proportion as the prices of groceries and the stuff that you sell?" Mr. Eubank: "I do not think they have, because if I had to work for the salary that some of my clerks get—and I pay them sixty dollars a month—I could not live on it. At the same time, sixty dollars is right good pay for a grocer's clerk." Senator Smoot: "You could live on it if you lived the way they do?" Mr. Eubank: "Yes sir; but they hardly live. I know that." Don't blame the farmer if you are paying too much for your flour, but just cast your eyes in the direction of Chicago. There is a little old flour trust out there that in the monopoly line can give pointers to the Standard Oil. This trust does a business and handles nearly as much money as Uncle Sam. It is butting into nearly every line of business you can think of from toy elephants to shoe laces, hog squeals to fancy soaps. The whole country is throttled and exploited by this trust of trusts and probably no one feels its iron heel more than the farmer. What are you going to do about it? The people of Illinois know all about it even if some people in Michigan do not, and the odds are, and I'm writing this before election, they will send the very men to Congress who are most instrumental in perpetuating the ravages of this monopoly. In other words if Mr. Cannon is not back in Congress by the time this appears in print I shall be a very astonished man. The women will do a great deal with their votes eventually but you've got to give them time to study conditions. Women are doing more reading and thinking today than men are and they are getting more education, but progressive women have got a tremendous task before them. They've not only got to fight the liquor trust and reconstruct the unprogressive man but they've got to educate and put a social conscience into millions of their unprogressive sisters who are still in the hat, bonnet and Willie's pants stage and haven't glimpsed the great future that is before them and the great part they are destined to play in making this a safe, sane and sensible world to live in.

GHEAT, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a little blonde rustic maid of fourteen years. Although I have never ventured within your happy circle, I long to come just once if I can succeed in jumping over the waste basket, with this dreadful "hobble" skirt.

We are a family of four, Daddy, Mamma, brother Joe and I. My brother is nineteen, and finishes high school this year. I am in the country school. We have a nice home band, Daddy playing the cornet and clarinet, Joe the violin and I the piano. I'll mention several selections which I play; Grande "Polka De Concert," "Poet and Pheasant," by Supe; "Last Hope," by Gottschalk; "Tanhauser," by Wagner; "Le Beau-seau," by Wollenhaupt; "The Butterfly," by Callas Lavallee. Wish you could hear me play, and our band also. I think music better than any of the fine arts, and have high ambitions in that line. I also want a good education. I like farm life, with its many pleasures. We live in a thickly settled neighborhood, three and one half miles from Ghent, that place being situated on the Ohio river, half way between Cincinnati and Louisville.

I am a little "Tom boy" girl and can say am not so foolish to want beaux yet a while. Mamma says my only beau will be my brother for several years. I wish you lived near our farm, Uncle Charlie. I would bring you eggs which my bantys lay, and Jersey cow's milk, with yellow cream for your dinner every day.

You are doing a fine work Uncle Charlie. A man of your high principles exerts an influence which will live on, and on. I have gained so much by your good advice. With best wishes, from your cousin,

MILDRED SCHIRMER.

So you are a little blonde, rustic maid, are you Mildred? Glad to hear it. It's a good thing you are a rustic maid, and not a rustic maid as some of the girl cousins describe themselves. It's strange what queer mistakes some people will make. My waste basket is as big as a house. The only way you could get over it in a hobble skirt would be to crawl into the mouth of a cannon and get shot over it. Couldn't you use a step ladder? Well not unless you'd let me turn my head. So you are in the country school, eh? Talking of school reminds me of a little incident that happened in the receptive days of my youth. The master wrote on the blackboard three words: "Tripping, conclusion, elephant," and told us to write a sentence including these three words. After a few minutes Bill Brown who sat in the next seat to me wrote as follows: "An

elephant went tripping down the hill with a tin can tied to his conclusion." I'm just delighted Mildred to find your family is so musical. I'm familiar with practically all the pieces you play, and congratulate you that there is no ragtime or jagtime among them; but why haven't you got one of my pieces in your program? I used to have to hide my songs so Wagner would not steal all my melodies. There is one piece you have on your list that appeals to me immensely and that is: "The Poet and the Pheasant." I'm passionately fond of pheasant. They are delicious eating but very classy and expensive. But what however I can't understand is the association of a poet with a pheasant. If this piece of music had been entitled "The Poet and the Free Lunch," I could have understood the connection. The average poet is supposed to live on fried moonbeams and boiled hyacinths with crisscrossed water lilies on the side. As a matter of fact when the poet lives at all you'll find him in a corner saloon grabbing a pig's foot from the free lunch counter when the bar tender isn't looking. Don't think that I am speaking from personal experience, as I'm no poet and don't want to be. I'm just a verse juggler and that's good enough for me. But I have a friend who is a poet and I know how he lives. If I were to even show him a picture of a pheasant I would drop dead. No, my dear, please don't associate poets with pheasants. It's cruelty to animals. Now Mildred, if you will look at that sheet of music again you will find it entitled: "The Poet and The Pheasant" and not the "Poet and The Pheasant." A pheasant is a rustic laborer, and like the poet, as poor as a church mouse, or an American citizen under a democratic or republican administration. Poet and pheasant make a very fine combination, so do the poet and the pig's foot, but the pheasant is food for kings and the only way a poet could ever get a pheasant would be to steal it from the free lunch counter while it was sleeping in the tree top on some ancestral estate. I congratulate you Mildred, on being able to play Von Suppe's glorious overture to his opera "Poet and Pheasant." There is nothing more delightful in all music. I remember I went simply wild the first time I heard it. Music is the spice of life and I would to heaven all people were really musical, not only when they are eating soup, but at other times as well. Nothing has helped to kill the musical taste of this country so much as the atrocious slush that is sung in country churches where the so-called Gospel hymns in all their malignant crudity have a strangle hold on people who would devour fine devotional music if they had a chance to get it. We want devotional, not emotional music. We have good music in our city churches, but the country church music is mostly made in Chicago and is the most awful thing that was ever foisted on a suffering people. You who have any love of music or influence in your churches, should secure the Episcopal hymn book, and have the glorious hymns it contains introduced in your churches. These hymns suit any and all denominations. The words of the hymns are written by real poets, not slush writers, and the music is gathered from the works of all the great composers, devotional and beautiful, inspiring and uplifting. It's impossible to make people vote right, but I think there is a slight hope of getting them to sing right. Remember God has a musical ear, and I can imagine on Sunday when some of the rural music floats up to the great White Throne, though the sincerity of the effort is appreciated, the doors of paradise are closed to keep the awful noise out. If there is any music in heaven rest assured it's good. Mildred you can thank heaven you are living near Ghent, Kentucky, and not Ghent, Belgium. If you were in the latter place that poet would probably be full of bullet holes and the pheasant would probably be in the Kaiser's stomach. I should like to see daddy playing both the cornet and clarinet in your band. I suppose he plays the cornet one side of his mouth and the clarinet the other, and you play the piano in between. Nothing like having a daddy who can blow himself once in a while.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

SEEING BY ELECTRICITY.—Dr. A. M. Low gave a demonstration for the first time with an apparatus he has invented for seeing by electricity. In London. He claims that it is possible for persons using a telephone to see each other at the same time.

\$1 Dr. Rainey Gives You a BOX of His VITALITY TABLETS

AND A BOX OF WONDERFUL LAXATIVES

Full 15 Days Supply

FREE The Best Known Remedy for Stomach, Blood, Nerves, Heart, Catarrh, Thinness, Debility, etc.



DR. JAS. M. RAINEY

Dr. Rainey says:—"I consider this improved formula my greatest achievement. I believe it will cure more quickly the diseases and weaknesses mentioned below than any medicine I have ever put upon the market heretofore."

STOMACH TROUBLES Have you Stomach Pain, Belching, Headache, Heartburn, Bloating, Loss of Appetite, Bad Taste or Breath, Gas, Spitting of Mucus, Clearing of Throat, Empty Feeling, Lump in Stomach, Food Disagreeable, Pain Before or After Eating, Coated Tongue, Sore Mouth, Indigestion? Then you need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets, and at once. They will relieve you quickly and permanently, improve appetite, digestion and general health.

THE BLOOD Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Blisters, Pale, Sallow Complexion, Lips Blue, Enlarged Joints or Glands, Chills, Feverish, Run Down, Debilitated, Weak, Emaciated? You surely need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They replenish to the whole body, and to the blood, so it will furnish

THE NERVES Nervous Debility, Weakness, Jerking, Jumping, Excitable, Tired, Worn Out, Feel Like Falling When Eyes Closed and Feet Together, Restless at Night, Poor Memory, Melancholy, Dependent, Wake Up Unrefreshed, Weak Trembles, Dizzy, Fainting Spells, Rashes or Feet Numb, Neuralgia, Lack Energy, Strength, Ambition? You need Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets. They restore nerve tissue to normal condition, steady the nerves, banish the blues, make you feel full of life, vigor, ambition and many years younger.

HEART Weakness, Skipping of Beats, Fluttering, Palpitation, Pain in Left Side, Pains Under Shoulder Blades, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Sinking Sensations, Cold Extremities, Swollen Feet, Throbbing or Hammering Sensation, Can't Lie on Right Side or Back, Rheumatism, Asthma? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets.

CATARRH Hawking, Spitting, Accumulation of Mucus, New Run, Sneezes, Bad Odor, Dull Headaches, Catarrhal Discharges, Pains in Throat, Blisters, Leucorrhea or Entire Body, Slimy Discharge from Bowels? Get Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets at once! They remove the cause.

THINNESS Under Weight, Hollow Cheeks, Flat Chest, Scurvy, Neck, Spasms, Thin Blood? Dr. Rainey's Vitality Tablets build you up in every way. Guaranteed to make you gain 5 to 25 pounds. Will greatly improve your appearance.

NO SECRET FORMULA The days of secret preparation of the formula of my Vitality Tablets are numbered. I give the formula to any physician or druggist, ask his opinion before you take a single dose if you choose.

DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS act directly through the stomach, enriching the blood, building up the nervous system; generate vitality, create nerve force, restore full strength and vigor, so you can enjoy life's pleasures to the fullest. Contains no injurious drugs. Guaranteed under U.S. Food and Drug Law. (Serial No. 21008). I not only send you a Free Dollar Box of Vitality Tablets, which contains 120 tablets, but also a Free Box of my Laxatives. Improved Formula. I ask only that you send 10c. stamps or coin, to partially defray cost of postage and packing on the 2nd boxes. Don't delay writing. Send today.

COUPON FOR FREE FULL \$1.00 BOX—Sign and Mail At Once!

Dr. James M. Rainey, (Inc.) Dept. 317, 136 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. I enclose 10 cts. for postage and packing. Send at once by mail, in plain package, \$1.00 Box of DR. RAINEY'S VITALITY TABLETS, IMPROVED FORMULA, also FREE BOX OF DR. RAINEY'S LAXATIVES, IMPROVED FORMULA, without cost or obligation to me. Also your FREE HEALTH BOOK.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

SEND NO MONEY TO ORDER
6 ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS
YOU WILL BE PLEASED
OUR 1874 YEAR

We will send you postpaid, 6 elegant lace curtains of our famous "White Clove" brand, also 12 beautiful Art Pictures, 18 x 30 in. Sell the Clove curtains at 25c each and give one beautiful picture free with each box. Return us \$2.00 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pairs) beautiful lace curtains. Each curtain nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Everyone buys after they see these pictures—these usually charge \$1.00 each for them.

Another discovery "Clove." Millions of people for Cuts, Eczema, Catarrh, Colds, Flu, etc. We are reliable, this being our 18th year. You can also earn money. Sell Jewelry, Book, Spreads, Blankets, Musical Instruments, etc. everywhere. Large premium catalogue, 50c. in your town. Everybody buys 25c. to see when pictures are shown. Our plan is the easiest you will be pleased. Address at once.

Wilson Chemical Company
CURTAIN DEPT. No. 11
TYRONE, PA.

GOLD shell Spectacles \$1 a Pair
Send for catalog. Agents wanted
Counter Optical Co., Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.

I WILL start you in the MAIL ORDER BUSINESS, furnish everything if you will handle my goods, **CRENT COMPANY, 66, Atlantic City, N. J.**

WANTED At once—men and women everywhere to aid us in our Great National Campaign on **MAKE 'EM WHITE** Washing Wax—\$15 to \$20 per week. Liberal credit. Free goods—adv. help. Write at once to **NEWBERRY CO.** Inc., 508 N. Pearl Street, Chicago U. S. A.

PARALYSIS Conquered at Last. Write for Free of Cures. Advice Free. **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS** Does It. **DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

CANCERS We Guarantee to remove CANCERS or no pay. Health Herald FREE. Address: Dr. S. A. Raynolds, & Co., Lawrence, Mass.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of **INFALLIBLE PILE TABLETS** and you will ever bless the day you read this. **Infalible Pile Co., Dept. 177 Marshall, Mich.**

Sport's Joke Book Just what you want. Book is full of sporty talk, funny sayings, witty remarks and funny jokes. Your friends will laugh till they cry when you spring these. Every true sport must have a copy. Just the kind of jokes to tell the boys and girls, as they all enjoy a good laugh. You'll be a real popular fellow. Over 1000 Jokes, Funny Stories and Pictures. Only 10 cents postpaid. Address **STAR CO., 37 Clinton St., CHICAGO.**

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms. Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, &c. A perfect skin and food powder combined. **Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927, Boston, Mass.**

LOOSE TEETH
SORE GUMS
CURED AT HOME Don't suffer any longer. My painless home treatment for pyorrhea or Higgs Disease commonly called scurvy will quickly and permanently relieve sore, loose, and elongated teeth, bleeding, spongy, receding gums, foul breath and other diseases of the gums. Will tighten loose teeth, improve your health and save you pain and big dental bills. I send every patient a personally signed money-back-if-not-cured guarantee. **BOOK FREE** Facts about the causes, effects and treatment of pyorrhea. Write today—a copy of this valuable, interesting book will be sent free, without obligation. Use a postal note. **DR. A. T. BARNETT, 1041 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.**

If You Have

PILES

Sign and mail this coupon today to Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 356, Jackson, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Return mail will bring you this FREE BOOK illustrated in colors, and Dr. Van Vleck's Regular \$1.00 3-fold Absorption Remedy, as explained below, TO TRY FREE.

Cut Off Here

NOW before you do anything else—cut or tear out the above coupon and mail it, if you have Rectal trouble of any kind. Return post will bring you, prepaid this

Dr. Van Vleck's

Absorption Treatment



FREE

PILE

BOOK

and a full \$1 Package of Dr. Van Vleck's great 3-fold Absorption Treatment for Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Tumors, Fistula, and other Rectal troubles—all in plain wrapper—TO TRY FREE. Dr. Van Vleck, ex-surgeon U. S. army, spent forty years perfecting his now world-famous Absorption Method. No knife, no pain, no doctor bills—just a simple home remedy that can be tried by anyone without cost. Then, after trying if you are fully satisfied with the relief and comfort it gives you, send us One Dollar. If not, it costs you nothing. You decide and we take your word. We don't know how we could show more unbounded faith in our remedy. It is relieving every stage and condition of this most painful disease, even after whole lifetimes of misery. We have received hundreds of letters telling of cures by this remarkably effective system after everything else, including costly and dangerous operations, had failed, even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. The milder cases are usually controlled in a single day. Won't you try it at our expense? Address Dr. Van Vleck Co., Dept. 356, Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Send today.

ECZEMA

can be cured. A trial of our mild soothing treatment should convince. No matter how severe. Dare us to prove it. Stops that terrible itch instantly. Write BARRY CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. 20, 64 E. VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Barley Co., 1822 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

Asthma

Prompt relief. Remedy guaranteed. Trial without cost. Dr. Kinsman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT's Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended for full years beyond date of expiration. If you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-month subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT as much given for as little. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders in our subscription file at once so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they both him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Margaret Watts, Boomer, N. C. Invalid. Only son has heart disease and is unable to work. Have to depend on charity. Give them a boost. Polk Thornton, Augusta, Ill. Back broken as a result of accident in a coal mine. Has wife and two little children. Mrs. Thornton tries to support the family by taking in washing, but finds it a very hard struggle. Send them some help. Tom Bishop, Dorsey, Miss. Paralyzed and helpless. Very worthy and needy. Remember him. Mrs. Margaret C. Hammond, 153 River St., Hillsdale, Mich. Poor lonely shut-in. Not able to walk. Send her cheery letters and put something in them. Mrs. Mary A. Thompson, North Main St., Brookport, N. Y. Seventy-five years of age. Lonely and needy and crippled. Send her some cheer. Tony Brittle, Lloyd, Fla. Helpless from rheumatism. Needs money for treatment. Would appreciate books and other good reading matter. Is

very needy. Highly recommended. Mrs. Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Mo. Shut-in. No means of support. Very worthy case. Remember her. H. M. Thomas, Freestone, Pa. Has chronic rheumatism. Is helpless as a child. Very worthy case. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Arthur Portwood, Blue Springs, Mo. Invalid fourteen years of age. Father also a cripple. Highly recommended. Send him some substantial cheer. Mrs. Daisy Hunt, Spencer, Va. Is in poor health. Has one little boy two years old. Husband deserted her. Give her a boost. Laura E. Hipp, Maryville, Tenn. Invalid. Unable to walk. Parents dead. No means of support. Highly recommended. Do something for her. Thomas C. Sumner, Christiansburg, Va. Bedridden for six years from rheumatism. Has wife and little boy. Send them some cheer. Eliza Roork, Altoona, Kans. Helpless invalid. Widowed sister her only support. Help these poor souls. Mrs. James West, Waynesboro, Miss. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Arthur White, Piedmont, S. C. Crippled from rheumatism for eleven years. Would appreciate a letter, shower, or any cheer you care to send him. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala. Helpless invalid. Poor and needy. Send her some cheer. Geo. W. Kuykendall, 230 Campbell St., Marietta, Ga. Has kidney and stomach trouble. Bedridden for five years. Widowed mother his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. James Wortham, Letonia, Ark. Invalid for thirty-three years. Send him some cheer. Mrs. W. H. Campbell, Twin Branch, W. Va. Invalid. Husband also sick. Has four little girls too young to work. Send them some cheer. Mollie McDow, Keyser, N. C. Has tuberculosis. Aged widowed mother her only support. She needs nourishing food and medicine to enable her to fight her disease. Who will help her? Highly recommended. Hugh C. Jones, 717 Boush St., Norfolk, Va. Shut-in. Nineteen years of age. Would appreciate postal cards and cheery letters. Mrs. H. J. Cannell, Alhambra, R. R. 8, Box 48, Cal. Has tuberculosis. Would appreciate good reading matter, cheery letters and postal cards. Don't send tracts. Mrs. Ella S. Whitcomb, Hyde Park, R. I. Invalid. Would like silk, or print and worsted pieces. Joe Barker, Stanley, R. 2, N. C. Invalid. Would like cheery letters.

Open your hearts and pocketbooks, for these are hard times for the best of us, and especially for the sick and needy. Lovingly,

Uncle Charlie

Says Uncle Charlie's Poems are Simply Grand!

That's what Nelson Hill, Maple Ave., Danbury, Conn. says, and that is what they all say, and it takes a lot to amuse the people who live in the cities. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a gorgeous lilac silk bound, gilt top, autumn leaf lined, 160-page volume of rhymed rapturous delight. It makes you forget your troubles and is the best cure for blues in the world. For the young and the old it is the ideal birthday present. Why not hustle around among your neighbors and get up a club of only four fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each, and capture a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems and make yourself and the rest of the household happy for the rest of the year? This superb volume contains an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life, and some splendid photographic pictures of him and his family. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains Some of the Prettiest Songs Ever Written

You will find twenty-eight of the dandiest, classiest songs, every song a hit and worth fifty cents a piece, songs for all occasions, church, parlor and platform. In this superb volume of mirth, melody and sentiment, "Five dollars" worth of music free for a club of only two fifteen-month subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Both books free for a club of six. No home complete without them. Work for them today.

A Physician Cures His Wife Of Consumption

With A Simple Home Treatment. Book Fully Describing The Treatment Sent Absolutely Free To Any Lung Sufferer.

DR. W. H. KNIGHT of East Sanger, Mass., writes: "My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered the Lloyd treatment. She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. The Lloyd Treatment kills the Tubercle Bacteria in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventive as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that for the cure and prevention of Consumption, it is the most wonderful treatment of the present age."

This is only one of hundreds of letters received from physicians and others reporting cases of consumption and lung trouble restored to health in all sections of the United States. We want to send every lung sufferer absolutely free the startling statements of Dr. W. H. Knight of Dayton, Ohio, Dr. C. G. Pinckard of Kansas City, Mo., Dr. J. H. Ward of Troy, Mo., and many others who report results almost beyond belief, together with a valuable booklet on the cause, prevention and treatment of consumption and lung trouble.

If you are suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, gas-filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, loss of strength—write me today and I'll send you ABSOLUTELY FREE the sworn testimony of many who, after suffering with just such distressing symptoms, now state that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, without ache or pain, happy, full of praise, after a few months' use of this simple home treatment. Send your name and address TODAY. LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 501 Franklin, St. Louis, Mo.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

CANCER

It's successful treatment without use of the knife. Hundreds of satisfied patients testify to this mild method. Write for free book. Tells how to cure for patients suffering from cancer. Address Dr. W. O. Dye, Kansas City, Mo.

Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 463.

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give free to your little girl and every little girl this handsome doll family stamped in beautiful colors on strong cloth with full directions so that you can cut them out, and sew them up in less than ten minutes. "Golden Locks" is almost as big as a real baby, for she stands one and one half feet high and her little twin babies which you see in the picture stand over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. They have beautiful golden hair which hangs in the dearest curls you ever saw and fastened with a bright red ribbon bow that cannot get lost or become untied. Handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes which smile at you in such a life-like way that you would almost think they were ready to speak and say "Mama." As shown in above illustration they are dressed in dainty lacrimated underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots. The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the cutest and prettiest Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are low better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes. There is no little girl who will not instantly fall in love with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you all three dolls free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 19 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you all three dolls free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ROSES!

6 Beautiful Monthly Blooming Roses Delivered to Your Door For One New Subscription!

BEAUTIFUL Charming Roses anybody can grow in any climate and in almost any soil. Again this season we offer our readers a splendid opportunity to secure without money cost a rare collection of six, hardy, vigorous growing rose plants that will bloom and bloom all summer transforming your flower garden into a veritable paradise of delicious fragrance and radiant colors. The six varieties described below are strong, well-rooted plants ready to be transplanted to your garden as soon as you receive them and we guarantee that they will grow and thrive beautifully

Crimson Crown

For color and effect and general bedding purposes here is a rose that is hard to equal. It is a robust growing variety, quickly developing into a large shapely bush that is literally covered with immense clusters of deep crimson roses which are tinted with a rich lemon-white at the base of each petal. The flowers are of attractive form and borne in such profusion as to give the plant a bright brilliant display from early spring until long after the late frosts.

Killarney Queen

In this fine new rose several improvements have been made over the old pink Killarney and the grower now has a nearly perfect variety as it seems possible to secure. The flowers are massive in size, very double and liberally produced. They are constructed of better substance and are of a richer dark deep pink color than the old variety. In rapid vigorous growing habit it cannot be equalled by any other rose in its class. It seems to be perfectly adapted to soil and weather conditions in all localities and if given some care, small plants will develop into fine large bushes the first season planted, returning for the little attention an abundance of magnificent fragrant flowers. This rose is a hardy everbloomer and flowers from early spring until after freezing weather in the fall.

Climbing American Beauty

The American Beauty in all its glory and fragrance, develops into a hardy outdoor climbing rose. It is a prolific bloomer, with a strong habit of growth, thriving and blooming in almost any situation. The bush growing American Beauty is rarely satisfactory when planted in the open ground, but this new climbing variety has proved perfectly hardy in any part of the United States. One plant of this new rose will produce twenty times as many flowers as the old variety. The roses growing on a single stem measure three to four inches in diameter and possess the same delicious fragrance that the American Beauty alone has. This new rose must not be classed among the old-fashioned climbers of the rambler type, as it is distinct from them in its very superior quality. It has a fine foliage that does not burn, its thick glossy leaves remaining on the bush all summer. No lover of beautiful roses should fail to plant this fine climber, as it is a worthy ornament to any garden, and its beauty and fragrance will prove a lasting pleasure and delight.

Bessie Brown

This wonderful rose is indeed a crowning masterpiece and has been hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as the greatest rose creation of modern times. With a hardy, vigorous constitution, growing to perfection in any soil or location, it has the most magnificent foliage that is possessed by any variety. It is a tremendous grower, producing flowers profusely all through the summer on strong erect stems. The handsome flowers are of unsurpassed beauty. They are full and deep, of a totally distinct character and formed of such substance as to last splendidly when cut. The color is an exquisite creamy white, delicately flushed pink.

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex., all New England States

all other

Feb. 1

March 1

April 1

May 1

If given proper care and attention. No matter in what part of the United States you live, our growers will send them to you at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. Please remember, however, that these dates may vary from ten to fifteen days in event of an extremely early or late spring, so you need not become anxious if they should not reach you just on the date named in schedule. The rose growers who supply us are perfectly familiar with planting conditions in your locality and you may depend upon them to forward the roses to you at the best time for you to put them in the ground. Following is a brief description of each of the six varieties of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you free on this great offer:

Lady Hillingdon

In this variety has been found every valuable feature the flower-lover could desire of a deep golden everblooming rose. After being awarded gold medals over such varieties as "Sunburst" there is no ground to question its merits. It is a sturdy, vigorous grower, producing long strong stems which hold the beautiful pointed buds upright, making them especially desirable for cut flower purposes. The buds open slowly to full deep golden bloom which hold their form and color much longer than other varieties. In the garden its rich green foliage and abundance of flowers present such a beautiful display of color that it cannot be passed by the most casual observer without an expression of admiration.

Remember own roots

These roses are all strong healthy plants on their own roots and will be sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid packed in wet moss so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as when they leave the greenhouse. You may accept this offer with the perfect assurance that these beautiful ever-blooming roses will grow and develop into rare specimen beauties. If any fail to grow we hereby guarantee to replace them for you free of all cost.

Offer 672 A.

For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid.

Offer 672 B.

For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 19 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you these six beautiful roses free by Parcel Post prepaid. If you want us to send them immediately be sure to say so in your order otherwise the roses will not be mailed to you until the proper time arrives for you to plant them in your garden.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes!

Start NOW If You Want To Win YOUR Share Of The Prize Money Which We Will Distribute Among COMFORT'S Readers This Season. Contest Is Now On So GET BUSY!

EACH AND every month of the six months beginning with November 1914 and ending with April 1915 we shall award a series of Cash Prizes to those of our readers who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during each month. At the close of the contest April 1915 we shall further distribute 44 Grand Cash Prizes ranging from \$5.00 to \$150.00 to the 44 contestants who send in the most subscriptions during the entire six

months. Also we shall pay 525 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each to women who enter the contest and fail to win a regular monthly prize. The prizes for each month will be paid on the 8th day of the month following and the names of the prize winners will be announced in COMFORT month by month. Read all about our surprisingly liberal prize offer explained below and enter now for this month's prizes.

You Cannot Lose—You Get Your Premiums Sure

From now on any club you send in will bring you a fine premium sure and may help win a Cash Prize for you also because the same clubs you get up for any of our premiums are also placed to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes too, if you request it. It only remains for you to send in enough subscriptions to win a Cash Prize any one month or each month for the six months. And remember that every Monthly Prize you win puts you just so much nearer one of the Grand Prizes to be awarded at the close of the contest April 1915. And you still get your regular club premiums just the same. All this money which you may easily win if you will but make the effort is extra and in addition to the premiums which you may select from our catalogue or any issue of COMFORT and which will be sent to you immediately upon receipt of every club you send in.

How Monthly Prizes Double

If you win a monthly prize one month we pay you at once; if you win any monthly prize the next month we pay you double the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay you double each successive month that you continue to win any monthly prize. The doubling begins with December.

How Monthly Prizes Thriple

If you win the same Monthly Prize three months in succession we pay you double the amount the second month and three times the amount the third month and we continue to pay you three times the amount each successive month that you continue to win the same monthly prize. If, however, you should win the first monthly prize each month for the whole six months, then we will pay you four times the amount of that prize the fourth month, five times the amount the fifth month and six times the amount the sixth month. The thripling begins with January.

The Consolation Prizes

In addition to the regular Monthly Prizes we shall also in November award 75 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each, and in the months of December, January, February and March 100 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each and in April 50 Consolation Prizes of \$1.00 each to such women entering the Monthly Contests of those months and failing to win as we think worthy of reward for their unsuccessful efforts. Remember however that these Consolation Prizes do not double or thriple like the Monthly Prizes.

Opening and Closing Dates

Each Monthly Contest (after November) opens on the first day of the month and ends at midnight of the last day of the same month. If you mail Subscriptions on the last day of a month they will be counted to your credit in the contest for that month, providing the postmark on the envelope shows it. This gives an equal opportunity to all of our readers who enter these contests no matter how far off they live. The monthly prizes, each month, are paid to those who send in the most 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT during the particular month for which the prizes are offered, the first monthly prize for the largest number of subscriptions, the second Monthly Prize for the next largest number, and so on down the list for the month.

917 Cash Prizes In All!

EVERY ONE of the Cash Prizes offered in this contest will actually be paid to the men, women, boys and girls who enter and who send in a sufficient number of subscriptions to COMFORT before April 30, 1915. No partiality will be shown to any contestant. Every subscription sent in by you will, if you so desire, be placed to your credit on the Monthly Prizes and Grand Prizes also and whatever prize you win each month will be paid to you in money promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. And at the close of the contest if there is also a Grand Cash Prize coming to you it will be paid to you immediately after the closing date. There will be no unfair treatment, no waiting, no disappointments for you in this contest. You will be given a square deal first, last and all the time. But when sending your subscriptions be sure to say you want them entered to your credit on the cash prizes otherwise we will not know that you are in the contest. Following is a complete list of the prizes to be awarded:

NOVEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30	Next 3 Prizes, \$5 each
2nd Prize, 20	Next 4 Prizes, 3 each
3rd Prize, 10	Next 8 Prizes, 2 each

115 Prizes of \$1.00 each.

DECEMBER MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30 or \$60	3 Prizes, \$5 or \$10 each
2nd Prize, 20 or 40	4 Prizes, 3 or 6 each
3rd Prize, 10 or 20	8 Prizes, 2 or 4 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 or \$2.00 each.

JANUARY MONTHLY PRIZES

1st Prize, \$30 to \$90	3 Prizes, \$5 to \$15 each
2nd Prize, 20 to 60	4 Prizes, 3 to 9 each
3rd Prize, 10 to 30	8 Prizes, 2 to 6 each

25 Prizes of \$1.00 to \$3.00 Each

FEBRUARY, MARCH and APRIL PRIZES are the same as those for January except that the FIRST PRIZE is \$30.00 to \$120.00 for February, \$30.00 to \$150.00 for March and \$30.00 to \$180.00 for April as explained elsewhere on this page.

525 CONSOLATION PRIZES

November, - -	75 Prizes of \$1.00 each
December, - -	100 Prizes of \$1.00 each
January, - -	100 Prizes of \$1.00 each
February, - -	100 Prizes of \$1.00 each
March, - -	100 Prizes of \$1.00 each
April, - -	50 Prizes of \$1.00 each

44 GRAND PRIZES

Capital Grand Prize, \$150	5th Grand Prize, \$35
2nd Grand Prize, 100	6th Grand Prize, 25
3rd Grand Prize, 75	7th Grand Prize, 15
4th Grand Prize, 50	4 Grand Prizes, each 10

33 Grand Prizes of \$5.00 each, \$165.00.

A Few Of The Many Prize Winners In Our Previous Contests!

E. WAGONER, Illinois,	\$1,300.00	MRS. C. S. HARKNESS, Ohio,	30.00
ADA HUMPHREY, Kentucky,	850.00	MRS. L. J. HALLEY, Wash.	30.00
MACON A. GREEN, Tenn.,	620.00	MRS. LOUIS KOCHER, N. J.	30.00
JAS. R. McCREADY, Pa.,	350.00	LULU E. BLACKMAN, Ga.,	28.00
ALICE WINTERS, Ohio,	250.00	MRS. ROLLIE FORSHA, Pa.,	28.00
MRS. ALICE WARNER, Minn.,	202.00	MRS. AGNES GNESS, Tenn.,	25.00
MR. J. W. RULISON, Kans.,	187.00	M. G. CHRISTENSEN, Minn.,	24.00
SYBIL PHARIS, Ill.,	185.00	S. R. HARKNESS, Mo.,	23.00
MRS. FRANCIS D'ARCY, Wash.,	157.00	MRS. MARY CROTHERS, Ill.,	23.00
MRS. CLAUDE MILLER, Pa.,	151.00	SOPHIE SCHWEIG, N. Y.,	21.00
C. F. CLARK, N. Y.,	139.00	MRS. F. E. MULKEY, Ill.,	20.00
MRS. J. F. POULSEN, N. Y.,	122.00	D. W. ROWE, N. Y.,	20.00
HENRY N. McCORD, Ga.,	110.00	EVA CLAIR MOON, N. Y.,	18.00
FAIRLENA RILEY, Ky.,	103.00	MRS. RALPH DOOLITTLE, W. Va.,	17.00
ANNA MOELDER, Ill.,	77.00	MRS. FREDA M. LOGAN, Pa.,	17.00
MRS. E. BUTLER, Ill.,	71.00	JOS. L. WISMER, Pa.,	17.00
CREED B. MORRIS, W. Va.,	70.00	C. A. BROWN, Mich.,	17.00
MRS. L. E. McCARVER, N. C.	68.00	ELLEN LARZ, Minn.,	16.00
EDNA SNEAD, La.,	62.00	L. S. WHITMAN, Mass.,	15.00
S. V. CARPENTER, Wis.,	55.00	L. L. LEONARD, Ind.,	15.00
DOROTHY MILLER, S. C.,	46.00	MATILDA HIRK, Wis.,	15.00
HANNA BONFIELD, Can.,	43.00	MARY BERRY, W. Va.,	15.00
REV. LEVI ELLIOTT, Kans.,	37.00	RUDOLPH FISCHER, Pa.,	15.00
LOUIS ASENBAUER, W. Va.,	36.00	JOHN HESS, Pa.,	15.00
LAURA LINDSAY, Va.,	\$33.00	MRS. MAGGIE McPHERSON, Wash.	15.00

Address Prize Contest Orders To Comfort Prize Dept., Augusta, Maine.

Prize Contest Entry Coupon

COMFORT PRIZE DEPARTMENT, Augusta Maine. Date _____ 191__

I enclose \$ _____ or _____ cents to pay for the following list of subscribers or renewals to be credited to me in your Subscription Prize Contest. Send COMFORT to the following addresses:

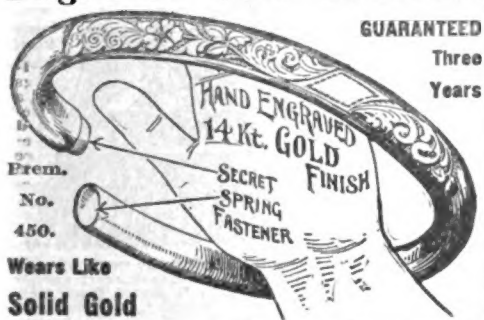
NAME	POST OFFICE	Street, Box or R. F. D.	STATE	Say Whether SUB- or RENEWAL for 15 Mo 2 Yrs 3 Yrs	AMOUNT

Send me as my Club Premium

Name _____ P. O. _____ St., Box or R.F.D. _____ State _____

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—15-months subscription 25 Cents; 3-years 50 Cents; 2-years RENEWAL subscription by OLD SUBSCRIBERS, 30 Cents. 50 Cents a year in Canada.

Engraved Gold Bracelet



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique Spring Fastening is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages and wears like Solid Gold. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly three inches in diameter; we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Special Offer: For one new 15-months subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents or for your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents extra (35 cents in all) we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post prepaid. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT
Malachite Green Finish all Boxed in Fitted Green Case Safely Delivered Free by Parcel Post

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new Comb and Brush Set. The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is nine inches long over 2 1/2 inches wide with splendid fine white bristles well fastened and should last for years. The Comb is black, seven inches long and one and one half inches wide with coarse and fine teeth. A Remarkable Offer: For a club of only two 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send this Set No. 262 Free as a Premium for your work. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dress or Coat Collar



THE new style high hair dressing demands that the collars stand very high at the back to cover the long neck line and roll away in the front. We illustrate such a collar here and it is one of the most popular designs because it is so simple and requires very little time and labor to embroider. The material is fine lawn and there is enough of it so that it can be made double as it should be to lend the required stiffness. In making this collar you should use the solid and outline stitch. We include free a sufficient quantity of white embroidery cotton for working. You can secure this collar by accepting one of the following offers.

Offer No. 714 A. For one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you this collar with embroidery cotton to work either free and postpaid.
Offer No. 714 B. For your own subscription, or present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) you get this collar and embroidery cotton free and postpaid. Premium No. 714. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Wizard Water Pistol



Given For One Subscription
TO all appearances this is a regular, full size, "six shooter" but instead of shooting the deadly bullet it squirts a solid stream of water 30 feet straight to the mark you aim it at. To load this pistol you stick the muzzle into water and pull the trigger three or four times. After it is loaded you discharge it by pulling the trigger just the same as you would an ordinary revolver. After it is loaded it is good for ten shots (of water) before it is necessary to load it again. Boys and girls can have loads of fun with this water pistol by giving their friends surprise "shower baths" and as it shoots nothing but water it is of course perfectly harmless to the smallest child. The "Wizard" is shaped exactly like a regular revolver; is 5 inches long, handsomely nickel plated and beautifully finished. You can obtain this water pistol free upon the terms of the following special offers:

Offer No. 716 A. For one new 15-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents, we will send you the Wizard water pistol free by Parcel Post prepaid.
Offer No. 716 B. For your own subscription, or present subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, to COMFORT for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you the Wizard Water Pistol free and prepaid. Premium No. 716. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Wrist Bag

Given For Two Subscriptions

Premium No. 7002



ONE of the latest styles is this handsome black moire silk wrist bag with nickel plated frame, patent snap fastener and fancy lining. As shown in illustration it is carried suspended from the wrist by means of a sixteen-inch strap which is made of the same material as the bag. This bag is of good size being over 5 inches wide at the widest part and 7½ inches long. It is well made of fine material and will certainly please the most fastidious. We will make any lady or girl a present of this bag upon the terms of the following

Club Offer

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome moire silk wrist bag free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7002.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

For every-day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarves will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats. In the cities the stores all show these scarves and everyone is wearing them. Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Premium No. 331.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Chatelaine Watch

Given for a Club of Eight



THIS beautiful little Chatelaine Watch with Fleur-de-Lis Pin is one of the finest premiums we have to offer. For any woman or girl it is the queen of all gifts. The watch is about the size of illustration, a thin model with a handsome silver finished dust proof case and pure white dial with Arabic numerals. It is a guaranteed timekeeper being fitted with one of the best American movements, stem wind and set. With this dainty little timepiece we also give you the always popular "Fleur-de-Lis" pin with which to fasten the watch to the dress in true chatelaine style and both watch and pin will come to you in a handsome black leatherette, satin lined case. You can have this chatelaine watch with pin and case complete free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or four 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome chatelaine watch with pin and case free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 359.) Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

Wonderful New Stereoscope AND 100 ENTERTAINING EXCITING VIEWS



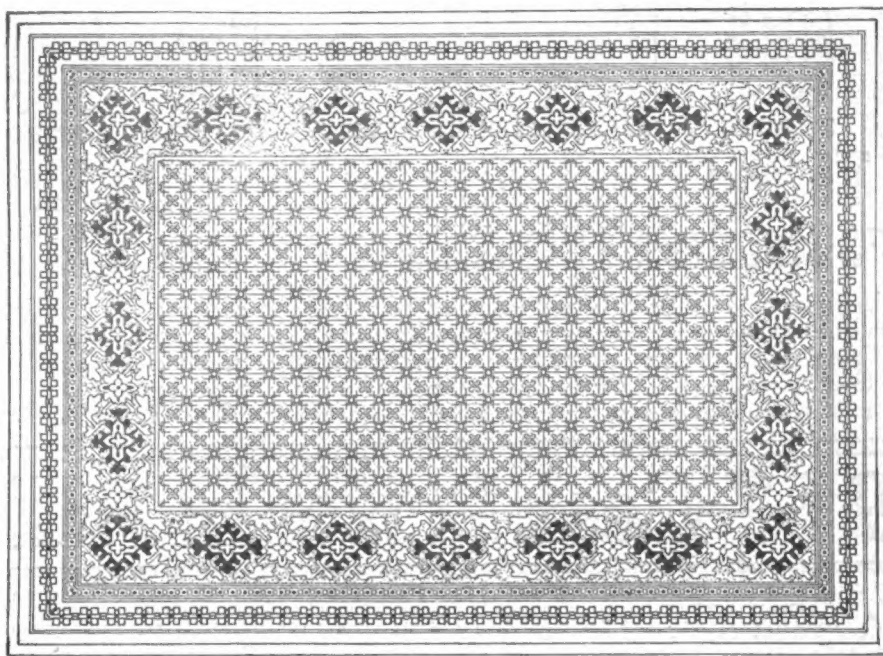
Lions, Tigers, Bears and all kinds of Wild Animals, Home Scenes, Domestic Pets and Happy Childhood Days.

Here is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—the biggest and finest assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever gotten out. Boys and girls need not be obliged to hunt for something to occupy their active minds indoors with one of these Scopes at hand because it will give them a never-ending joy and amusement keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. Aside from the pleasure they will derive from the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views will furnish them with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. Any boy or girl would be delighted to have one of these wonderful Stereoscopes together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it and knowing this we have purchased a large quantity of them direct from the factory and because we bought so many we got them at a price low enough to enable us to give them away on the terms of the following

FREE OFFER. Send us only one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, or your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) and you will receive by Parcel Post prepaid this fine Stereoscope complete with the 100 Views exactly as described above. Premium No. 646.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

THIS LARGE CONGOLEUM RUG



Sent You Free And Prepaid For A Club Of Five!

Absolutely Waterproof—Dirtproof—Sanitary!

Water Cannot Rot It, Sun Cannot Fade It. It Lies Flat Without Nailing or Paste, Will Not Curl Up or Kick Up At The Edges, Will Stand The Hardest Kind Of Wear!

NO MORE trouble with unsightly, ill-smelling, dirt and germ laden grass, matting, fiber or fabric rugs or oil cloths. Every woman who has had experience with a single one of these old-fashioned methods of floor covering knows how unsatisfactory they are, and expensive too, because they wear out so fast it is necessary to keep buying new ones all the time. Here, however, is a rug that will actually give years of constant service—a rug which is absolutely waterproof all the way through—which is not injured or even affected by heat, cold, water or changes of temperature—which neither fades nor rots no matter where you put it in-doors or out. It is not oilcloth—it is not linoleum—it is not made of grass, fiber or fabric—it is not like any other form of floor covering in the world. It is known as "Congoleum," a combination of a special wool mixture, waterproof paint and asphaltum. When you wash the floor or porch you can wash the Congoleum rug at the same time without taking it up. You can leave it out on the porch all summer or all winter or the year round and it will not rot, fade or get that faded look that other rugs do after exposure to sun and wear. You can use it on the bathroom floor, the pantry floor, under the refrigerator, under the stove or as an ordinary rug in any room in the house, in fact, there is not a single requirement that this rug will not fill. It is absolutely sanitary because having a hard solid surface the dust, dirt and disease germs positively cannot get into it. No

nails, tacks or paste are necessary to keep it down because it always lies flat on the floor and the edges will positively not curl or buckle, thus tripping up everybody who walks over it. These Congoleum rugs cost no more and in some cases actually less than other forms of floor covering and they will wear ten times as long, therefore they are the most economical as well as the most serviceable and satisfactory rug to buy. They come in different attractive designs and beautiful combinations of shades and colors. As a premium for our readers we have selected the pattern illustrated above as the most suitable for all-round purposes. It is one and one half yards long and a yard wide. The color scheme is subdued and very charming and it will make an attractive appearance regardless of whether you use it as a porch rug or in kitchen, pantry or any other room in the house. We are positive that every woman who secures one of these rugs will want two or three more at once, therefore we worked hard with the manufacturers to get a special low price on them so that we could give them in return for a very few subscriptions. In this we succeeded as you will note by reading the following

Club Offer. For a club of five 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one Congoleum rug free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7203.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle

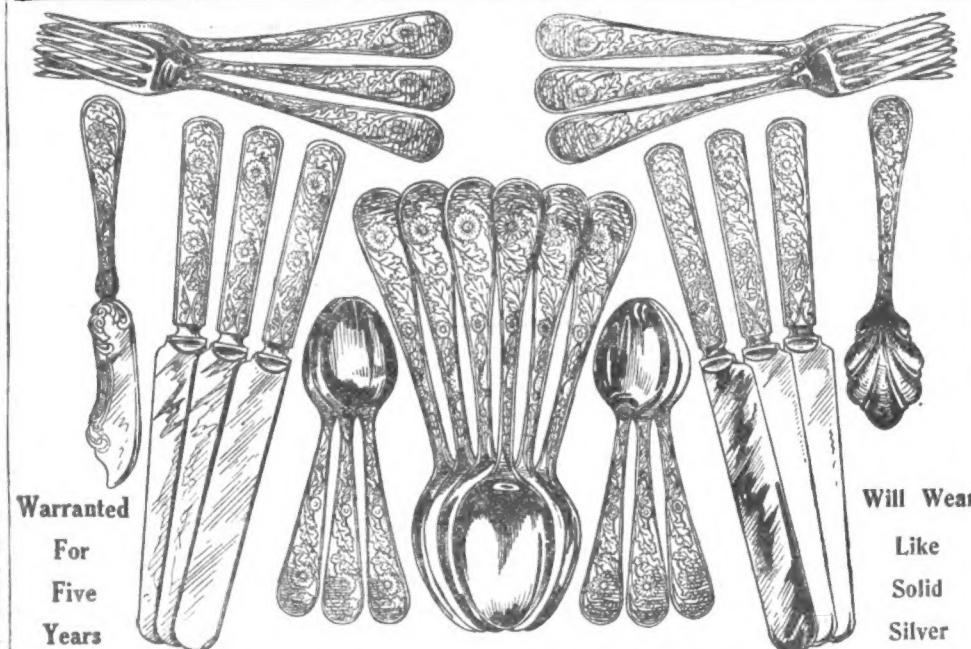
THIS is the new Daisy pump air rifle—a real rifle with a genuine pump action. It is a repeater—you fill the magazine full of shot—pull the slide toward the stock and it is all loaded and ready to fire the first shot. You can fire the Daisy almost as fast as you can pull the trigger without taking it from your shoulder. This is why it is so far ahead of any other air rifle you ever saw. It not only looks like a real gun but shoots like one. Its shooting power is tremendous. It will shoot farther and with greater force and precision than any other air rifle made. In appearance it is a beauty. From end of stock to end of barrel it is 38 inches long, weighs 3 1-4 pounds, all metal parts are of steel with non-rusting blue gun metal finish, the stock is of genuine black walnut, hand polished, and it has adjustable

sights front and rear. It is a take-down model, or in other words, the barrel may be removed from the stock which makes it a very gun convenient to carry on long trips as it can be packed in a very small space. The "Daisy" costs \$3.00 in the stores, but we are going to give our boy readers a chance to get one without spending a cent for it. We will make you a present of a "Pump Action Daisy" and send it to you by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you a Daisy Pump Action Repeating Air Rifle exactly as described above by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 72112.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy Silver Set



Warranted For Five Years

Will Wear Like Solid Silver

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many fine premium offers of silverware to readers of COMFORT, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete silver set in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think because we are giving away this splendid set on such liberal terms that it is the ordinary cheap silverware which is plated on a brass base and consequently changes color and has that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This Set which we offer you here is silver plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will never show signs of tarnish or wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept our offer we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of six 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, you will receive this 26-Piece Daisy Silver Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Large Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had



10 Inches High And Full Jointed

FREE FOR A CLUB OF TWO!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a big shaggy fellow, nearly a foot tall, made of rich, handsome brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. Teddy Bears like this one generally cost a good round sum in the stores, but as we have imported a large quantity of them from Germany at a special low price we can well afford to give them away on terms so liberal that there is no reason why every boy and girl should not have one of them at once. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big shaggy Teddy Bear free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 699.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Pearl Pendant With Chain



Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants (also called "Lavalieres") are always in style and many new handsome designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made entirely of a large number of tiny French pearls and set with either four Emeralds or four Rubies whichever you prefer. The gold plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalier free upon the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER

For a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this stylish French Pearl Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. When ordering be sure to say whether you want emerald or ruby setting. Premium No. 7202.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Drawnwork Scarf



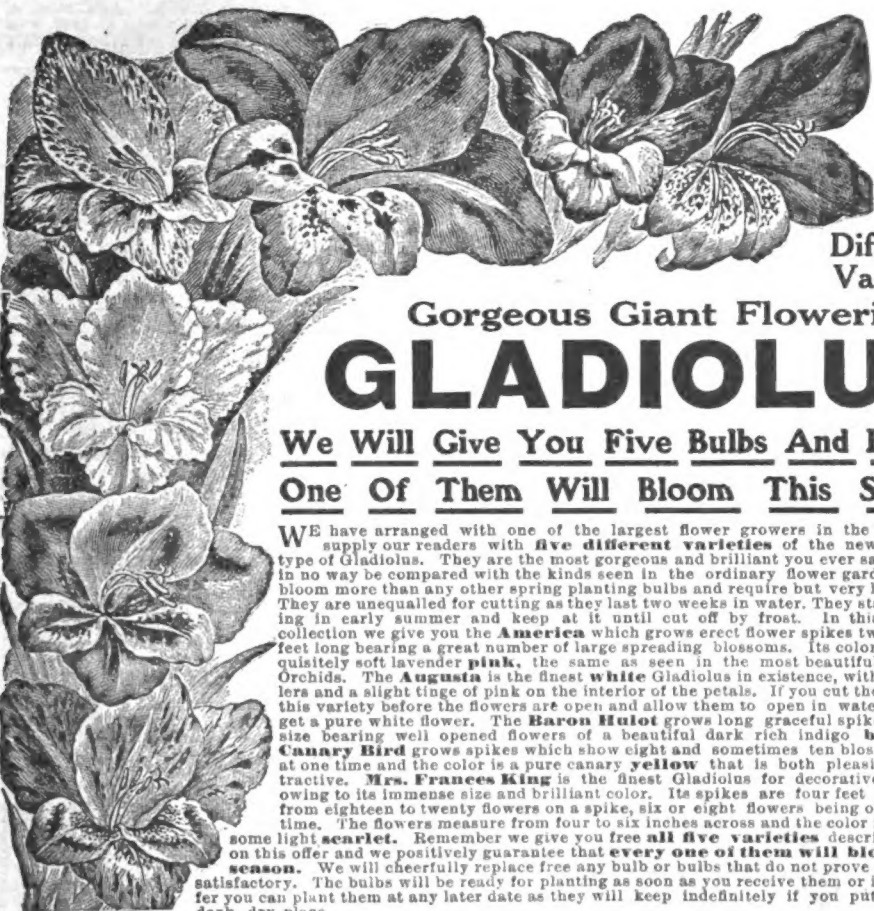
67 Inches Long 16 Inches Wide

Made of PURE FLAX woven in a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends

EVERY woman reader of COMFORT who wants a handsome, serviceable dresser or sideboard scarf should answer this offer at once. We have imported from Germany a large quantity of these large sized, pure linen scarves, 67 inches long and 16 inches wide, and thanks to the new tariff law secured them at a price so low that we can well afford to give them away for less money in subscriptions than you would have to pay outright for a much inferior scarf in any store. As shown in illustration, the pattern is a large attractive zigzag drawnwork design and both ends of the scarf are finished with a handsome wide combed and knotted fringe. Being made by skilled workmen of pure flax, the texture of this scarf is such that it should last a lifetime and in appearance it is one of the most beautiful dresser or sideboard covers you ever saw. We are giving away this scarf free on the terms of the following

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this large handsome, pure linen, imported scarf free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 332.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Prem.
No.
7252

Five
Different
Varieties

Gorgeous Giant Flowering

GLADIOLUS

We Will Give You Five Bulbs And Every One Of Them Will Bloom This Season

WE have arranged with one of the largest flower growers in the country to supply our readers with five different varieties of the new improved type of Gladiolus. They are the most gorgeous and brilliant you ever saw and can in no way be compared with the kind seen in the ordinary flower garden. They bloom more than any other spring planting bulbs and require but very little care. They are unequalled for cutting as they last two weeks in water. They start blooming in early summer and keep at it until cut off by frost. In this splendid collection we give you the America which grows erect flower spikes two to three feet long bearing a great number of large spreading blossoms. Its color is an exquisitely soft lavender pink, the same as seen in the most beautiful Cattleya Orchids. The Augusta is the finest white Gladiolus in existence, with blue antlers and a slight tinge of pink on the interior of the petals. If you cut the spikes of this variety before the flowers are open and allow them to open in water you will get a pure white flower. The Baron Hulot grows long graceful spikes of good size bearing well opened flowers of a beautiful dark rich indigo blue. The Canary Bird grows spikes which show eight and sometimes ten blossoms open at one time and the color is a pure canary yellow that is both pleasing and attractive. Mrs. Frances King is the finest Gladiolus for decorative purposes owing to its immense size and brilliant color. Its spikes are four feet high with from eighteen to twenty flowers on a spike, six or eight flowers being open at one time. The flowers measure from four to six inches across and the color is a handsome light scarlet. Remember we give you five all five varieties described above on this offer and we positively guarantee that every one of them will bloom this season. We will cheerfully replace free any bulb or bulbs that do not prove absolutely satisfactory. The bulbs will be ready for planting as soon as you receive them or if you prefer you can plant them at any later date as they will keep indefinitely if you put them in a dark, dry place.

BY PARCEL POST PREPAID FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS!

FOR a club of two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you free by Parcel Post prepaid these five different varieties of beautiful giant flowering Gladiolus, every one of them guaranteed to bloom this season. Premium No. 7252. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Every person, especially school-girls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. Premium No. 539.

Club Offer. For a club of twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this coat by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to name color wanted, also give size or bust measure. Men's sizes are 34 to 44, length 51 inches, women's size 32 to 44, length 54 inches, misses' sizes are 14, 16 and 18. Address

COMFORT,
Augusta, Maine

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

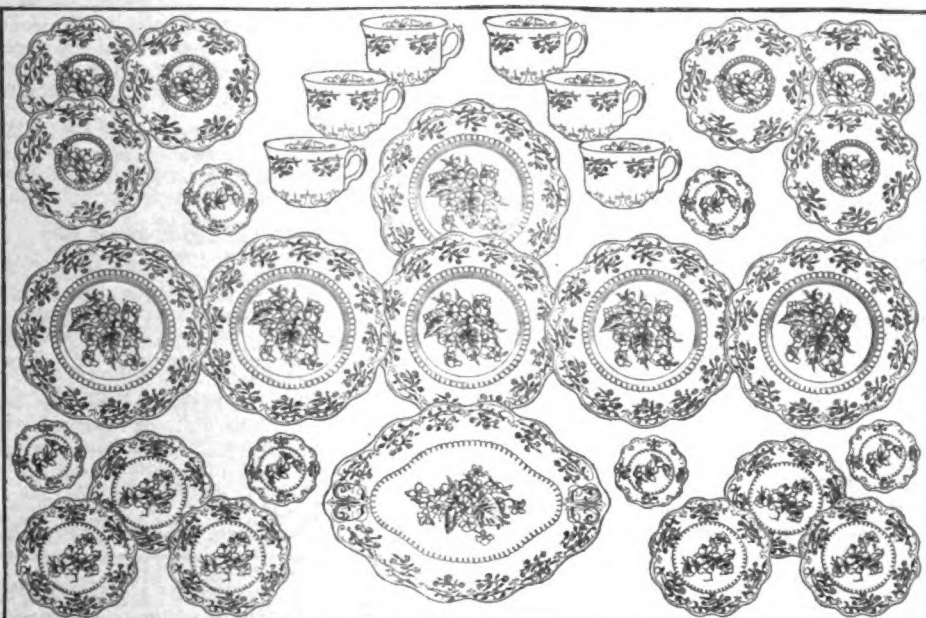
For walking the coat is none too heavy, for riding it is the greatest rain and wind repellent imaginable.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called cravenetted materials, being lighter in weight. Every person, especially school-girls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully. Premium No. 539.

Club Offer. Send only 12 COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address

COMFORT
Augusta - Maine

31-Piece Princess Violet Dinner Set



Free And Express Prepaid For A Club Of 12

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereals or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set is (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green

and gold which is so finely set off by the flawless white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered to COMFORT readers and are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live, we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by express, all charges prepaid.

OUR FREE OFFER For a club of only twelve 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome 31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express all charges prepaid. Premium No. 461. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Handsome, New Style, Guaranteed Watch

A Warranted Timekeeper—Best American Movement—Stem Wind and Set.



Here is a watch that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, not alone on account of its handsome, refined appearance, but because it is always on the dot—a splendid, dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw no matter what the price. Of course, this is not an expensive watch because it is not in a gold or silver case but for practical every-day use it is just as good as any watch costing from \$20.00 to \$25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make. It has a handsome polished nickel case with an unusually thick crystal which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the best American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures on its face and, as shown in the illustration, it has the hour, minute and second hands like all high-priced watches. We have already given away thousands of these watches without having one of them returned to us or receiving a single complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a handsome stylish chain and fob, if you will accept the following:

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only five 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain and fob, free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Look Boys!



You Can Get This DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

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She Is
Dressed
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Queen
and
Hand-
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as a
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She Can Say
"Papa" and
"Mamma"
and Goes to
Sleep Like a
Real Baby.

THE SCOFFER

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

for coloring, a mixture that he had been unable to dispose of by drinking it himself. This he handed to the dumfounded Saul Barber.

"Why, yes," he drawled, his eyes twinkling, "he left this here for you."

"I—I'm shore much obliged, Berry," stammered Barber. He turned, stumbled, and walked away rapidly.

Half an hour later he stopped in a grassy dell surrounded by pines and blooming laurels, a spot as beautiful as it was isolated. He sat down jerkily, with the strange jug between his knees. His mind, alert and cunning in its own peculiar way, began at once to work over the problem. For some ten minutes he wrestled with the mystery; then the jug itself became of more interest than the problem connected with it. He drew from it the corn-cob stopper, and a puzzled look that had been on his uncomely face, he put one bony forefinger into the handle, tilted the jug on his elbow, and drank deeply.

Thus passed the remainder of the day.

"Preacher, I wouldn't go to yore blamed old meetin'-house if it was to save yore life!"

The sound of Saul Barber's voice, rasping and hoarse, awoke him. His face felt thick, his lips heavy; his eyes flashed with specks like tiny sparks of fire, and his head swam.

He looked upward without moving a muscle except those in his eyelids. It was night, and all was still save for the forlorn cry of an owl somewhere in the distance, and the mournful wailing of the stately pines that stood about the dell. In the firmament above majestic Orion was dancing a jig, as though to the tune of his fiddle. He looked about him, and beckoned unceasingly—then he knew that it was only the heavy, snowy bloom of the laurels, and he laughed at his nervousness. He went unsteadily to his feet. The earth sprang up and struck him in the face. He rose again, and a stately pine leaped from its rooting place to give him a blow across the temple.

He lay back down, and silently, absently, gave himself over to further contemplation of the dancing of majestic Orion.

But soon the unsteady lights of the heavens were hidden by the advance of a great, dark bank of cloud, and the long, low rumble of thunder came ominously. Saul Barber knew a mountain storm was coming, and he had a wad to brave its fury. He went to his feet, this time with more care, picked up his fiddle, and, ignoring the half-empty jug, made for an old trail that ran past his tumbledown hut. He found the dim road after crossing and recrossing it half a dozen times; and he required its full width when he set out for his temporary home.

"Better luck'n I expected," he drawled sluggishly when the dark shape of a cabin loomed suddenly up at his left.

The wind had sprung up, and the door had been blown open. Barber went up the rotting steps on his hands and knees, zealously guarding his fiddle, and entered the black room. He felt for a match with which to light the stub of a candle; he had no match, and he swore. He tried to guide himself to his crude bed by following a wall; but things came in his way. After five minutes spent thus, his left foot caught and he stumbled, bringing his right foot down so hard that it went through the saprotted edge of a thick floorboard; his whole weight lurched forward, driving the foot on down between a pair of closely, round joists, and bruising his ankle seriously.

He cried out at the sudden twinge of pain. His old violin clattered down beside him. He tried to liberate himself; but the limb was held as tightly as though clamped in a vise. He felt for his jack-knife, with which he meant to cut the wood away; he had lost the knife. The bruised member became numb, and he sank back, face upward, and quickly fell into a troubled, throbbing slumber.

The wild howling of the quickening wind and the savage thrashing of the hemlock boughs on the roof awoke him before he had been asleep an hour. He sat up, involuntarily drawing at the tightly pinned limb; but a keen streak of pain caused him to remember and to desist. Somehow the beating of the rain outside, the shrieking of the wind, and the slashing of the tree-branches, were depressing in the extreme. He reminded himself of some marauding animal caught in a trap. Then a dim flash of the stormlight showed him, on the log wall before him, something that sent shivers into his cheeks.

He rubbed his eyes, and riveted them on the spot, waiting for another flash to come. A strange fear possessed him. He shivered to the marrow and unconsciously began to wring his thin, bony hands. Soon there was a protracted lighting of the valley—it seemed almost as though the storm had done it for Barber's especial benefit—and Saul Barber the scoffer saw plainly that which to him was as the handwriting on the wall to Belshazzar the reveler.

He saw a man being mocked by the rabble! A man whose face was filled with a compassion that outweighed his own suffering; a man who was toiling wearily yet bravely up a long hill upon the brow of which three crosses, two of them inverted, stood out in sharp relief against the darkening of the world! And in bold letters beneath shone forth these words:

"And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him."

Saul Barber saw it all in the long, ragged flash. He uttered a strange cry, a cry that seemed to his ears not to have come from his own throat, and sank back on the floor, pallid, like one who has suddenly felt the finger of death on his heart.

When he became conscious again, the night had passed and the storm had gone. He lay still, his eyes closed, remembering little or nothing of the events that had taken place during the twenty-four hours just past. He heard the sweet, incessant twittering of a wren somewhere near; a little farther away, he heard a pair of mating yellow-bellied hammers having a love quarrel. Then he opened his eyes, and looked about him.

He saw first a broad shaft of silent, golden sunlight that seemed a herald of peace on earth, lying aslant on the log wall before him. Then his gaze wandered above the yellow bar, and he saw with a wild throb in his breast a large Sunday School chart, and on it a picture of the Lord ascending the Hill of Calvary.

Saul Barber gasped, as though for breath to live. He knew he had gone the wrong way when he had found the old trail the night before. He had come, not to his tumbledown hut, but to Preacher Primrose's log church, the holy place he had sworn he would never enter while life dwelt within him! And he was a prisoner there!

He reflected gloomily, and a number of unpleasant facts came before him, and a number of would reach other ears save by the barest accident. The trail that led past the old cabin was never frequented except on Sundays, when the people of the valley turned out to hear Primrose preach. And if his attempted damaging of the minister's character took root, there was a smart chance that even on Sunday no one would come.

Truly, it seemed that he had woven with his own hands the rope of his execution.

The day passed with leaden slowness, every minute of it dragging heavily, wearily, silently. The picture on the chart became indelibly imprinted on the mind of the helpless man, and the shutting of his eyes brought no relief whatever from the burning accusation the beautiful, compassionate face threw over his sinful spirit. He was usually slow to regret, but he now regretted that he had done what he had done.

The night and the day that followed were to Saul Barber eternities of shadow and light; they were far too long to be classed within the common divisions of time. He had tugged hard at his bruised and swollen ankle, much as the action had hurt him, all to no avail. He had shouted

as loudly as he could shout; but there had come no answer to his piteous appeals for help.

Another eternity of blackness came and dragged suddenly past, and morning came once more. The prisoner in the poor, crude house of the Lord was now delirious. His tongue and lips were swollen and parched from thirst; his dry throat seemed full of sand; his pale blue eyes were bloodshot, and filled with queer lights that came and went irregularly. Just as the golden bar of sunlight, herald of peace on earth, broke aslant the wall, Saul Barber cried out thickly to the picture of the Man whom the rabble mocked:

"Save me, Lord—me, who has bore false witness against my neighbor—save me, Lord!" He held out his hands.

His eyes failed in their work of seeing. The atmosphere between him and the picture became hazy, then purple, then dark—dark—dark. He was sinking, he felt, into some bottomless, silent pit. And then his imagination showed him a wonderful thing:

He saw an old, sweet-faced woman sitting beside an open fireplace, with the firelight playing caressingly over her gentle features. In her hands she held an open Book, from which she was reading the first verse of the Twenty-third Psalm to a barefoot boy who knelt on the floor at her knee. He was the boy, The sweet-faced woman was the little mother whose early going to the mystic bourne had been largely responsible for his undoing. Again he stretched out his arms. The picture faded, even as the other had faded.

His sight came back suddenly. Some forgotten chord within his soul had been set to throbbing. Instinctively he caught up the violin, his mute companion for so many pain-racked hours, and put it under his bearded chin. The other hand took up the bow. He had pleased others with his playing—perhaps—

Out of the violin's heart he drew a weird, nameless whirl of sound, a sound that was his falling life's tribute to the Man in the picture.

But he stopped playing before a minute had passed. It seemed so little to do in acknowledgment of his faith. As he put the instrument down, there came the sound of footsteps at the door, the footsteps for which he had waited centuries and centuries. He peered around the corner of the pulpit; he saw Preacher Primrose walking slowly up the aisle, his hands behind him, his head bent dejectedly. And in this attitude of dejection Saul Barber read the fact that his attempt to belittle the minister had taken root in the minds of the people of the valley.

The deep feeling of guilt that came at the sight caused Barber to stifle the cry for help that came to his lips. He knew that he had played the part of an utter villain, and he was ashamed.

But his suffering was great, and he called tremulously:

"Preacher?"

Primrose went straightway to the prisoner. His kindly old face filled with the light of pity as he gazed down upon the haggard features, upon the parched and swollen lips, of the man who had so basely and so wantonly wronged him.

"Water!" begged the scoffer, and he sank back weakly.

The minister caught up a small pail from its place on a corner of the pulpit, and ran to a brook that flowed nearby. When he came back, he took Barber's head upon his knee, and helped the poor, weak hands to hold the precious liquid to the swollen lips. Then Primrose found a short-handled axe, and, after half an hour of plying it, set Barber free.

"Preacher," began Barber, the water sending a new life into him. "It was me who—done it. I put them thar two jugs under yore cabin door I—"

"You!" Primrose straightened.

"Yes, me, the low-down dawg that I am," said Barber. And he hastily told it all.

Primrose's eyes were watching the old trail. Suddenly his face became grave; he stooped, caught Barber under the arms, and dragged him into the shelter of the boxlike pulpit.

"What's the matter?" gasped the man in the frayed Prince Albert.

The minister did not say. He frowned down toward Barber and muttered, "Be still!" and began to walk toward the doorway.

But Barber was not long kept in ignorance. A score of stamping feet entered the log church, and the big voice of Bill Lindsey boomed out angrily:

"We give you two days to leave this here community, Primrose! Why hain't you went? If you was a young man, Primrose, we'd hang you right here!"

"Yes," added Sam Dorsett's voice, hoarse with anger—"because thar hain't no man can come into this here community and pull the wool over our eyes and git away with it unless he's too old to hang! Why, you old moonshiner, you had us all a doln' without things to eat, and without clothes, to help keep you and this here church up—and you a sellin' licker!"

"I've told you," said Primrose, quietly, "that I never done no such a thing."

"Then how can you explain them thar two jugs o' moonshine—and watered moonshine, at that—which we found hid under yore floor?" demanded Bill Lindsey.

"I never put 'em thar," said Primrose.

Saul Barber gasped. Plainly, the old minister was trying to defend him! Saul Barber knew that the angry men would not feel disposed to spare

him if the truth became known. And how a man could defend one who had wronged him was a thing that was dumfounding; Barber hadn't thought it possible.

"All the same, they was thar," snorted Lindsey. "Now you gether up yore baggage and light out o' this here community, Primrose. This is yore last warnin'!"

"And if you ever try this here combination o' preachin' and sellin' licker ag'in—"

Saul Barber himself interrupted Sam Dorsett. He crept from his hiding place, pitifully haggard, and cried out:

"Stop—stop! He never done it. I put them thar jugs thar."

The crowd of men eyed the uncouth figure in amazement. Slowly it sank into their understanding. Bill Lindsey, an oath on his lips, started for Barber, with the other angry men at his heels.

But Norris Primrose blocked the way, his arms raised, his face firm.

"Hold on, Brothers!" he exclaimed. "You've wronged me, and I ax that nobody harm this man in return for that wrong!" He continued, seeing that his words had a great effect: "Come back tonight, everybody. Thar'll be preachin' here at early candlelight!"

Then he helped him who had been a scoffer to his home and to his own bed, where he cared for him as though he had been a near and dear relative.

IMMIGRATION FALLS OFF.—Immigration for 1914, according to the report given out by the Commissioner, fell off 601,410 or 45 per cent. During 1913, arrivals numbered 1,334,914 persons, of whom 1,163,993 were aliens and 170,921 returning American citizens. During the year ending, arrivals were only 733,504, and of these 573,675 were aliens and 159,829 citizens. In July, 1914, arrivals at New York were 50,546 against 108,909 in July, 1913. Immigration officials explain the falling off in immigration aside from the war, which is the chief factor, to the curtailment of work in the United States and to foreign countries' efforts to restrict emigration.

RING TRAVELS 6,000 MILES BY FREIGHT.—In order that his ring might not be damaged, a freight handler in the employ of a Chicago corporation removed it from his finger and hung it on a nail inside the car which he was loading with freight. He forgot the ring until after the car had been sealed and had started on its journey to the Pacific coast. He wired to officials of the railroad company who set tracers at work and recovered the ring which was sent back to him, after having traveled more than 6,000 miles.

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